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By JOHN STRANG,

Author of "Facts and Fictions of the History of England," "The History of the English Language," &c.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

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PREFACE.

IT is not without diffidence, that the following Letters, written during a tour through Prussia, Saxony, Austria, and Bavaria, are submitted to the judgment of the public. The writer is well aware, that to give any thing like a just picture of so vast a country as Germany, by means of epistles, written, as these chiefly were, under the excitement of a rapid journey, may be considered a very hopeless task. But even were it otherwise, he is not without a suspicion, that the slight and imperfect sketch which he has attempted, will be deemed altogether superfluous, when it is remem-

bered how many far abler pens have been employed on the subject. One consideration alone, therefore, has induced him to publish; and it is one which he flatters himself will in some measure plead his excuse for claiming a little attention, at least from the *literary* public.

The tour which these Letters describe, was undertaken, not so much with the view of beholding the scenes and remarkable objects in nature and art, with which Germany abounds, as to indulge a long-cherished desire which the writer entertained, to make a personal acquaintanceship with some of the many living literary men of that country, whose genius had acquired for them a lasting reputation, and the perusal of whose works had formed the chief source of solace and enjoyment to him from his earliest years. In consequence of the peculiarly fa-

vourable circumstances under which he travelled, his hopes in this respect were in a great measure realised, and hence it will be found that the following Letters are rather a record of his opinions regarding literary men and literary matters connected with Germany, than of the more ordinary subjects with which the attention of the Tourist is generally occupied. It is this consideration chiefly, that, after so long an interval, has induced him to send these volumes to the press. In giving them to the world, he ventures to hope, that if they have no other merit, they will at least form an authentic record of matters that were then considered of deep and surpassing interest. The year in which they were written, was marked by extraordinary events; at one and the same time, Europe was agitated and alarmed by the sweeping devastations of pes-

tilence, and the convulsive throes of revolution.

Although in the course of the writer's journey he enjoyed much delightful intercourse with living men of genius, the haunts and habitations of the departed were not forgotten; and accordingly, the reader will find, mixed up with the sketches of living characters, a due portion of the memorabilia which the Germans have recorded of their mighty dead.

While the main object of his peregrination was altogether personal and literary, it is perhaps proper to state, that he felt a more than ordinary anxiety to behold the effects which the successful struggles for freedom that had just been made in France and Belgium, were producing on the educated and enlightened men of a country, which Madame de Stael has so well designated *La Patrie de la pensée*. This

will account for the political tinge of some of his observations, more especially in reference to recent and passing events, since it was impossible to avoid noticing the very peculiar sentiments and opinions which then prevailed among the sons of the various sub-divisions of the divided Germanic empire—sentiments and opinions which, at that critical moment, seemed doubly interesting, coloured, as they were, by the immediate consequences of the “Three Days of July,” and the prospective fears which were everywhere created by the fast approaching pestilence. If the progress of events has not since been so favourable to a liberal system of government in Germany, as was then anticipated by the friends of freedom, it does not lessen the interest that belongs to the popular cause. At this moment, there is assuredly no portion of Eu-

rope, the moral, literary, and political condition of whose people is more interesting and worthy of study, than that of Germany. There, it is plain to the most casual observer, that the hearts of its more enlightened children are yearning and striving after a new and improved political and social condition. At this hour, there is a struggle making after new constitutions, not merely a desire of change for the sake of change, as has been often laid to their charge, but from a conviction that it is a matter of right, and essential to the well-being of society, that they should be emancipated from the long-endured shackles of ancient forms and the odious remains of feudalism. In short, every thing loudly proclaims, that not only are the people making rapid progress in moral, physical, and political improvement; but that the result of that improvement

will ere long exhibit itself in a manner not to be misunderstood. The struggle is between knowledge and prejudice, between enlightened equity and antiquated wrong. It is evident that the ancient despotisms totter to their fall.

Should any objections be raised against the slight admixture of politics which these Letters contain, the answer is shortly this: much political excitement prevailed at the time, and it forcibly occurred to the writer, that even a few brief notices of the immediate effects of the political storm which raged at the close of 1830—and the consequences of which were at that moment manifesting themselves in the more liberal feelings of the people, as well as in the increased fears and greater police restrictions of their masters,—could scarcely fail to be interesting to Englishmen. The writer has this farther to add here, that if, in

the few political remarks occasionally interspersed in the narrative, there is afforded any thing like a key to the restlessness which then prevailed—any thing to show what it is that now retards the then threatened contest between the governed and their governors—any thing to mark the character of the parties who are still opposed to each other, or to illustrate the consequences which may be supposed to follow from the issue of the conflict, he will consider his humble labours amply rewarded.

It will be observed, that the writer has occasionally attempted to give an outline of the more leading landmarks of the Cities, Towns, and Scenery, through which he passed, as a sort of background to the sketches of men and manners. He thinks it right to explain, that on resolving to publish this portion of the correspondence, he

did so, merely in the hope that the well-known landscape, although often painted by more skilful hands, might perhaps be tolerated for the sake of its more novel accompaniments.

The writer cannot allow the present opportunity to pass, without publicly adverting to the many obligations under which he lies to his friend Dr. C. F. Wurm, Professor of History, and Editor of the "*Zeitschrift*" of Ham-
burgh; and to a courteous and very attentive acquaintance, Mr. Kaufmann of Berlin, the successful translator of Shakspeare and Burns. To the kindness and zeal of the former, in particular, in forwarding the main object of his journey, he owes a deep debt of gratitude. It was through the numerous introductions to literary men, which Dr. Wurm liberally furnished, that a humble foreigner's long-cherished wishes were in a great measure realised.

Since these letters were put to press, the writer has to lament the death of an intimate friend, Mr. William Motherwell, to whom an allusion is made in a note appended to page 265 of this volume; and he regrets to think that the hope there expressed, and which he then warmly entertained, of that gentleman's performing a task, for which he of all men was best fitted, is now blasted for ever.

Before closing these remarks, the writer feels it necessary to state, that from the multifarious duties incident to an important public office, the following Letters have been unavoidably delayed in their progress through the press; and from the same cause errors may have passed unobserved which might otherwise have been corrected. Critics will doubtless find blemishes in the style; and, perhaps, not a little fault with the quality and complexion

of the writer's sentiments. He sincerely craves their pardon for the first; for the last, he holds himself to be responsible, and dreads not to avow his responsibility.

1st June, 1836.

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LETTER I.

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HAMBURGH, 1831.

AFTER the listlessness and tedium consequent
on a sea voyage, the mind and the body become
doubly active. The eye, limited to the successive
waves that chase each other over the bosom of the
ocean, to a passing sail or a distant landmark, no
sooner is left again to range among the varieties
and beauties of earth, than it experiences a curio-
sity as restless as that of prying boyhood. Each

object is invested with a novel interest; and if the country to which the traveller has bent his steps be one with features different from those of his fatherland, the magical feelings then experienced fail not to give a powerful impulse to the mind and the imagination. Be this as it may, I can only say, that when I found myself sailing along the lovely banks of the Elbe, adorned as they are with towns, with villages, with villas, and with wood, I felt, as it were, in a sort of paradise, and eager to enjoy it. The lower banks of the Elbe, from Cuxhaven to Gluckstadt, resemble those of the Thames in a striking degree. They are verdant and rich in foliage, with every now and then a village or a spire to break the extreme flatness of the landscape. The river is much broader than its English rival, and almost equals it in the number and variety of the vessels that shoot in all directions along its bosom. The splendid morning scene which met my eye on entering the Elbe, I shall indeed never forget, studded over as a river twenty miles broad then was with every species of craft—from the stately and spanking ship, to the picturesque and swallowy

Blankaneser fishing-boat, all glittering mid the glowing tints of a sun rising and bursting over the low-wooded shores of Holstein. It was one of those *effects* of sky and sea which a Vanderveelde so frequently, but with all his pictorial genius and art, has so vainly attempted to transfer to canvas—an effect which depends for its beauty almost altogether on its ever-changing, Protean, and even evanescent character.

At Cuxhaven the steam-boat stopped for a short time, to receive a boatful of passengers bent on an excursion of pleasure, among whom I discovered a very intelligent Hanoverian clergyman and his lady, who had just escaped from the drudgery of a boarding-school, to take their annual vacation tour; the poor Protestant parsons—and Heaven knows, there are abundance of these in Germany—like certain of our own at home, being obliged to eke out their slender incomes by “teaching the young idea how to shoot.” The party, on reaching the deck, broke out into the most hyperbolical praise of the scene that surrounded them; but the long-winded and inverted Teutonic sentence of commen-

dation was scarcely well uttered, before the whole pleasure party descended to the cabin to take their morning doze of cheese and *butterbrod*, with a bumper of *schnaps* to secure the stomach against the pernicious consequences of the air of sunrise!

I may here mention, that since the establishment of steam navigation between London and Hamburgh, Cuxhaven has fallen off considerably in importance as a port. Formerly it was the rendezvous of all strangers going by the packet-boats to, and returning from England; but the visitors who now go thither, are chiefly Hamburgh and Hanover valetudinarians, who calculate on getting a new lease of life from taking advantage of the health-inspiring springs and baths of Ritzebüttel. The steam-boat navigation, therefore, while it is calculated to injure Cuxhaven as a packet station, will improve it as a watering-place. At present there are nine packet-boats plying between Harwich and Cuxhaven, the commanders of which get each £1000 a-year; but since the establishment of steam vessels direct from Hamburgh to London, the number of letters sent by the packets are scarcely

sufficient to defray the expense of transit. There are about two thousand letters despatched weekly by the steam-boat, and the certainty and rapidity of this mode of conveyance, are so great, that it is not difficult to foretell when Joseph Hume will be altogether relieved from the trouble of looking into this department of the Post-office expenditure,—which, however, is perhaps not altogether unworthy of his attention at the present moment.

After passing *Gluckstadt*, which is a fortified town of no great size, we soon reach *Stade*, placed on the right bank of the river, formerly one of the Hanseatic towns, and interesting to Englishmen, as having been at an early period the residence of the English Factory. This town was sold, together with the whole Dutchy of Bremen, to George I. soon after the fatal battle of Pultowa. A certain toll or duty, called *Stader zoll*, is here exacted upon all cargoes going up the Elbe; with this exception, that property belonging to the citizens of Hamburgh under the Hamburgh flag, are free from these dues. This duty, however, is paid to the Hanoverian collector in Hamburgh.

English merchants have for many years been loudly complaining to the Government at home, against this heavy and vexatious impost upon British property, but hitherto without avail. Even as far back as the Congress of Vienna, this subject was urged upon the attention of the Hanoverian and British Governments; and had the mercantile interest of Great Britain been at all attended to, or even thought of, by its representatives at that celebrated conference, there is little doubt but that these Stade dues would have been long ago abolished. It is a matter certainly which should be settled immediately, especially before the crowns of Hanover and England are divided, and when the interests of the two countries will not be so much in unison as at present. An arrangement should be made at whatever cost, for the abolition of this tax—a tax which, considering the immense amount of British property that annually goes up the Elbe, is one most severely felt by the British merchant; and which, from the exception in favour of Hamburgh property, gives to the rival merchants of that city a decided advantage. Were there any

species of equivalent, such as light-houses, buoys, &c. given by Hanover for exacting this impost, there might be some reasonable pretext to justify its exaction; but there is nothing of the kind. The English Board of Trade ought to look to this immediately.

Hamburgh, you are aware is the queen of the Hanse Towns, in fact, the commercial mistress of the North; and in the number of vessels that enter her port she is only surpassed by the mighty, I may almost say, monstrous Metropolis of Great Britain. As we proceed up the river and approach the city, the Elbe narrows, and its banks become more picturesque and beautiful. At *Blankanese*, a village celebrated for its bold and intrepid fishermen, the scene is altogether one of the most striking description. Here the houses of the village, which contains about 3000 inhabitants, are scattered along the face of the bank, amid trees, shrubs, and gardens, and appear not unlike swallows' nests stuck against the successive terraces which rise above each other. During the greater portion of the year, few men, except those on the brink of the

grave, are to be seen about this village; women and children compose the inhabitants, the fathers and their sons being obliged to spend the greater portion of their lives on sea, afar from their families and their homes, in the toilsome and dangerous occupation of deep-sea fishing. At the close of the season these wanderers return to their families with the produce of their labour, which rarely exceeds twenty pounds each. This paltry reward for so much toil and trouble and so much abstinence and anxiety, form however the hope and the support of the family at home during the whole year—and yet how frequently are both blighted by shipwreck!

Beyond Blankanese, the banks of the river are covered with villas, that vie with those which the Venetian merchant princes built on the banks of the *Brenta*, and with pleasure-grounds, which, for beauty and richness, far surpass the stiff and artificially cut trees that deck the gardens of a French *chateau*. It is to the neighbourhood of this delightful spot, that the more wealthy Burghers of Hamburgh retire during the summer months, to enjoy the country, and at the same time to attend

to their business—the love of gain, as it is in all mercantile towns, being the all-absorbing passion of this commercial people. As we ascend the river, the tokens of industry, of activity, and of wealth, meet the eye on every hand, and proclaim the land as the habitation of a busy, a comfortable, and in many instances of a luxurious population. The whole country at present smiles with the good things of this life, while the countenances of the people appear to reflect the expression of their mother earth. On the banks of this portion of the Elbe, the eye rarely meets a face indicative of care or discontent, or a form whose emaciation bespeaks the want of employment or of food. Man, in fact, is beheld here in his true and *created* character as a labourer; but what is not always to be seen elsewhere, his labour appears to obtain its just reward.

The first appearance of Hamburgh, situated on the right bank of the river at the point where it is joined by the Alster and Bille, is very imposing. Its tall, high-roofed houses and lofty spires, with those of its near neighbour and rival in commerce,

Altona, are seen rising, as it were, from the side of a lake studded with green islets, and surrounded with banks sparkling with villas and pleasure-gardens. All is life and activity, from the hundred wind-mills which are constantly seen waving their extended arms on every hand, to the varied, bounding craft and fluttering sails which spot the river between the City and the village of Harburg, placed on the left bank, and whose mansions form the foreground of a flat and fertile country stretching far out to the south-east, and bounded by the distant Hartz. The clearness and purity of colouring of this town view, as seen from the river, I have rarely met with about any of our seaports in England or Scotland. Would that I possessed the pencil of Canaletti to give you an idea of it!

If the approach to Hamburgh be striking, the harbour itself is one of the most animating scenes you can imagine. It presents a forest of ships of all nations, and from every quarter of the globe; while the face of the stream is covered with boats sporting about in every direction. The tide rises at the quays from nine to twelve feet, and flows

about twenty English miles above the City. As there is only a duty of a half per cent. upon goods entering, and one-eighth leaving Hamburgh, our baggage was not inspected by any custom-house officers; nor were we obliged as in France and in Italy, to purchase by the tinkle of a crown, a relief to our linen from the greasy grasp of a horde of dirty *douaniers*. My companion and I stepped on shore, bag and baggage, as if we had arrived at London from Leith, and marched to the *Hotel de Russie* in the *Jungfernstieg*, without either having been asked for a passport or reminded of a police-office. How different will be our fate in Prussia, and in the land subjected to the torpedo-like jurisdiction of Prince Metternich! Here though the police be strict, and as I understand peculiarly prying, still no one feels its chains, or is insulted by its burdensome requisitions. You are merely asked, at the *Baumhaus*, for your designation and employment, and next morning you observe your name and surname displayed in the *black-letter* list of arrivals in the "*Privilegirte Nachrichten*," or the "*Zeitung des Unpartheiischen Correspondenten*."

If the distant aspect of Hamburgh from the *Rummelhaven*, where the largest vessels are moored, be calculated to fill a stranger with admiration, a nearer view of it will certainly dissipate the first favourable impression. The streets, with the exception of a very few, such as the *Grossen Bleichen*, the *Neue-Wall*, the *Admiralitäts Strasse*, and the *Jungfernstieg*, are exceedingly narrow, dull, dark, and dirty; while the numerous canals which intersect the City in every direction, are even more stagnant than those of Venice, and instead of reflecting on their turbid and flax-impregnated waters the splendid specimens of a Palladio or a Sansovino's architecture, and the sparkling prow of a swallowy gondola, present only monotonous ranges of clumsy warehouses and still clumsier barges. At this season, too, the smell arising from these canals is at times exceedingly offensive, and is calculated to make one's nose have recourse to a handkerchief more frequently than, in the eyes of a Hamburgher, seems either polite or necessary!

The portion of the City—the *Jungfernstieg*—in which we have taken up our residence, is, how-

ever, exceedingly agreeable. From the window at which I now sit, the view is as fine as it is animating. The street itself is broad, and planted with three rows of lime trees. The houses, which are handsome, are built only on one side of the pavé; the *Binnen-Alster*, or basin of the Alster, with its boatfuls of pleasure parties and its groups of swans sailing majestically on its bosom, forming the other boundary of the street. The Jungfernstieg, from being one of the most favourite and fashionable promenades of the Hamburgers—in fact, the counterpart of the *Boulevards des Italiens* at Paris—is consequently the general resort of the beauty and fashion of the City, presenting at all times a picture of national costume and national manners well worth studying. Amid the gay group of promenaders who congregate here during the day, as a sort of vanity fair, tripping in the copied costume of the *Rue Vivienne*, attracting the eyes of the military loungeur or the foreign idler, the stranger cannot fail to discover that all the inhabitants are not wholly given over to the universality of French fashion. On one hand, he sees

the odd and striking garb of the *Vierländer* flower-girl, contrasting itself with the white cap and long white apron drawn under the left arm and fastened over the right shoulder, of the sugar-baker; the neat but similarly attired housemaid, with her basket and *corb-decken*, that looks like a child's coffin covered with a mortcloth, in juxta-position with the carpenter with his large cocked hat and long leathern apron; while the picturesque and Flora-looking Bardewicker woman, bearing on her head the delicacies of the garden, and in her hand the sweets of the parterre, is probably placed mid a knot of *Krahnleute*, or porters, with their broad hats, short jackets, and coarse hempen aprons, and who, let me tell you, from having the exclusive right of conveying merchandise from the quays, are often seen hooked to a dray with a load sufficient for several horses!

At night the Jungfernstieg assumes a more mixed character than before sunset, and is peopled with a more motley concourse of promenaders. Till a tolerably late hour, however, you find all classes congregated here, either wandering about

under the lime-trees in cordial harmony, or sitting hob-a-nobbing over their ice or coffee in one or other of the pavilions or coffee-houses which grace each end of the principal alley. From sunset till near midnight, how many scenes are here acted worthy of an Addison or a Steele to portray—whose acuteness of observation, you may remember, was so fine as to be able to distinguish by a glance of a hat in a coffee-house, whether the possessor of it made use of plain snuff or Spanish! About midnight the crowd gradually disperses, and in spite of the severe regulations of the police to the contrary, the street is left to be paced by those who love darkness rather than light. Decorum, in fact, has, after the “witching hour,” left for a day the then misnamed *Jungfernstieg*, and decency demands, what Sir John Falstaff does of Prince Henry,—

“No more of that an’ thou lovest me, Hal.”

In Hamburgh, of late, there is but one topic of conversation, I mean the cholera morbus, that frightful pest which seems destined to be the scourge of the world. Every post brings news

that its ravages are extending; but these, as you may well believe, are exaggerated and coloured according to the character of the individuals who retail the intelligence. Had we believed all the tales we heard after landing, we should have immediately packed up our goods and chattels, and returned by the steam-boat to England. There is no doubt, however, that the disease is fast spreading over Europe, and that ere long, in spite of all the exertions of the numerous Boards of Health now established throughout Germany, it will continue its fearful career over the western world. In a mercantile city like this, dependent as it is, in a great measure, on keeping up its foreign relations, and particularly its connection with Silesia and Saxony, the near prospect of a quarantine or a *cordon* being established, is looked upon with fear and trembling. Even the love of life is forgotten in the love of gain; the general cry being, not what is to be done to avert the ravages of the disease, but to meet the baneful consequence of trade being stopped and commerce paralysed. Already suspicion of infection attaches itself to every bale of wool or bag of

rags which descend the Elbe; while credit seems suffering under the dreaded consequences of non-intercourse. Should this pestilence ever reach Hamburgh, it is not difficult to foresee that its ravages will be severe; for although this place can be crossed at any point in half an hour's walk, it nevertheless contains upwards of 120,000 inhabitants; and like all towns once encircled with walls, and where the ground is consequently valuable, the habitations of the poorer classes, which are here chiefly confined to the sunk flats or cellars, are necessarily very much crowded and huddled together, and are moreover most miserably confined and ill-aired. The dismal, dank hovels, in fact, which I have seen in the lower part of the town, and which are but too frequently flooded, appear even in this fine weather to be little better than absolute nurseries of disease; and when I have to add, that the working classes are filthy in the extreme, you may easily conceive that the cholera has had as yet very few richer fields over which to shed its too fatal and desolating influence. The interest and anxiety created by the progress of this distemper, may be

best explained by the simple fact, that the German press has not only been for months pouring forth treatise upon treatise concerning its nature and cure, but that there is actually a periodical publication printed here, which is wholly devoted to cholera news. You may easily imagine, that the editor of such a journal will very frequently require to draw upon his fancy for materials both to fill his sheet and to satisfy the cravings of an excited and credulous public. On leaving, this morning, the large and handsome book establishment of Messrs. Perther & Besser, not far from where I am now writing, groaning as every corner of it was with works on the cholera, I could not help exclaiming, that if the German governments had any concern for the peace and happiness of their subjects, they should add to the many decrees lately issued about health, a clause declaring that all such publications for the present shall be placed under quarantine. But enough of this melancholy subject, which threatens ere long to realise the tremendous picture of the Prophet,—“ Therefore thus saith Jehovah, Lord of Hosts: Lamentation shall be in

all the streets, and in the highways shall they cry
alas! alas! Even the husbandman shall join in
the scream of misery."

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

Restless activity of my Companion—aided by the cheapness and excellence of Street Carriages—expense of a Droschki—beauty of the lately planted Ramparts—Scottish destructiveness contrasted with Hamburgh tastelessness—the Churches of Hamburgh—St. Peter's—St. Nicholas'—St. Catherine's—likeness of Goetz the Religious Fanatic—St. James's—the Great St. Michaelis's—its lofty Tower—Splendid View from its summit—Watchmen placed there to announce the approach of Thunder-storms, and to ring the Alarum-bell when a Fire occurs in the City—Interior of the Church—the Crypt—Burial in Churches deprecated—the Public Cemeteries of Hamburgh—their beauty and extent—Hired mourners employed to bury the Dead—the privileged class of Reiten Diener employed in this office—their peculiar Dress and Emoluments—Pompous mode of announcing Deaths, Marriages, and Births, in the Newspapers.

HAMBURGH, 1831.

KNOWING the restless activity of my companion, you will not be surprised when I inform you, that though we have only been three days in Hamburgh, we have already seen a great deal more of it than many of its inhabitants. From morn to night we are on the *move*—at one moment on foot, and the

next in a *droschki*. I must tell you, that the carriages here are handsome, and the horses excellent; and what perhaps is better, that the fares are cheap, and the coachmen honest. A stranger in Hamburgh does not find it necessary to be ever and anon upon his guard against the imposition of rascally Jarvey-men as in London, nor to fret himself with the idea of being cheated, because he is unacquainted with the customs. A drive in a *droschki* from any one part of the town to another, is known to be about eightpence, and no more is asked; while by the hour, the charge is equally well understood to be about 1s. 6d. with possibly a penny or twopence for *drink-geld*, if the coachman be polite, which is almost universally the case. Some of the better *droschkis* indeed have a small list of fares attached to the carriage, with a view to prevent disputes. Would that our Metropolitan authorities would take a hint from their Hanseatic neighbours! I am sure it would spare many worthy men the sin of so frequently breaking the third commandment.

Among the thousand and one things we have

seen here, nothing has struck us so much as the innumerable gardens, pleasure-grounds, walks, and villas, that surround on every side this busy mart. At the conclusion of the last war, the government of Hamburgh, like wise men, resolved that the City should be an open town; and from the hour that the French were chased from the banks of the Elbe, hundreds of hands have been employed, and millions of marks have been expended in levelling the ramparts, and planting them with trees, shrubs, and flowers. The walks which have in this way been formed, surpass, in many respects, the far-famed Boulevards of Paris, and afford to the inhabitants, who are fond of out-door amusements, every opportunity to indulge their passion. Here, several of the most crowded and bustling streets of the City lead into delightful parterres, verdant with foliage and fragrant with flowers. Though the walks are open to the poorest, and trodden by the young, not a rosebud is plucked, not a shrub destroyed, not a tree touched. The wanton and mischievous spirit too often displayed in Scotland is here unknown; the combined bumps of *destructive-*

ness and *tastelessness*, as the phrenologists would call it, which must be so strongly developed in a Caledonian cranium, have apparently no *home* in a Hamburgh head. Here the impelling spirit of "destructiveness" goes no farther than to quaff off a cup of coffee and demolish a *vanille* ice, in one or other of the splendid pavilions that are scattered through the walks of the ramparts and in the environs of the City; while the spirit of tastelessness is perhaps chiefly exhibited in listening to the music of Mozart and Rossini, amid the fumes of tobacco, or gazing through the cloud of a *meer-schaum* on the fair Cyprians who lightly trip round the dancing saloons of Dorgerloh and Peter Ahrens.

We have just returned from making a tour through the several parish churches of the City; an occupation in which my companion, notwithstanding his love of mercantile speculation, seems at present to take an unusual delight, arising perhaps from the church-going effects produced even here by that foe to all gaiety, the cholera. For myself, I must honestly confess, that ever since

the day that I was forced, from good companionship, to look over the architectural and pictorial beauties of a dozen of churches in Rome before breakfast, I have lost my relish for this species of sight-seeing. There are, however, only five parish churches in Hamburgh, and these may be easily seen in a forenoon. The other places of worship, which consist of one Roman Catholic, two Calvinistic, and eleven Lutheran chapels, are of no great importance in point either of architecture or of interior decoration.

The most ancient of the parish churches of Hamburgh is that of St. Peter's, having been built between the years 1139 and 1195. Its spire rises 416 feet high, was begun in 1342, and only finished in 1516. The interior of the church contains several rather odd-looking relics of the past; among which may particularly be mentioned the colossal likenesses of Martin Luther and his friend Melancthon, which are hung upon two pillars of the nave—faces certainly more indicative of constant acquaintanceship with the good things of the refectory than the meagre-inspiring penances of the cloister.

The next in point of antiquity, is the church of St. Nicholas; which is chiefly remarkable for its lofty spire of 400 feet.

St. Catherine's, the next in order, is certainly a handsome building, and is also conspicuous for its spire, which is 390 feet high. The interior is adorned with several rather interesting objects; among which is a likeness of the famous polemical fanatic, Melchior Goetz—the man who, you may remember, was deprived, through Imperial interference, of his fat Protestant benefice, for continuing, in spite of the government, to curse popes, cardinals, and monks, and who, by availing himself of the terrors of a German hell, stood forth till the last hour of his life the determined foe of every public amusement, however innocent. As I gazed on the fierce physiognomy of this ascetic—or, if I may use the expression, this Dominican Dante—I could not help thinking that I heard him pouring forth one of those terrific diatribes, which at one time almost roused a Hamburgh populace to acts of violence against the abettors of Book and Bell—datribes which contained the concentrated es-

sence of Ernulphus' famous curse, and which at last most properly rendered Goetz the jest and laughing-stock of his Protestant brethren. It is fortunate for Christianity, that the Hamburg clergy exhibit now but little of the nicknamed orthodoxy of that zealot.

The church of St. James is particularly remarkable for the elegance of its spire, which is 358 feet high. It is of Gothic architecture, and certainly is one of the handsomest structures in the city. There is nothing worth noticing in the interior except the chancel, which is decorated with several elegant marble figures. The clergyman, Herr Schmaltz, who officiates in this church, is one of the most popular and eloquent divines in the City. His discourses are for the most part extemporaneous, and breathe the very spirit of pathos and piety. He might be well designated the Protestant Massillon of Hamburg!

The Great St. Michael's, near the Altona Gate, is however, of all the churches of Hamburg, the most interesting. It is, in fact, the largest and most elegant building in the City, being 245 feet

long and 180 broad, with a tower of 456 feet in height. From its summit, to which we ascended by a stair of nearly six hundred steps, we had a most magnificent view; Hamburgh lay like a map before our eyes, while the whole surrounding country as far as Lubeck and Lunenburgh, was stretched out in panoramic beauty before us. The ball of the tower is surrounded with a seat, and has eight round openings in it which are glazed. On the approach of thunder-storms, which are not unfrequent here, and which have proved particularly destructive to the churches of the City, the ball is instantly lighted with a lamp to announce the fact to the inhabitants. When the lightning cloud has passed away, the lamp is extinguished. Upon this tower also are placed two watchmen, to alarm the inhabitants when any fire occurs in the town. This is done by tolling a great bell, which is immediately answered by the bells of the other churches. In a few minutes the whole City is in uproar, and the firemen are at their posts. During the continuance of the fire, one of the bells is rung at intervals, and by the rapidity of the strokes the violence of the

fire is expressed. I may mention, by the way, that from the judicious fire-arrangements made in Hamburg, the insurance against fire is extremely moderate.

The interior of St. Michaelis's church is exceedingly splendid, and you may judge of its size when I tell you, that it can accommodate 6,000 persons. Above the altar, is a striking picture of the resurrection of our Saviour, from the pencil of Tieschbein, who is but lately dead. The organ is superb, and cost upwards of nine thousand pounds. It has no fewer than 5,600 pipes.

The *Gewölbe*, or crypt of this church, is perhaps one of the most curious portions of the building. It is supported by sixty-nine columns of granite, and contains, according to our Cicerone's account, 269 burial-places. By a late decree of the Hamburg government, burial in churches has however been wisely prohibited; and hence these receptacles for the dead are in the meantime closed, and it is to be wished, that it be for ever. Burial in churches had its origin in the vanity of saint-denominated monks, declaring their tombs to be the most effi-

cacious shrines of devotion; and the practice has since proved, in many a land where it has been followed by the multitude, so insalubrious as to call for legislative enactments against it. It has been banished from France; it has been voted a nuisance in London and in Italy; and is really so in Rome, where it has lately produced almost as much disease as the *malaria*. You have often heard me express my abhorrence at cryptal burial, from the wish which I have always entertained of making the grave an occasional monitor to the living, and a tender remembrancer of the dead. Amid the dank and lugubrious atmosphere of a crypt, there is nothing with which the warm bosom of the living can sympathise. There, the recollection of the entombed relative or friend is associated, not with the peaceful repose and the touching beauties of nature, but with the frightful horrors of the charnel-house and the cold productions of art. On entering the precincts of a public crypt, the visitor, instead of being impressed with the consolatory idea of future and immortal life, shudders at the thought, that the empire of death is

eternal. He gropes through the nightly gloom of such a Golgotha with dread, and he hurries from it to the light of day with delight. A crypt, in fact, ever suggests sentiments of horror little short of that experienced in the Catacombs of Rome or Paris, or in the Capuchin Convents of Palermo and Valetta, where the appalling process of dust returning to dust, uniformly and forcibly presses itself on the mind, and where the only associations the visitor can have with death, are such as the imagination shrinks from contemplating. How different the feelings created by the beautiful poetical picture of the poet:

“ Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb,
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown;—
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain’s murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.”

Since the decree against church and cryptal burial was issued, the public cemeteries have all been removed beyond the boundaries of the City.

Knowing, as you do, my *grave* propensities, it will not surprise you to learn, that I was not long amid the bustle of the City before I stole away from my companion, to make a solitary pilgrimage to the extensive and wide-spread fields of the dead, which lie on the other side of the *Dammthor*. Here the elegant and affecting custom of bedecking the church-yard, so generally practised in England in the days of Shakspeare and Evelyn, is most sedulously attended to; and the sepulchral soil, which with you is but a field of noxious weeds, is found here a beautiful and blooming flower-garden. The Hamburg church-yards, in fact, instead of being characterised as in England, and particularly in Scotland, by broken tomb-stones and defaced inscriptions, are replete with the most touching tokens of respect for the dead. Here, the last resting-place of friends and relatives may be visited without any of those disagreeable and horrid associations that attend the steps of him who may chance to wander into the generality of British cemeteries. Here, the visitor is never shocked with the mouldering coffin nor the hideous contents of the charnel-house,

for here the dead repose amid the beauties of nature; and their memory is associated with the most soothing and most simple emblems of mortality—emblems that are at once the most eloquent advocates of religion and morality, and the most determined foes to preternatural fear and superstition. In fact, there is exhibited here neither the mawkish sentimentality of the French, nor the inexcusable carelessness of the Scotch; but in their stead are found the tokens of a true and heightened feeling of respect towards that which is again to spring into life—which at once attests man's superiority to the rest of creation, and inculcates the salutary conviction, that the spirit lives eternally.

Although the monuments in the Hamburgh cemeteries are generally by no means so splendid as those in the garden of *Père la Chaise* at Paris, still there are a few which bespeak great taste and expense. The *Jenische* mausoleum, which is a pure Grecian temple of the Doric order, is a most striking example of both, and is altogether worthy of becoming the last resting-place of a Hamburgh senator. Several of the corporation-

or trades, have in these cemeteries their own general burial-place. These corporate enclosures are always particularly well kept.

Notwithstanding the care and taste displayed however by the Hamburgers towards what Jean Paul Richter has so happily designated “the green back-ground of life,” it is singular that the common practice in this City is, for the living to leave the burial of friends and relatives to hirelings,

“The sable tribe that painful watch
The sick man’s door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow where the heart’s not sad;”

—to a class of men, in fact, who, like the mendicant monks in Italy, are privileged to consign “dust to dust and ashes to ashes.” Of these hired mourners there are several classes, of which those designated *Reiten Diener*, amounting only to sixteen, are the chief. They are easily known from their very odd and peculiar garb, being attired in a black Spanish habit, a large wig, a ruff about their neck, and a sword by their side. The business of these individuals, however, is not limited to mimic sorrow; they are as frequently employed to

mimic joy, being also the necessary attendants on weddings and other gay parties; and so valuable is the situation of one of these privileged servants become, that not less than 16,000 marks are said to have been given for admission into the limited fraternity.

Although it is the fashion and the feeling of the Hamburgers generally to dispense with what is considered in many countries, the most sacred debt due to affection and friendship—that of assisting at the sad obsequies of a departed companion, they are nevertheless most particularly careful to publish to the world the depth of their grief on the occurrence of any relative's demise—as much so indeed as they are to announce their joy at being married, or their happiness at becoming fathers and mothers. The pompous announcements of these events in the newspapers, sound indeed very odd in the ears of a foreigner. Only think of the following notices, which this morning met my eye in the *Nachrichten*:

“The joyful celebration of our marriage this day completed, we announce to relatives and friends.

“CARL H——.

“MARIE VON H——.”

"This morning, at nine o'clock, my dear wife, Charlotte, was safely and speedily delivered of a healthy boy. Our friends are requested to rejoice with us on the happy event.

"LUDWIG F——."

"Yesterday departed this life most suddenly and most unexpectedly, from some inward disease, our dearly beloved and eldest son, Henry S——, at the endearing and hopeful age of fifteen. Our loss is great; our consolation is in the hope of being again eternally united to him. This thought alone soothes our sufferings, and sweetens the bitter cup of our woe.

"FRIEDRICH S——.

"JULIE S——, born L——."

But enough of the church-yard and all that belongs to it;—I fear I have been riding my *pale* hobby-horse too long: in my next letter, I shall endeavour to mount a more ambling charger.

LETTER III.

Amusements of Hamburgh—Promenading—Skating—Theatres—Music—Dancing and Dancing Saloons—Gambling—the Hotels—Hamburgh a refuge for the gourmand—Smoking almost universal—the principal Theatre—the late Schröder—the interior of the Theatre—Goethe's Faust—its first performance on the Hamburgh stage—its characters and peculiarities not easily appreciated by Foreigners—Story of Faust—object of Goethe's Drama illustrated—not suited for Representation—Acting good, particularly that of Marr and Legaye in the characters of Mephistophiles and Margaret—Effects of the Drama on the Audience and on my Companion—Hamburgh Watchmen.

HAMBURGH, 1831.

THERE are few cities that afford a greater variety of amusements than Hamburgh; where, in fact, a stranger, provided he be neither a cynic nor a saint, may at all times and seasons pass a week or two most agreeably. In the summer forenoons he will either find healthful recreation by quietly strolling through the various public promenades in and about the town, or obtain excitement by taking a seat in one or other of the well-filled *stuhl-wagens*

that are ever and anon proceeding to Wansbeck or Ottensen; and in the winter he may join, if he be at all imbued with the ice-loving propensity of Klopstock, the gay and animating crowd who are skating over the slippery bosom of the Binnen Alster, or sleighing on the frozen railway of the *Alsterfluss*.

During the greater part of the year, there are two theatres open: one, for the performance of German tragedies, comedies, and operas; and the other, for the exhibition of French and sometimes even English plays. There is almost every evening a public concert, or the meeting of some musical *verein* or club, to which a foreigner can gain admission; while the proverbial hospitality of the Hamburgers is such as almost to make a gourmand sigh for the power of ubiquity.

In the winter months, and particularly about Christmas, there are numerous private balls and public masquerades; but at the present moment, should a stranger feel desirous to worship at the shrine of Terpsichore, he must be content to gaze on the not overly-refined waltzers who frequent the

various public dancing saloons—a pastime which, by the way, is justly considered by the more sober class of the community, to be neither rational nor reputable. The dancing, however, in the Elbe Pavilion, where balls are frequently held for the delectation of the middle and lower classes, and the waltzing in the Schweitzer Pavilion, where ladies even of the better rank are seen whirling, would not disgrace the floor of Almack's. In waltzing the German grissette fairly outstrips even the English aristocrat—so much ease, grace, and *tournure* is there in every motion—so much of that physical, tell-tale eloquence, if we may use the expression, which poor Werther experienced when he first tripped it with Charlotte. What a glorious antidote to melancholy is this interminable waltz—well entitled to the consideration of every modern commentator on Burton's lugubrious theme, who, were he capable of partaking in its delights, would surely never have the face again to repeat the saying of his profound predecessor, that “dancing was a circel in which the divel was in the centre.”

Gambling, you are aware, is an amusement and

a trade that is practised more or less in every great city, and in Hamburgh it prevails considerably even in the family circle. Whist and Boston occupy the leisure and distribute the silver of the more sedate, while *Rouge-et-Noir* and *Roulette* excite the passions and circulate the gold of the more speculative. I am led however to believe, that the spirit of play is not a little checked by the more exciting gambling of the Bourse and *Börsenhalle*; the risks of commerce, in which almost every man is engaged, having a tendency to absorb the passion for meaner gaming, while the nice valuations of the various courses of exchange are calculated to seduce the most able wielder of the fatal *rateau* from the commonplace odds of *Trente-et-un*.

The hôtels, and particularly those situated in or near the Jungfernstieg, are spacious as well as comfortable. The one in which we at present reside, has, in addition to several fine suites of parlours and bed-rooms, a most elegant dining saloon, adorned with more mirrors than would satisfy even the cravings of the vainest peacock in mortal guise; and the table d'hôte, both for variety of dishes and

the excellence of the cookery, is such as the most fastidious member of the Gastronomical Society of the Parisian *Rocher de cancale* would feel satisfied with, and who moreover, after having got through the far-famed eel-soup, together with the other twenty or thirty dishes which are usually paraded at the Hôtel de Russie, would never once feel that to dine in the Jungfernstieg "was a *lost* day!" The landlord and landlady preside at the table d'ôte, and save their guests all the trouble of carving; a custom the advantages of which would certainly be better appreciated were the dishes more in unison with the limited and clumsy *joints* of England.

From the character of the private entertainments to which we have been invited since our arrival, and the general hospitality of the citizens, it is easy to discover, that this City must prove one of the very best refuges for all real devotees of Apicius. Hamburgh, from its peculiar situation and circumstances, in fact, affords all the facilities possible for obtaining every luxury of the table; and its citizens, it is but fair to say, do not grudge to

avail themselves of all the delicacies and variety which its well stocked markets can boast. From the German ocean are drawn abundant supplies of turbot, cod, and haddocks—from the Baltic are brought oysters and shell-fish—from the Elbe is got salmon—and from Holland the far-famed Dutch herrings. Holstein furnishes the finest beef—Luneberg, game—the Vierlands, vegetables and butter—and Westphalia, bacon; whilst the wide-extended commerce which the town holds with foreign and distant countries, ekes out all the other *et ceteras*, including the choicest fruits and the finest wines of France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy. The dinner hour among the higher classes is from four to five o'clock, but many of the mercantile and all the working people still follow the patriarchal fashion of eating their *boulli* and *saur kraut*, at or near to “high meridian.” A dinner party in the best circles does not occupy, as in England, the whole afternoon. Coffee, as in France, succeeds the *marischino* and the dessert; and the company generally retire early, if the hospitable host does not insist—which is frequently the case—that his guests, before going

home, should get into the *clouds* by means of a glass of hot Hollands and a pipe of tobacco. The vulgar custom of smoking is almost universal; and the man who cannot *mouth* a meerschaum or puff a cigar, will here find himself altogether out of his element; the smoke of the soothing weed being the atmosphere of all others most delightful to the lungs and the senses of a Hamburger. This is the besetting sin of the place, and nothing can be more offensive to visitors from Britain. Only think of a well-dressed lady being obliged to submit to the polluting clouds curling from a dozen of tobacco pipes! And then the eternal spit-boxes—faugh!

The principal theatre in Hamburgh, situated in the Dammthorstrasse, has been built within these few years, and is rather a handsome building. It is large and well fitted up. The company is generally one of the very best that is to be met with in Germany, and, as I have already hinted, performs alternately tragedy, comedy, and opera. To the celebrated Schroeder, the Hamburgh stage owes much—the German Garrick, as he has been

called, having been chiefly instrumental in establishing the Old Theatre in the *Gänse Markt*; and, in fact, in giving that anti-gallican tone to the German stage, which has of late obtained for the dramatic creations of Shakspeare and Schiller, so decided and so permanent a hold of the German boards. Schroeder was upwards of forty years the Director of the Hamburgh Theatre, and has left a reputation behind him, which must ever be associated with the history of the histrionic art. You may imagine the esteem in which this actor was held, when I tell you, that on his death in 1816, not only the whole mason lodges, but the principal inhabitants of the City, attended his funeral to St. Peter's Church, where his ashes now repose. In this respect, at least, how different the fate of Schroeder, from that of the well-known Parisian actress, who, on account of her profession, was, in the least religious capital of the world, actually refused Christian burial!

The interior of the New Theatre is fitted up with four tiers of boxes, and is lighted by one handsome chandelier. To an Englishman's taste,

the house would appear dark. This peculiarity in almost all foreign theatres, gives however a greater force to the stage, which is particularly well lighted; and as you are aware that the generality of continental playgoers attend the theatre from a love for the drama, and not from a desire to show off at a vanity fair, any duskiness round the boxes is felt to be of little consequence.

Having this morning observed that Goethe's Faust was to be brought out for the first time on the Hamburgh boards, I made a point of going to the theatre; and I cannot but consider myself very fortunate at being present on so novel and so interesting an occasion. When a German talks of Goethe, he invariably fixes on Faust as the most esteemed and most extraordinary production which the versatile genius of the great Nestor of Teutonic literature has bequeathed to posterity. It is doubtful, however, if any one who has not been born within the land that lies between the Rhine and the Vistula, will ever be brought to adopt this opinion; not that I believe the opinion to be erroneous, but that there lies in this philosophico-religious-didactic

drama so many insurmountable difficulties in the way of properly comprehending its beauties and its meaning, as to render it almost impossible that it should ever be fully appreciated beyond the frontiers of Germany. Abounding as this drama certainly does, with allusions not only to the dreamy metaphysics of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, but to the many wild northern superstitions which that philosophy would dispel; replete as it is too with so many of those evanescent glimpses of deep and solemn meaning, that tell on the heart and intellect by means of some little touch of pathos or of sarcasm, it is almost impossible ever to expect that the foreigner will be able to catch the thousand airy *somethings* which in this drama body forth the life and constitution of man—his passions and his impulses—his intellectual and physical struggles—his sin and his sorrow—his hope and his despair—his heaven and his hell!

At this time of day, it is scarcely necessary to tell you, that the story of Faust is founded upon a belief which generally prevailed in the middle ages—a belief, that man had the power of entering for

certain purposes into a contract with the embodied Principle of Evil; and although this is now no longer esteemed an *orthodox* opinion, but has been discarded along with magic and witchcraft, still the mysterious relations of which such a belief were emblematical, continue in full force, and the spirit of our nature is still found combating the dark influences of ignorance, sorrow, and sin—still sighing for something that is unattainable—still pursuing the phantoms of a false show, and searching for peace and happiness, in paths where no peace and no happiness is to be found. Goethe's Faust may be said to body forth this undeniable and impressive characteristic of humanity; and it is in this light, and this alone, that it can be regarded with interest. In this drama, in fact, we have most strikingly, however sketchily portrayed, the terrible contest which prevails in the heart of man, between the principle of good and the principle of evil—the fierce struggle which the soul, continually sighing for immortality, holds with sin and suffering—and the severe war which the enlightened spirit of humanity is ever waging with ignorance.

Faust may be said to have been the work of Goethe's whole life—the concentrated essence of nearly eighty years' experience of the workings of the spirit of man, under the power of the various influences which surround him. The first portion of it was published so early as 1790; and it is currently reported that its author is at this moment busy putting a few finishing touches to it, before he finally leaves it as a legacy to the world. The high estimation in which this production is held in Germany, will justify giving a slight sketch of it as acted here.

The Faust of Goethe, as it has lately left the hands of its author, is a drama of several parts, and, as a whole, is altogether unfit for representation. Even the portion of it which has been brought on the Hamburgh stage, is far from being so effective as I expected it to be; and I could not help thinking, that the attempt, however praiseworthy, was in some degree a failure. The few incidents in the drama, with many of such extravaganzas as the *Walpurgis Night*, which occur throughout the whole piece, may suit well enough

for a melo-drama or an opera, where the whole is illustrated by splendid scenery, or knit together by eloquent music; but where the principal charm and force of the play depend upon the finesse and the philosophy of the dialogue, it is scarcely to be expected that common minds can be kept alive, far less excited, by such like colloquies on the stage. Metaphysics, in fact, are not fitted for being sung before the scenes, or poured forth from behind the stage lamps. Goethe must therefore content himself by having his *Faust* studied, not seen. And yet, if good acting could have obtained for this celebrated drama a permanent place on the stage, it had most assuredly that advantage here.

The Mephistophiles of *Marr*, whose power of mimicry is unrivalled, was most masterly. I shall never forget the Protean expression of his features and his voice during the well-known colloquies with *Faust* and with *Margaret*. The smile which this accomplished actor gave was as soft as it was withering, when, after the Scholar in the pride of his own nature is led to look upon life as a mockery, and upon himself as unjustly treated by a cruel

destiny, which he had vainly attempted to unravel, madly resolves to accept the assistance of the sceptic Spirit—the look with which he met the gaze of Faust, when, the bargain being struck, he tells his pupil, that though the pleasures he sighs for shall tempt, they shall never satisfy, was the very look which best exhibited a sneering contempt for human pride and power; and, in fine, the mode by which, after Faust had felt himself sunk deeper in wretchedness than ever, he persuaded the Scholar to try the power of woman's affection, was the insidious witchery of the serpent. The whole acting of Marr was indeed the beau ideal of a demon's temptation.

Mademoiselle Legaye, a most deservedly popular actress, sustained the part of Margaret, in a manner of which I could not have conceived the character capable. The terrible and never-to-be-forgotten lesson which the fate of this amiable and single-hearted creature preaches to the slave of passion, arises chiefly from the simplicity, innocence, and confiding nature of her heart; peculiarities which, by the way, are not very well cal-

culated for the expression of histrionic art; and yet this actress threw a charm into the character which was altogether astonishing. There are few of the audience that can possibly forget the expressive picture of devoted love, which this lady exhibited when strolling through the garden, and when, eager to learn from Fate the actual state of her companion's feelings towards herself, she is seen plucking off with trembling hand the tell-tale petals of the aster, while in anxious whispers she is heard repeating the mystic words "He loves me—he loves me not!"—It was the most impassioned picture of a simple innocent girl's first affection, that could be imagined—the picture of love sent forth upon a venture, but which, if proving unsuccessful, must inevitably produce a bankruptcy of the heart!

With the exception of a few of the concluding scenes of Faust, which, you may remember, are full of action, the play as a whole, from the want of incident, proved very dull and ineffective. Yet the audience, though evidently wearied with the long metaphysical soliloquies and dialogues, preserved the most respectful silence; exhibiting a

striking contrast to the general tittering and noise so characteristic of an English theatre. My companion, being fatigued with the labours of the day, could not long resist the *morpheum* created by a metaphysical drama. At the close of the second or third scene, he fell sound asleep, and was only startled from his slumber by the wild and dying cry of Margaret. The picture of our friend thus indulging in a snooze, in one of the comfortable *reserved* seats of the Orchestra, was perhaps the most honest and correct critique that an Englishman could have made on the first appearance of Goethe's Faust on the Hamburgh stage.

On returning home from the theatre, we had an opportunity of observing several of those Patland-looking watchmen, who patrol the streets of this City during the night, armed as they are with long rusty lances and huge rattles. The hoarse cry and noisy accompaniment made by these personages, would however indicate them to be breakers rather than preservers of the peace.

The armed night-police of this City amounts to upwards of four hundred men, who are commanded

by a captain and five lieutenants. The corps is also subject to the control of two of the senators, the oldest of whom acts as colonel. From what I have seen of Hamburg after sunset, these watchmen can have very little to do. The streets are upon the whole very quiet; and the only disturbance I have yet heard, is the noise proceeding from the watchmen themselves—a noise which cannot fail to be felt as a nuisance by the sick and dying. At this moment, a hoarse cracked voice under my window proclaims the hour, and calls upon me to remember that “*ein ist geschlagen;*” that it is “past one o’clock;”—so I shall take the not ungentle hint, and bid you now good-night.

LETTER IV.

The number of Deformed met with on the Streets—Charitable Institutions, the Gast-haus, &c.—Orphan Hospital, &c.—Algemeine Kranken-haus—splendid establishment—its interior arrangements—its Kitchen—the Infirmary not restricted to the Poor, but open for those who pay—Expense of boarding—Institution for the Cure of Decrepit Children—No Beggars on the Streets—Cause of this—Rise and Progress of Hamburg—Hanseatic League—Effects of the League—tended to spread Liberty over Germany—Government of Hamburg democratical—Commerce calculated to uphold Freedom—Contrasted with Venice, no such stains on its History, as those which disgrace that Republic—the Senate—the mode of Electing a Senator—Prerogatives of the Senate—the Bürgerschaft—Colleges of the Oberalten—of Sixty—of One Hundred and Eighty—the Cammeri—Assembly of the Bürgerschaft—Advantages of the Hamburg Government—Two Orders of Citizenship—Ecclesiastical Government—Schools—the Johanneum and Gymnasium—Military Establishment—Garrison—Burgher Guard—Desirable Residence for a Merchant.

HAMBURGH, 1831.

WHILE perambulating the streets of Hamburg, one cannot fail to be struck with the number of deformed and mis-shapen persons that cross his

path. This unhappily has long been a characteristic of this City, and has been attributed to many different causes. One traces it to the general practice of swaddling children in their infancy; another, to the damp and ill-aired habitations of the working classes; a third, to the fashion of stewing the young with their clothes on, between two feather beds; while a fourth lays it all to the account of the badness of the climate, which, by certain medical croakers, has been termed the worst in Europe. Only think of there being here seldom more than a hundred good days out of the 365!

If the climate be bad, there is however no city better provided with receptacles for those who may be injured by it than Hamburgh. The charitable institutions are numerous, and excellently managed. There are, for instance, the *Gast-haus* for the accommodation of 140 aged persons, of both sexes; the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, for a similar number; the Deaf & Dumb and Blind Asylums; and the large Orphan Hospital, in the Admiralitte's Strasse—by the way, one of the most striking buildings in Hamburgh, wherein upwards of 600

orphan children are kept and educated, from the age of seven to fifteen, and about 500 under seven are supported either in the house or in the country. A visit to this Hospital at noon, the hour when the children are congregated in the dining-hall, must fill the heart of every philanthropist with delight. I may mention also the *Schiffer Armen-haus*, or Sailor's Poor-house, for the support of poor seafaring people, particularly the widows of sailors; the *St. Hiob's* Hospital, for aged pensioners; the *Weiblichen* Hospital, for the cure of sick maid-servants; and the *Institut für Männliche Kranke*, or Institution for the cure of man-servants.

Among all the philanthropic institutions of Hamburg, however, the one which stands pre-eminent is the *Algemeine Kranken-haus*, or General Infirmary, erected in 1823, in a beautiful airy situation, upon the road to Lubeck. This is indeed an establishment worthy even of the attention and imitation of the directors of those institutions which have done so much honour to Great Britain and France. This hospital had, a few months ago, no fewer than 1,430 patients within its walls, who are

treated in a manner that might induce the majority of mankind to exchange health for sickness, under the certainty of inhabiting a palace at least for a season, and of sipping for once the sweets of life in luxury and ease. To give you a slight idea of this magnificent establishment, for the purpose of contrasting it with similar institutions at home, I may mention that the building, furniture, garden, &c. cost 1,282,000 marks banco, or about £85,000 sterling. The yearly expense is about 250,000 marks, or about £16,500. My companion, who is an enthusiast in such matters, advised me to note down the leading details: they will no doubt be interesting to those who are curious about such matters.

This Kranken-haus may be well designated *Algemeine*, or general, seeing that it is a medical, surgical, venereal, and lunatic hospital. It has 140 sick apartments containing from 1, 4, 6, 13 to 30 beds each. It has two rooms for the medical attendants, who are chosen for life as at the Hotel Dieu in Paris; one for the apothecary; one for operations; a laboratory; one for all sorts of ban-

dages; a receiving-room; a purifying bath-room; six other bath-rooms; a museum; four connected with the heating department; nine connected with the kitchen; one for beds; one for the meeting of directors; one for the archives; one for strangers; one for the parson, and school-room; two chapels; twenty-three for the officers and assistants, and for keeping the necessary stores for the institution; two business rooms; one for napery; four for dirty clothes; four for fire-wood; six unappropriated; one for the porter; and twelve general day-rooms. In all, 228! The majority of the sick wards are 40 feet long 25 broad and 13 feet high, containing about 13,000 cubic feet of space. These wards, although originally constructed for only 13 beds, one of which is for the nurse, have nineteen at present in some of them, and yet appear not at all crowded. Each ward is heated by means of a stoneware stove, the pipes of which are so constructed as to ventilate at the same time that they warm the apartment. The whole house during night is lighted with argand lamps, in which the purest rapeseed oil is burned; while it is supplied

with water from the Alster, the daily consumption of which exceeds 500 hogsheads.

The kitchen of the Kranken-haus is a curiosity, and, at the time we visited it, exhibited proofs of fare such as is seldom seen in British hospitals. Fruits and vegetables of all kinds were preparing for the inmates. My companion seemed surprised at the dishes of preserved cherries and prunes that met his eyes. In this department there are employed three men cooks, three female, and ten under cooks. The napery is changed once a-week, and there are twenty or thirty washerwomen constantly employed. The friends of the patients are admitted twice a-week, from one to three o'clock. The management of the hospital is vested in six directors, chosen out of the great and small college of the Burghers, and is supported in a great measure from the funds of the City. There are two principal and two assistant physicians, and one principal surgeon, permanently placed over the sick; while the household matters are superintended by a matron.

Although this splendid institution is chiefly in-

tended for the cure of the diseased poor, there are many who enter the *Kranken-haus* on payment of a board—a fashion which, in a mercantile city where there are so many strangers living in lodgings, is well worthy of imitation. Gentlemen are admitted as boarders in this establishment, on paying from eightpence to eight shillings a-day. For the highest rate, the patient obtains an apartment to himself, a nurse, the best medical or surgical attendance, and the best fare. About 60,000 marks are received annually from such inmates. From a conversation which I had with one of the principal physicians, to whose politeness we were indebted for the above details, I found that, of the patients entering the infirmary, there were from 10 to 11 per cent. died. I also learned, that there are about 400 lunatics kept in the house, of whom there are 200 incurables; and of these there are 50 more women than men. The females in the venereal wards never exceed seventy or eighty, and are strictly classified; and from all the *Freuden Mädchen* in the City being under the surveillance of the police, which is very vigilant, it may be inferred

that this number exhibits the usual average amount of that peculiar disease. There is a very handsome chapel attached to the hospital, where service is performed twice a-week. It is capable of containing three hundred, and is provided with a fine organ.

Upon the whole, the *Algemeine Kranken-haus* of Hamburgh, if we look to its extent and management, will not only compare with any similar institution in the world, but may be well termed the most striking shrine of Charity and Mercy that the stranger can visit in that great commercial City.

Before quitting the subject of hospitals, I cannot help alluding to an institution which has been lately established here, for the cure of diseased and decrepit children belonging to the better classes. In this private hospital, children with limbs or bodies distorted, are received from the earliest age, and may remain here till eighteen. The patients are subjected to a regular course of bandaging and bathing, and during their residence in the establishment are educated in every branch of study.

The beds, upon which the inmates are kept for the most part reclining, are constructed so as to be moved to any angle, and afford every facility for the patient eating, drinking, and even writing. Over the top of each couch is placed a large mirror, which not only reflects every corner of the apartment, but may be so turned as to show the patients those who may be passing on the street. Twice a-week the patients quit their beds to be bathed, and to take an airing in the garden; and on other days, when the weather is fine, the beds are wheeled out into the open air. Before any child can be admitted into this institution, an examination must be made and a recommendation given by an experienced surgeon, that the patient is admissible; and on being admitted, the child receives every thing from the institution that is requisite for its education, support, and cure. In addition to the more common branches of education and moral discipline, the patient is taught foreign languages, mathematics, history, geography, and music. For all which advantages, including constant medical and surgical attendance, the annual board is only 1200

marks. The parents, relatives, and friends of the children, except under extraordinary circumstances, are only admitted into the institution once a-month. It is but due to Herr Goette, the originator and proprietor of this hospital, to say, that although the institution was only established in 1823, he has already sent out several individuals perfectly cured, who most probably, had they not been placed under his care, would have continued objects of pity for life—a burden to themselves and to society.

If the foreigner, as I have hinted, be called to encounter on the streets, a multitude of such objects as Herr Goette's institution is so well calculated to diminish, it will be interesting to know that there is scarcely a beggar to be seen on the pavés of this town. There is, in fact, no city in the world where the poor are better attended to than in Hamburgh; and it is not difficult to account for the fact, when we reflect on the nature of its government and the character of its legislators. Upon commerce, the City has all along been dependent; and from the feelings of commercial men, have its laws and institutions emanated. It is not wonder-

ful, therefore, that men subject to commercial revolutions and mercantile ruin, as the original legislators of Hamburgh were, should, in making regulations for posterity, have taken especial care to provide against the consequences of the misfortunes which many of themselves must have suffered; and it has been well said, that in looking at the splendid provision which the government of the Queen of the Hanse Towns has made for her poor citizens, it was easy to discover that bankrupts had no little share in the legislation!

Since I came here I have bestowed some little time in considering the history and government of Hamburgh; and you will perhaps pardon me for giving you a short account of my researches, especially at a period when, if your Reform Bill be carried, it is to be hoped that our own municipal governments will be amended. If such a fortuitous circumstance should occur, we must however endeavour to avoid the semi-self-elective system practised even in the free Hanse Towns.

Like many other greater states, Hamburgh owes its establishment to the christianizing spirit of

Charlemagne, who, to prevent the inroad of the Pagans and to convert the Infidels of the North, founded here a church and a citadel, about the close of the eighth century. The Hamburghers, acting upon this belief, had a festival in 1800, in commemoration of the City having existed one thousand years.

After the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty, Hamburgh became subject successively to the Dukes of Saxony and the Counts of Holstein; and at length, after many severe struggles to free itself from the shackles and chains of Denmark, succeeded in securing its independence by an alliance with eighty-five cities; an alliance which is known by the name of the Hanseatic League, and which League having engrossed almost the whole commerce of Europe, became so formidable to kings, counts, and kaisers, as to induce the several governments whose cities were parties to it, to cause them to withdraw from the alliance. The only cities that ultimately retained the rank and privileges of the League, were Hamburgh, Lubeck, Bremen, Rostock, and Dantzic. To this League,

of which the Germans may well be proud, whose head Doge, the burgomaster of Lubeck, received the ambassadors of emperors and monarchs, and whose fleets covered the ocean, Germany owes in some degree the establishment of its civil and religious liberty. The wealth and energy acquired by the commercial activity of the burghers of these privileged cities, not only soon obtained for the mercantile man a station of influence and of power altogether new, but afforded a most striking contrast to the humiliating position of vassalage under which so numerous a body of his fellow-countrymen were subjected—a contrast which did not long fail to produce effects hostile to the continuation of the severities and slavery of the feudal system. The democratic spirit which springs from successful handicraft and merchandise, in fact, soon began to war against the absolutism of the irresponsible and privileged few. The freedom of commercial intercourse thus elicited liberty of speech and of opinion, and converted at the same time the busy mart into an acknowledged sanctuary for the young aspirants after liberty of conscience.

To commerce, the source of the power and freedom of the Hanse Towns, Hamburgh is wholly indebted for the peculiar character of its government—a government which, although partaking of the mixed principles of aristocracy and democracy, is so well constructed and balanced as to be secure against the dangers arising from either. The fundamental principle no doubt is purely democratical, there being no sovereignty personally exercised—no precedence and no prerogative above that of a citizen. Title, also, for the purpose of conferring personal distinction, has been carefully and judiciously avoided; and each citizen is only important from considering his own interest as inseparable from the public weal. To this anti-monarchical as well as anti-oligarchical spirit so long acted upon, we believe Hamburgh to be mainly indebted for the preservation of its existence as a free town; while to the neglect or abandonment of these leading principles of Hanseatic constitutions, Venice may be justly said to owe her crimes and her ruin. Had the Queen of the Adriatic not fallen away from the original principle of her gov-

ernment, by first permitting an almost absolute Doge, and afterwards creating hereditary titles and privileged families, she might have still, like the Queen of the Hanse Towns, been saved from the yoke of an irresponsible and foreign master. The purely citizen-government of Hamburgh, has left no such blots on the page of past history as the cruel fate of a Dandolo, a Foscari, or a Foscari —no such shocking proofs of the long reign of injustice and oppression as that which the remembrance of the acts of a state inquisition, the dungeons of St. Marks, and the victims of the Canal Orfano, must ever awaken in the mind of him who studies the story of the sea-girt city.

The government of Hamburgh, notwithstanding Napoleon's now almost forgotten decree, uniting this City with France, is much the same as it ever was. It consists of a Senate and three Colleges of citizens. The former is composed of four burgomasters and twenty-four senators, with the addition of four syndics and four secretaries. Three of the burgomasters and eleven of the councillors must be lawyers; the remainder are merchants. The syn-

dics are lawyers, but although they are permitted to give their sentiments upon all questions, they have no vote. The qualification necessary for becoming a senator is, that the individual be born in Hamburgh, be above thirty years of age, and a member of the Lutheran Church; no Calvinist nor Catholic being permitted to sit at this board.

The mode of supplying vacancies in this body is rather curious, being a combination of chance and choice. When a senator dies, a new one is selected by the senators from among themselves, and the vacancy is filled up in the following manner:—On the day appointed for the election, the Senate assembles at nine o'clock in the morning, when the secretary is ordered to write the names of all the members present on a separate slip of paper. This done, the papers are folded up and put into a box, while a like number of papers are folded up and put into another box. The latter are all blanks except four, upon which the word "*vorschlag*," or *proposed*, is written. The two youngest senators are then ordered to draw a billet out of each box, till the four with the word *vorschlag* be drawn, when

the senators whose names are drawn at the same time with the above four billets, are each entitled to propose a burgher for the vacant seat. The four *privileged* senators having each taken an oath that he has nothing in view but the welfare of the state, and has no interest or bias in favour of the person he means to propose, except that he believes him fully qualified to be of service to the commonwealth—the burgomaster requests each, according to his seniority, to name a person. Should one or all of the persons proposed, be rejected by the Senate, they name again until four are approved of. This done, the names of the four candidates are written on four billets and folded up and put again into the box; while four other billets, upon one of which the word “*erwählt*” or *chosen* is inscribed, are also placed in the other box. Both boxes being shaken, the two youngest senators draw as before, until the billet with the word *erwählt* be drawn, when the person whose name is drawn at the same time out of the other box, is the new senator.

The newly elected senator is immediately brought to the Senate-house, and is obliged to accept the

post or quit the city, and, as a consequence must leave one-tenth of his property behind him. Having taken the usual oaths, the new senator is conducted to his house, which he dare not leave till the ensuing Sunday, when he is called to accompany the Senate to church. On the first sitting of the Senate the newly elected member appears in a black velvet cloak without sleeves, but with armholes fringed round and a broad plaited ruff round his neck. After the lapse of a few weeks, he is however permitted to appear in full senatorial costume, which differs from the former by having sleeves in the cloak, and a high-crowned round hat covered with black velvet edged with fringe.

The Senate appoints agents and consuls to foreign courts, and receives foreign ministers; grants letters patent; makes contracts; issues mandates; has the power of mitigation, or of changing the punishment of criminals; and, in fine, the charge of every matter connected with the executive.

The *Bürgerschaft*, or general body of the citizens, in whose hands the legislative power is placed,

are divided into five divisions or five parishes, who elect three Colleges. The first of these is called the *College of Oberalten*, or aldermen, and consists of fifteen—the privileged inhabitants of each parish, having each the choice of three. The members of this College attend the Senate, can debate on any proposition, and, should they find the constitution or the laws infringed, can impeach any senator whom they may suspect. This body resembles, in some measure, the Roman tribunes.

The second division of the *Burgerschaft* is called the *College of Sixty*, and consists of the College of Aldermen, with nine other persons called Deacons from each parish. Their duty is to watch over the inferior departments of the state.

The third division is the *College of One Hundred and Eighty*, and is composed of the two former Colleges, with twenty-four sub-deacons out of each of the five parishes. This College has very limited duties.

In addition to these Colleges, there is another called the *Cämmerei*, composed of ten members, or two from each parish. This chamber is elected

for ten years, and its duty is to audit the public accounts, and lay them before the Senate.

These several bodies may be said to be merely Colleges for controlling the Senate. But when a new law is to be enacted, a new tax to be levied, a new loan to be contracted, or an increase to be made to the salary of any public functionary, the general body of the citizens must be consulted. The citizens, however, can only be called together by the Senate, and with the consent of the *Oberalten*. When an assembly of the *Burgerschaft* is to take place, the three Colleges meet in the great hall of the Senate-house at nine o'clock in the morning, dressed in black and with black cloaks, whither the Senate and the body of the citizens repair. Before the question be proposed for which the assembly is convoked, the principal *Oberalten* must ascertain that at least two hundred Burghers are present; after which, the presiding Burgo-master makes the proposition, and gives a copy of it to the chairman of each of the five parishes. The Senate now retire, and the burghers, according to their parishes, retire also to five different apart-

ments, where the proposition is considered and voted upon. During this discussion, no member of one parish can go into the room of another parish, except under a severe penalty. When the various parishes have made up their minds, they return to the hall, where the Senate again appears, and the question is decided, not by the majority of the votes of the persons present, but by the majority of the five parishes. The qualification of a Burgo-master is, that the individual shall be possessed of £100, or of a house of that value free of mortgage.

It is scarcely necessary to call your attention to the peculiar advantages of such a government as that of Hamburgh, possessed, as it is, of so many controlling checks on the excess of its aristocratical and democratical principle. The division of the burghers into five portions, each having representatives in the three Colleges, secures the government from being ruled by any one set of family connections; while the initiative of any law being vested in those who have been long acquainted with the true interests and wants of the commonwealth, at the same time secures the people from

the dangers that would arise from the hasty and capricious will of the mob.

Before quitting this subject, it may perhaps be as well to mention, that there are two orders of citizenship in Hamburgh—the *grosse* and *kleine*, or “great” and “small,” as they are called. The distinction between them, consists in their privileges of commerce and trade. The *great* Burgher is under no restriction; while the *small* can neither import nor export goods wholesale in their own names, nor transact business on the Exchange. The affair is altogether a matter of money—the expense of becoming a *grosse* Burgher, being 150 marks; that of a *kleine*, 40.

If I have been somewhat prolix on the Civil Government of Hamburgh, a few words will suffice to make you acquainted with its Ecclesiastical Government. The established religion, as I have already hinted, is Lutheran, and the clergy are elective. The Senate is the supreme head of the Church, and presides at the convocation, which is composed of the chief pastor of each parish, with sixteen deacons and arch-deacons. Those destined

for the church, after leaving the university, are examined by the five chief pastors, and having passed, are designated candidates. Until elected to a church, these individuals support themselves by teaching, somewhat after the manner of Dominie Samson. There are three pastors attached to each church, but their stipends are exceedingly small. The majority of the clergy deliver their sermons extempore, and are generally men of exemplary morality. The church service, with the exception of the sermon, consists chiefly of singing.

The Government of Hamburgh has paid particular attention to the education of the people, and nowhere are there better schools to be found than in this town. To each of the five parishes, is attached a public seminary, for the elementary branches of education, not unlike the parochial schools of Scotland; and in addition to these, there are five charity schools, scattered over the City, which are kept open for the exclusive benefit of the poor.

The great City School, called the *Johanneum*, which was founded so early as 1529, and which

most happily combines popular with classical studies, has seven professors, four assistants, three teachers of modern languages, and two teachers of writing, arithmetic, and drawing. To the talents of the late Gurlitt, this seminary owes its present well-deserved fame. That celebrated philologist and philosopher, having altogether remodelled the system of tuition, altering it from the old monkish mode to that well known popular method which now universally obtains throughout Prussia—a system, which every unprejudiced person must allow is so much better calculated to fit mankind for the practical business of the world.

For those who would pursue the higher branches of science and the belles lettres, the *Gymnasium* or College is open. In this higher seminary, lectures are given on the Greek and Hebrew tongues, on mathematics, physics, metaphysics, logic, rhetoric, poetry, history, and natural history. Accordingly, here the student may arrive at the highest steps of a scientific curriculum, without the necessity of leaving home to attend a distant university. Attached to the *Gymnasium* is the City

Library, which contains about 200,000 volumes. To this valuable collection, every burgher and every literary man has access.

The military establishment of Hamburgh, consists of about 1400 regularly paid soldiers, who may be considered the garrison; with the additional force of 10,000 unpaid burghers, regularly trained to arms. This burgher guard, to whom the care of the City is chiefly entrusted, is composed of two companies of artillery, eight battalions of infantry, five companies of jägers, and a squadron of cavalry. Every burgher, and son of a burgher, with the exception of medical men, is obliged to serve in this corps, from the age of 18 to 45, and to furnish himself with arms and clothing. The winter duty of this guard, is felt as a grievance by many of the foreign merchants in Hamburgh. Only imagine an honest *stove-loving* citizen compelled to turn out of his comfortable home, to pace before the *Dammthor*, when the thermometer is standing at 10 below zero!

From all I have said, you will see that there is no city on the Continent, which, to the mercantile

man, seems to hold out a more desirable home than Hamburg. Here, activity is looked upon as a cardinal virtue—gain, the highest of human happiness. Here, commerce takes even precedence of all the learned professions. The merchant of Hamburg finds himself, in fact, in the very first rank of society, there being here no nobler title known than that of a Burgher. In this city, honest industry is happily not looked down upon by titled idleness; nor must the productive labourers in the counting-house or Exchange, be necessarily contemned or *cut* by the unproductive sycophants who vegetate at an embassy or frisk at a court; while the educated and the wise, are not here excluded from associating with their fellows, from the want of an aristocratical prefix appended to their name—the all-powerful “Von;” which, to the disgrace of an enlightened age, is still the only true passport and secret *sesame* to all good society in other parts of Germany.

LETTER V.

Few Public Buildings in Hamburgh—the Stadthaus—the Niedergericht and Obergericht—the Handelsgericht, or Court of Commerce—advantages of this Court, worthy of English imitation—the Pillory—the Bank—the Börsenhalle—the Börse or Exchange, the favourite field of the Hebrew—Restrictions upon the Jews—general Character of the Hamburgh Jews—vices arise from their sufferings—Emancipation from thralldom calculated to change their character—late Jewish persecutions in Germany—Commerce and Trade of Hamburgh—its Exports and Imports—its Shipping—its Manufactures—Sugar-Refining, much decreased—Marine Insurances, greatly increased—probable causes of this increase—Foreigners cannot carry on business without being citizens—English Merchants—Hamburgh notorious for vicissitudes of fortune—State of the Bankrupt law—three species of Bankrupts—Privilege connected with a Wife's dowry—ticklish Period of a Merchant's affairs—Females of Hamburgh.

HAMBURGH, 1831.

WITH the exception of the churches and the hospitals, of which I have already given you some account, there are few or no public buildings in Hamburgh. The *Stadthaus*, among the few which we visited to-day, is perhaps the most remarkable,

not certainly from possessing any architectural beauty, but merely from being the mansion in which the Senate and Burgher Colleges hold their sittings. The exterior of the building is as heterogeneous as the occupation of its interior. The former arises from its being erected at different periods, a portion of the edifice having been built so early as the thirteenth century; the latter, from not only affording accommodation to all connected with the executive of the Government, with the two chief Courts of Justice called the *Obergericht* and the *Niedergericht*, but also from having within its precincts the Custom-house, the Excise-office, the Court of Admiralty, a receptacle for the whole archives of the City, and a Guard-house for the Burgher guard.

I may here mention, that the *Niedergericht*, or Lower Court of Justice, which holds its sittings in the Stadthaus, is composed of a president, six judges, and an actuary, of whom the president, two judges, and the actuary, must be lawyers. This court tries criminal offences, and takes cognizance of all civil causes under 2000 marks.

The *Obergericht*, or Higher Court, is composed of a burgomaster and five senators who are lawyers, with five senators who are merchants. This court takes cognizance of all suits above 2000 marks, and in criminal affairs confirms, mitigates, or abrogates the sentences passed by the *Niedergericht*. From the decision of the higher court, an appeal may be made to the general Court of the Hanse Towns, which holds its sittings at Lubeck; but I understand that the Hamburgers rarely avail themselves of this privilege.

Within these few years, a new court, called the *Handelsgericht*, or Court of Commerce, has been created, which I am told has been found peculiarly useful. The questions discussed before this tribunal are strictly confined to trade; and the judges being chiefly individuals connected with business, their decisions are equally rapid and equitable. The court consists of a president, vice-president, nine merchants, an actuary, and an assistant actuary. The president, vice-president, and actuary, must be lawyers, acquainted with the principles of English, French, and Dutch juris-

prudence. The court is divided into two chambers; both of which sit twice a-week, on different days, for the better despatch of business. It is, in fact, a sort of common sense, conscience, and arbitration court, where all the intricate questions connected with trade, manufactures, and shipping, are decided by persons who look at the disputes between parties, through the spectacles of mercantile experience, rather than through those of legal acquirement. The litigants are here allowed either to plead their own cause, or to employ an advocate. The former course is however most frequently preferred. There is an appeal from the *Handelsgericht* to the *Obergericht*; but should the latter confirm the sentence of the former, the decision becomes final.

If we look to the vast variety of mercantile questions which arise in Great Britain, it is surprising that some such court as this has not long ago been thought of. In France, under the Code Napoleon, there was a similar tribunal established, and I believe it has been found extremely useful. Mercantile questions, you are aware, require to be decided

with the utmost despatch, and can scarcely wait for the technicalities and delay prescribed by Coke and Littleton. Merchants feel this, and consequently they make the best judges in such matters. The creation of similar courts to that in Hamburgh, in each of your great mercantile marts, would prove a most salutary legal reform, securing, as these would to the merchant, an immediate and equitable settlement of every possible dispute springing out of the complicated machinery of commerce; quick decisions in such matters being to him the most desirable, because the most beneficial, and delay being almost as bad as injustice. Only imagine the advantage of discussing the question of a demurrage before the Handelsgericht, where you often obtain a sentence instanter, in comparison to laying the same before an English or Scottish tribunal, where three, five, or even ten years litigation, is no uncommon circumstance in practice, though an exceedingly disgraceful feature in the history of British jurisprudence.

Not far from the entrance to the Stadthaus, stands the celebrated disgraceful pillory, upon

which all infamous publications are burned by the public executioner, and upon which also their authors, when discovered, have been frequently obliged to make a public recantation or acknowledgment for the supposed injury inflicted on society. In the tower of the Stadthaus, also, hangs the bell of ignominy, whose clang proclaims the hangman's fair, and intimates to the citizens that some one occupies the place of shame, or that the name of a declared bankrupt is publicly exhibiting at the Exchange.

Near to the Stadthaus stands the Bank, which is a very handsome new building, but affording accommodation certainly to one of the oldest and most celebrated monetary establishments in Europe; this bank having been founded so early as 1619, upon a principle unrivalled for security. I must mention, however, that it is at perfect antipodes to all the prevailing ideas held in England about banking; there being neither paper-money nor coinage circulated by the establishment. The leading principle is simply this,—that all the money which the bank owes to the public, is to be found lying in

silver bars in its cellars; so that, for example, a person who has a thousand marks in his account at the bank, feels certain that the figures under his name in the folio of the bank ledger, are really represented by bullion, and that he can obtain the amount at a moment's notice. While a bank thus constituted, cannot evidently afford any interest to those having money deposited there, it is plain that its deposits will only represent the unemployed capital of the city—merely, in fact, the unemployed balances of bankers, and the cash necessary for carrying on the smaller transactions and for paying the daily demands of merchants. A certain annual sum is indeed paid by those who have the privilege of keeping an account with the bank, and the amount of this is regulated by the number of folios that are required to be written in the books of the establishment during a twelvemonth. The rate, I understand, is a dollar for each folio. The chief profit to the bank arises from silver being paid in at 1 per 1000, and paid out at $1\frac{5}{8}$ per 1000; the bank value being what is entered in the books and what is transferred from one individual to

another. To obtain any interest on spare capital, it is necessary to discount or to buy time-bills; and from there being here no such absurdity as usury laws, the rate of discount affords the truest of all keys to the state and value of the money market—the best of all tests of the abundance or scarcity of cash in circulation.

The *Börsen-halle*, or Lloyd's of Hamburgh, is another of the few remarkable public buildings of this City. It forms the chief and daily rendezvous of the leading merchants, bankers, and brokers, and the lounge of foreigners, ship captains, and strangers. In addition to a large public hall for the subscribers, who amount to upwards of a thousand, and who each pay sixty marks annually, this mercantile institution has not only a room where the political and literary journals of all nations are read and filed, but has also a large and extensive commercial library. The building contains likewise a handsome concert and dancing-hall, ornamented with paintings and sculpture; a suite of billiard-rooms; a coffee-house; and a printing establishment, in which is published the well-known

political “*Abendblatt der Börsenhalle*,” and the literary journal entitled the “*Kritische Blätter*.”

While the Börsenhalle, therefore, affords one of the most attractive spots in which the Hamburger or foreign idler may pass an hour, certainly there is no place where the traveller will be more amused than by a visit to the *Börse*, or Exchange, situated nearly opposite to the Stadthaus, between the hours of half-past two and half-past three. Here, the buzz and bustle of the scene even outstrips that of the Exchange of London; while the mass of merchants, bankers, and brokers, who are huddled together, is even more motley than that of Amsterdam. The discordant sounds produced by a thousand voices, pitched in every national key, and poured forth with the characteristic intonation of a dozen different languages, produce a most singular effect upon the ear, and perhaps more than anywhere else convey to the mind a just and distinct idea of Babel.

Among the variety of German, Italian, Spanish, English, Russian, Polish, Dutch, and French physiognomies, I could not help observing that

there was one of very peculiar form and expression, which constituted the majority of all present at the Bourse—a face which, although muttering a variety of different sounds and accents, bespoke a common family origin—a face which, in all countries and under all climates, bespeaks its owner as the lineal descendant of Heaven's own chosen people—and a look which, however falsely as to some individuals, is almost universally associated with avarice or artifice, with riches or rags, with millions or misery. The Hamburgh Börse is the true field of glory for the Jew—the muttered *course* of the Exchange, the sweetest music to his ear. Here the Hebrew is seen in his element, and here the peculiar phase of his character is most happily illustrated; here the effects of the cruel bondage inflicted upon his fathers by the Christian world for nearly two thousand years, is developed—a bondage which, by preventing him from placing his accumulated wealth in the soil, and constituting him the holder of the moveable capital of Europe, has produced in the Hebrew a natural and innate capacity for monetary manœuvring, and a rapidity

and a skill in calculation, which render him almost the dictator of every money and exchange market in Europe.

In this age, when we see gold all-powerful, when we behold it changing the destiny of states and affecting faiths—when we find it the key to the acquisition of almost every thing, and a key too which any man may find—when we see it, like a menstruum, mixing all classes together—its absence bringing the titled aristocrat down to the level of the merchant, and its presence raising the banker far above the baron—it certainly seems strange, that this powerful talisman, so peculiarly in the hands of the Hebrew, should not have as yet emancipated this extraordinary race from the shackles which a Christian world have laid upon them. At this moment, the Jews in Hamburgh, amounting to nearly six thousand, are yet subject to their former degrading thralldom. They are, even in this self-styled *free* Hanse town, still in the land of Egyptian bondage, still made to endure the feelings of an outcast race. A Jew cannot be a member of any of the guilds or corporations

of this City. In the character of a doctor, he is, no doubt, permitted to draw blood from the jugular of a Christian; or, in that of a lawyer, he may draw cash from the coffers of a Calvinist; but he cannot be trusted to cut a coat, or make a shoe, even for his own brethren,—far less is he permitted to manufacture a table or turn a nail on the anvil. Only think of the lineal descendant of Noah being prevented from following the business of his great progenitor! There is, in fact, a law against any Jew becoming a handicraftsman; and the consequence is, that from the Hebrew's industry being limited to one or two departments of employment, we find in Hamburgh, as elsewhere, that the Jews are either very rich or miserably poor. At one period, a portion of this town, like the Ghetto of Venice, was allocated for the peculiar residence of the Jews, and beyond that district no Hebrew was permitted to wander after dusk. The law enforcing this, I believe, is yet unabrogated, though not now enforced; and the Jew is therefore, at the present moment, found living in the same street with the Christian.

During the period that the French occupied Hamburgh, the Jews held equal burgher rights with the other inhabitants; and had Bonaparte retained his power for a few years longer, it is probable, from the more general intercourse which then took place between the Jew and the Christian, that many of the old prejudices which unfortunately still cling to the latter, would have been softened down and finally removed, while the character of the former would have been thence elevated and improved. With the restoration of the citizen government of Hamburgh, the old restrictions on the Jews returned; and so strong is popular prejudice regarding them, that symptoms of new persecution have been making their appearance, not only here but in other portions of Germany. It cannot be denied, that the Christian merchants of Hamburgh have ever been and still are peculiarly jealous of their Jewish rivals—a jealousy which is perhaps not ill-founded, when we recollect the activity and trickery which so peculiarly characterise the great mass of the latter. The German is straight-forward and open in his transactions—the Jew is

crooked and slippery; and I have been told of not a few cases, where debts due to Christians could only be recovered by the use of a secret bastinado, or by the exhibition of a hair-trigger!

It has been argued, with some appearance of plausibility, that because the Jews have proved themselves treacherous, crafty, unsettled, and degraded, that therefore they are unworthy of being free citizens, and ought upon no account to be emancipated till they have established a better character, and approved themselves more akin to their Christian neighbours. If it be allowed, as certainly it cannot be denied, that the character of the present race is, in most instances, the very reverse of that of their virtuous and enlightened forefathers; and if it be granted, that this national degeneracy has been the result of the sufferings to which they have been subjected by their various masters, then do you not think, that instead of this degradation of character being used as an argument for their continued slavery, it is the strongest of all pleas for their emancipation? Remove the cause of individual and national depravity, and

improvement must be the necessary consequence; remove all the moral and physical evils which the Jews have been and are still subjected to, by their tyrannical masters, and you will at once make them careful of character and conduct. Remove the deadening weight which sinks and oppresses them as bondsmen, and they will instantly rise in moral worth both as individuals and as a people. At present, the feelings and the actions of the Jew are the result of his former and present circumstances. He is vicious in his own defence, and treacherous for existence; he is a blackguard for bread, and a wanderer for want of honest occupation. Change however the barbarous policy which has been pursued towards him for nearly two thousand years by his Christian masters; deliver him from a despotism which has produced the very imprint of servitude upon his countenance, and has altered the very current of his feelings; bestow on him liberties in consonance with the knowledge and the times in which he lives; put him under laws founded upon justice and administered with fidelity; give him some more stable security for the fruit of his in-

dusttry than he now possesses,—and I think I lay claim to no prophetic spirit when I declare, that the wandering and grasping Jew will become a settled citizen and an upright merchant; while the filthy masses of the race now congregated in every European Ghetto will become an honour and not a disgrace to Christendom.

Excuse me for so long indulging in this strain. The subject of Hebrew persecution has been pressed upon me much since I came here, and I have heard of many recent instances of cruelty shown to the Jews in Germany, by no means in unison with the honesty and kindness of the German character. But why speak of German intolerance, when we think of that of England? Shame upon Great Britain, that an English-born Jew is still an alien to the liberties of his native land! The persecutions which the Jews have lately suffered in many parts of Germany, I would however fain hope, is no fresh revival. It is only, I believe, the last dying struggle of intolerance. The flame of hatred has certainly gleamed up once more,

throughout this land, but a suffering people trusts that it is about to be extinguished for ever!*

From every inquiry which I have been enabled to make among the most intelligent class of foreign merchants, I have been led to conclude, that the trade of this City has, of late years, been on the

* The popular prejudice against the Jews, which has so long existed in Hamburgh, is frequently productive of quarrels that severely endanger the peace of the City. So recently as August 1835, a disgraceful fracas of this kind is described, as follows, in the newspapers:—

“*Hamburgh, August 4.*—On Thursday night last, about 9 o’clock, a premeditated attack was made by some 50 persons upon 6 or 8 Jews in the Alster Halle (a public resort), who were forcibly thrust out, and every Jew entering was treated in the same way. Next day, 40 respectable young men of the Jewish persuasion determined upon employing force against force, and went in the evening to the Alster Halle. Every thing remained quiet till about ten o’clock, when they forced a young man out of the billiard-room. This was the signal for a general attack, and a most destructive and deadly strife took place. These 40 young men had to contend against 200 or 250 ruffians, and for some time remained victors. After fighting an hour they had nearly exhausted their strength, and must have sunk under a fresh attack that was just taking place from without, when the military and police arrived and put an end to the affray.”

The Chief Police Magistrate intimated next day to the Elders of the Jewish community, that they had better warn their friends to abstain from visiting public places for some time, as he could not answer for the consequences. It was also hinted to the Elders at the same time, that an old law of 1640 was still in force, prohibiting Jews from going to certain places, or walking in certain streets!

increase. As an entrepot for the supply of the north and east of Germany, no place can be better situated than Hamburgh. The Elbe, connected as it is with the Spree, the Havel, and the Moldau, unites the commerce of this City with that of Austria, Bohemia, and Upper and Lower Saxony; while the canal which connects the Spree with the Oder, opens up a direct intercourse with Brandenburg, Silesia, Moravia, and Poland. A large portion of the exports for the northern part of Prussia has of late been sent by Hamburgh, the improvement in respect to inland conveyance rendering this channel much more eligible than the direct export to the ports of the Baltic, while the exports from Prussia have been likewise attracted thither for shipment.

The exports of Hamburgh consist chiefly of linens, grain, leather, flax, copper, iron, smalts, spelter, rags, woollen cloths, staves, wooden clocks, toys, and Rhenish wines. Its principal imports are sugar, coffee, cotton wool, stuffs, and yarn, tobacco, hides, indigo, brandy, rum, wines, rice, dye-stuffs, pepper, and tea.

Although there are no official accounts published connected with the finances of the commonwealth, over which a perfect silence is attempted to be kept, it is believed that the revenue of Hamburgh is nearly four millions of marks, with a debt of eighty millions. The Customs, it is said, amount to upwards of £30,000 sterling a-year. The whole trade is estimated at sixteen millions sterling pounds per annum, twelve millions of which are subject to duties, and two millions exempt.

During last year about 1900 ships entered the port; a very large portion of which belonged to Great Britain. In spite of all the attempts which have been made to employ Hamburgh shipping in the extensive trade carried on with England, both before and since the famous reciprocity treaties were entered into, the English ship-owner has still the whole of the regular trade in his own hands. The shipping belonging to Hamburgh and Altona is almost entirely employed in Transatlantic commerce, and in the direct trade with the continental states of Europe. Notwithstanding all that has been said respecting the cheapness of the build and

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outfit of foreign vessels, I find that the best ships belonging to Hamburgh and Altona cannot be sent to sea nearly so cheap as those belonging to England. Although timber be cheaper, there is a greater quantity of it used in building a vessel here; while the carpenter's wages, though certainly lower, amount at the end to as great an outlay, from performing less work. The ropes, sails, iron, and copper work are also fully cheaper in England than here. The wages of sailors and the expense of provisions are, no doubt, much more moderate here than in Great Britain; but foreign vessels invariably employ more hands, while they do not possess the advantage which arises from employing apprentices. Upon the whole, I find even here, a preference shown towards English shipping, arising chiefly from the excellence and skill of British seamen, which cannot fail under almost any circumstances to maintain the superiority of our mercantile navy.

The manufactures of Hamburgh, with the exception of sugar-refining, are of no great importance. Of late years even this branch of business has been sadly decreasing, chiefly in consequence

of the manufacture having been transferred to Stettin, Dresden, and Berlin. About thirty years ago there might be six hundred sugar-refineries in Hamburgh alone; at this moment there are scarcely one hundred, and even these are for the most part small houses confined to the manufacture of sugar-candy. I am told there is now only one calico-printing establishment connected with the town.

If manufactures have declined, there is at least one species of business which has increased very much of late years in this City, I mean marine insurances, and which must in some degree have affected Lloyd's. Whether this is to be attributed to the continuance of our stamp duty on policies of insurance, or merely to the very low rate of premium paid here, or to both, is of little consequence. It is a well ascertained fact, that most of the Hamburgh risks which were formerly done in London, are now taken in the Börsenhalle, not by private underwriters, but by public joint stock companies, and among these the competition has been so great as to reduce premiums to the

very lowest ebb. The principal merchants here being almost all shareholders in one or other of those companies, it becomes their interest to encourage and promote them by not only giving them their own business, but by inducing foreigners to do so likewise. There is one thing, however, that must be taken into account in estimating the premium paid at Lloyd's and at Hamburgh, and which is perhaps not very well understood in England, and that is, the great difference which exists in the conditions of the insurance at these places. In Hamburgh the regulations respecting particular and general averages, are considered to be more favourable than they are in London for the underwriter, and are better calculated to prevent him from suffering loss; regulations to which the British merchant is not willing to conform. In London, on the other hand, the merchant recovers more from the adventure when a particular loss is made, than he could do if he had effected his insurance in Germany. For instance, several articles do not pay average under ten per cent. loss, and others which pay particular average by an

English policy, when the damage amounts to three or five per cent. are insured here free of average; and then the Hamburg underwriters do not pay general average at all, unless it amounts to three per cent., thus allowing the greater portion of such contributions to fall on the shoulders of the assured, while the English underwriter pays the smallest contribution for general average.

By the constitution of Hamburg, no foreigner can transact business within it as a merchant in his own name, without becoming a burgher and subjecting himself to all the duties of citizenship; nor can he carry on any kind of manufacture or handicraft, without entering one or other of the guilds or corporations. Ten pounds of fees are all, however, that is necessary to entitle a foreigner to become a trader.

The English merchants residing here herd together in the same way that they do everywhere else, and retain as usual their national manners, prejudices, and mode of living. They are a jovial, happy set of fellows, whose industry is only surpassed by their hospitality, and whose love of good

eating makes them prefer their own national dishes to the more varied and greasy cookery of Germany. The English residents mix but little with the natives, and seldom take any interest in matters connected with this country, save its commerce, to the changes of which they are obliged to be as much alive as are their most indefatigable opponents in trade—the Jews. Beyond acquiring a perfect knowledge of their business, the generality of the English in Hamburgh may be put in the same category with a noble emigrant who once resided in this City, of whom it was said, that he had lived five-and-twenty years abroad, and had forgotten nothing, but at the same time had learned nothing!

There is perhaps no city in the world where greater or more frequent changes of fortune occur than in Hamburgh, or where there exists a better field for the mercantile speculator. The state of the bankrupt laws and the facilities which the unfortunate or the unjust possess in arranging privately with their creditors, without much disgrace to themselves, give constant encouragement to wild speculation, and renders the property even of the

most wary subject to constant danger. The law as it exists at present, places bankrupts in three different classes. In the first class, we find those who are called *unfortunate*, and whom the court can entirely free from debt by its simple decree. The second class, or those who are called *careless*, are liable to be confined in prison for a few months, or in the event of their not paying a dividend of forty per cent. may be called at the close of every five years for payment till the debt be cancelled. The third class are designated *fraudulent*, and over those placed in this category, the court has the power not only of declaring the convicted individual for ever incapable of holding any public office, but may even award against him the punishment of imprisonment for life. In the event of a bankrupt absconding, he is publicly advertised to appear on a certain day; and in default of appearing, he is accounted a fraudulent bankrupt, and his name is posted up at the Exchange. The number of declared bankrupts in Hamburgh bear no comparison with those who privately compound with their creditors. Last year, there were only ninety-three, while their

debts were under £120,000 sterling. The facilities afforded for evading payment and secreting funds, are such as to induce creditors to take any composition rather than make their debtor a bankrupt. Among the Jews here, there has always existed the greatest trickery connected with bankruptcy; and I am told that an individual in Hamburgh makes a regular business, and a very comfortable livelihood, from manufacturing sets of false books for unprincipled debtors!

As connected with the bankrupt laws of Hamburgh, I may mention a singular advantage which the wife of a merchant possesses in regard to the dowry which she may bring her husband; a privilege, however, which but too frequently leads to bankruptcy and fraud. The law holds, that for five years after marriage, the dowry of a wife is a preferable debt to all others upon the estate; and hence, should the husband see fit to become bankrupt before the lapse of five years subsequent to his marriage, the fortune brought by his wife, from being preferable to all other debts, forms, as it were, a new capital to recommence with. The con-

sequence of this peculiarly favourable law towards married men, is, that of all eras in a mercantile man's history, the most important to creditors is the period when the debtor is called upon to decide with himself whether he shall or shall not take advantage of this privilege by declaring himself bankrupt; and let me tell you, it is a privilege of which not a few are constantly found to avail themselves. There is a shrewd suspicion entertained that the early matrons of Hamburgh have had some hand in making this law, as holding out an encouragement to matrimony!

Talking of matrimony, I must not omit to state, that the females of this City are in general of fair complexion and fine colour. In form and bearing they are not unlike the beings whom Rubens loved to transfer to his canvass. They are cheerful and affable in their deportment, and for the most part they are proficient in all those matters which are classed in English boarding-schools under the denomination of *accomplishments*. In fact, there are few ladies whom a foreigner meets with in society here who are not generally superior musicians and

excellent linguists; and, as an instance of the latter, I may mention, that yesterday at a dinner-party, I met with a lady not yet out of her teens, who, in addition to her native tongue, spoke French, English, and Italian, with the greatest ease and fluency. At present the Hamburg fair sex, from the Burgomaster's daughter to the Burgher's maid-servant, almost universally wear short sleeves to their gowns and very short petticoats. The former is a fortunate fashion for the fair Hamburger, for there are no women in the world who possess whiter or more beautiful arms, or who exhibit from the head to the waist so many points of attraction to woo a bachelor from celibacy. Beyond this praise, however, their short *petticoats* forbid us to go, since these tell but too plainly that their pretty owners do not *stand* upon *trifles*. Women by their beauty, it is said, have captivated the gods; but it would only be Neptune that the fair Hamburgers could charm, and then—it must have been in the character of *mermaids*!

LETTER VI.

Few Literary Men resident in Hamburgh—past Litterateurs—present Litterateurs—Dr. Wurm, editor of the *Kritische Blätter*, excellent English scholar—his Political Opinions and those of the mass of his countrymen—Hamburgh Newspapers—Periodicals—Dr. Julius—his work on Prison Discipline—characteristics of Hamburgh Prisons—Henrich Heine—Writings of Heine and Börne—their ultra-political opinions not sympathised with by the reading public—character of the Liberals of Germany—Germans more at home in the ideal than the practical world—Dr. Kruse—his criminal Novels—German crime more melodramatic, and more fitted for romance than that of Britain—the case of Riembauer—Schiller-like character of Kruse's Romances—singular practice in Hamburgh previous to the Execution of a Culprit.

HAMBURGH, 1831.

HAMBURGH being, more than any other place in the world, a purely mercantile city, it is scarcely to be expected that her sons have either time on their own hands to follow literary or scientific pursuits, or inclination to encourage these in others. The fact is, literary distinction here is nearly about as valueless as stars or ribbons; and hence there

are but few who have really done any thing for the literature or science of Germany, who have made choice of this town as a permanent residence. Klopstock, no doubt, occupied for nearly thirty years a house in the Königstrasse—on the front of which is emblazoned the well-known sentiment of the poet, “Die unsterblichkeit est ein grosser gedanke”—“Immortality is a mighty thought,”—and there wrote his Messiah. Hagedorn wandered about Harvestehude, and wove his fancies into verse. Gerstenberg when in Altona penned the majority of his dramas, and improved his famous war-songs. Büsch, when living in the vicinity of St. John’s Church, pursued his mathematical and historical labours, and there prepared for the press his several important works on commerce and banking. Ebeling, when a professor in the Gymnasium, wrote and superintended the publication of his masterly work on North America; while Bode laid the foundation of his astronomical fame amid the noise of this busy mart. But with these, and a few more of whom it is unnecessary to speak, we may be said to have summed up the past catalogue

of Hamburgh's most celebrated literary and scientific men.

Of the few litterateurs who at present reside here, who have justly acquired literary distinction in Germany, I know of none who better deserves to be introduced to you, than my kind friend Dr. Wurm, the editor of the "Kritische Blätter der Börsenhalle," a publication similar to our Literary Gazette or Athenæum. To this gentleman I have been deeply indebted for much literary information, and for many excellent literary introductions throughout Germany.* The Doctor is in

* Dr. Wurm, about two years ago, was appointed to the professorship of History and Statistics in the Hamburgh Gymnasium Academicum, and is at present employed in writing the History of England, from the Revolution to the passing of the Reform Bill. From a letter lately received, the Doctor says, when speaking of his new work, "I shall do my best to assist my countrymen in gaining some better insight into the privileges and the working of the English Constitution. I have selected that period because it embraces the discussion of all the great constitutional questions to which I shall principally give my attention. Our libraries and that of Göttingen, where I spent the last holidays, have furnished me with materials which you would hardly expect to meet with in the four seas. I have, for instance, read upwards of one hundred pamphlets of 1688 and the years immediately following, which have found their way into our city library. I hope to publish the first volume next spring."

the prime of life, and although he has been a hard student, his countenance does not exhibit any tokens of suffering from the use of the midnight oil. He is acute, quick, and lively; while his conversation, although teeming with information, is altogether free from pedantry or egotism. As a foreigner he is decidedly the best English scholar I ever met with. He, in fact, speaks our language like a native; and in addition to this, he possesses what very few of our own countrymen possess—a most intimate acquaintanceship with English literature, particularly in its most palmy days. In conversing about the British drama, the Doctor seemed to take the greatest delight in reverting to the times of Ford, Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shakspeare. Towards the poetry of Dryden and his contemporaries, also, he seemed to have a peculiar regard—much more so indeed than to that of the generality of their successors. Through the pages of the periodical which Dr. Wurm at present conducts with so much credit to himself, he has lately sent forth much valuable and just criticism on the modern literature of our coun-

try—criticism that might well shame the misnamed Reviews of England. In Germany there is as yet happily very little pandering to authors and booksellers as in England; and none of that shameless systematic puffing and critical quackery which has of late so strikingly characterised the Zoili of your newspaper and magazine press. Happily for Hamburg, the editor's pen is placed in the hands of men whose critical acumen is only equalled by their critical candour. What a contrast do the opinions of such men hold out to those of

“Your crawling critics—underlings of sense,
Who damn for spite and eulogise for pence!”

While Dr. Wurm's labours have been chiefly of a literary kind, he has occasionally made use of the pages of the “*Kritische Blätter*” as the organ of his political views; and as I have ascertained that the sentiments expressed there are very generally responded to by a great majority of the thinking portion of this district of Germany, you will perhaps allow me shortly to state them. The Doctor evidently shows throughout all his writings, that he is heartily convinced that the system which the

German governments are pursuing is a ruinous one, not only for themselves but the people; and moreover, that it goes directly to raze the foundation of confidence between the people and their governors. But while he thinks so, he warmly deprecates the tone and principles of such clamorous writers as Heine and Börne;—of whom more anon. What the Doctor wants, and what Germany requires, is an opposition of men who will keep themselves above factious influence, and who shall be respected for their integrity and dreaded for their moderation. All the clamours of the writers above mentioned and their followers, have led to one solitary result. They have frightened the quiet citizens and disgusted the thinking. The consequence has been, that the people, upon the whole, are not unwilling to see the hands of government strengthened, to keep down those who have announced themselves as hostile to all established institutions. Such lamentable excesses as have followed the late *emeutes*, have still more contributed to give a semblance of right to the more strict enforcement, throughout Germany, of the

most annoying police regulations. It is true that these excesses, and the course of the violent writers alluded to, have been in a measure provoked by the system pursued by the German Diet—a system of deliberate opposition to the free spirit of the nation, wherever and in whatever shape or way it might manifest itself. But these are reflections which the people do not clearly understand or appreciate. The people are uneasy, but this arises rather more from a general notion of bad times, and from a very distinct consciousness of how much they are out of pocket for taxes and the like, than from a real conviction of the evils of arbitrary measures in general. The Doctor is also of opinion, that notwithstanding all that is said about the liberty of the press, it is as yet caviare to the general mass of the people. The feelings which actuate the main body of the nation at present, he illustrated by alluding to the measures which were *tolerated* by the English people, at the time when there appeared any imminent danger of a Jacobite rebellion or invasion, and to the very cunning use which was made by Pitt of the apprehensions which

the old ladies of his time entertained, that there was a trained band of conspirators ready to upset the fabric of Church and State, and to do as they had done in France. The same feeling, he thinks, exists at the present moment in Germany; with this distinction, however, that the English of those times were infinitely superior to the Germans of the present age in political tact and knowledge. In reference to the political literature of the day, Dr. Wurm says, that of ten writers, there is not one who has any practical or even tolerable historical knowledge of the business he is writing about. They are either theorists, who boggle at fundamental principles, until the opportunity of doing business is gone by, or enthusiasts whose zeal being but of yesterday, are not aware that the foundation-stone of liberty *has* been laid, and that the Germans were once the freest people upon the face of the earth; and that, in fact, there now exists in almost every quarter of the land free institutions, were they only supported; while the principles of international law, laid down in the former Acts of the German Confederation, if

guarded against insidious interpretation and indirect encroachment, contain securities not to be disputed, and the germs of a more liberal system. In conclusion, Dr. Wurm conceives that if the opposition keeps strictly within constitutional bounds, and if the Germans be not tired out from fighting the battle of the law for every individual inch of ground which is either threatened or invaded, that none need despair of seeing the rulers of Germany *forced* to keep within the limits already assigned them by law; while the people will gradually acquire political knowledge enough to ask for more, and if they are determined to have more, they will of course soon obtain it. From all I can yet learn, I believe, that the opinions of my literary friend afford by no means an unfair picture of the peculiar political feelings of this portion of Germany.

Talking of politics, I may mention to you, that the newspapers printed here, amounting to three or four, are little better than mere compilations from the journals of other countries. The editors of Hamburgh rarely indulge in penning what with you is technically denominated a "leader;" and

although they did so, it would be of little value to the public, seeing that the press, even in the free Hanse Towns, is subjected to the control of a constant, prying censorship. The fact is, that the political opinions of a Hamburgh newspaper, like the majority of those poured forth in other quarters of Germany, are nothing but an echo of the wishes and sentiments of the German Diet, whose spirit animates every censor. The valuable information collected for the "Börsenhalle List," however, is the beau ideal of what a mercantile newspaper should be.

↑ Hamburgh produces three monthly magazines and three or four weekly publications on literature and science, with at least a dozen other smaller popular periodicals. The circulation of these is not confined to the City and its immediate neighbourhood, but extends over a great part of the north-west of Germany. In this country, like our own, I find a growing love for cheap and light periodical literature; the majority of mankind finding it more convenient to take a short digest of a copious or bulky work from some editorial book-

worm, than be at the trouble of reading the book itself.

My friend Dr. Julius, whom you may remember having met in Scotland, I find has left this City, and taken up his abode in Berlin. The Doctor, you are perhaps not aware, commenced life as a Jew, but of late years has become a convert to Christianity, and is now a most strenuous supporter and champion of the Roman Catholic faith! In addition to his antiquarian pursuits, and his love for the Minnesingers, he has been of late labouring most worthily for the improvement of prison discipline, and has just sent forth a book full of valuable facts connected with that most interesting subject. The work contains the result of the personal observations which he made during a tour through Europe, with a digest of the facts which he has been able to pick up connected with America. The philanthropist and philosopher will find in these volumes many useful hints for bettering the condition of the wretched and the wicked, coupled with many philosophical remarks well worthy the attention of those who are desirous

of arresting that moral pestilence, which in Great Britain is increased and extended, in many instances, by the very means which are taken to counteract it. By the way, I may state, that the leading characteristic of the prisons of Hamburgh, may be gathered from the motto which is emblazoned over the door of the *Zuchthaus*, or work-house: "Labor nutrior—labor plector."

Among the living literary men, besides those above mentioned, connected with Hamburgh, there is not perhaps one who has made himself more conspicuous, or is better known over Germany, than *Henrich Heine*, the friend and follower of the ultra-liberal journalist, *Ludwig Börne*, of Frankfort. These two individuals are of Jewish extraction, and, so far as I know, have not, like Dr. Julius, departed from the faith of their fathers. The work by which Heine has made himself most notorious, is what he calls his *Reisebilder*, or "Travelling Sketches," which, besides having the peculiarity of alternating from prose to verse, is written in a very clever, original, and *outré* style. Two new volumes of these sketches have just now

made their appearance, and are exciting no little sensation, from the energy, freedom, and boldness with which their author expresses his religious and political opinions—opinions certainly at perfect antipodes to the doctrines and practices of the abettors of the Holy Alliance.

As a key to the character of the writings of Heine and Börne, and to the school which they would attempt to institute, I may mention, that both writers regard France and the French as the beau ideal of the social system, and consider that country far superior even to Great Britain in substantial freedom;—our countrymen, in their eyes, being by far too aristocratic and exclusive, and too fondly addicted to isolated and family life. The first French Revolution, and the late “glorious three days,” form the peculiar theme of their praise; and, in their opinion, hold out the only consolation and hope that can be justly entertained for the progress of the nascent liberties of the world.

Börne, in particular, represents Paris as an *Eldorado*, and counsels all German students to quit

their antiquated universities, and to flee to France, where, if they will only live one twelvemonth, they will acquire more knowledge of law, government, and philosophy, than is to be gathered from all the libraries and lecture-rooms of Germany in a lifetime. The only thing French which Börne does not admire, is the language, the poverty and unpoetical nature of which admit neither of originality nor variety of expression. He thinks, too, that it has become the conversational medium of the higher classes in all countries, because it is best suited for the mediocrity of intellect by which the upper ranks of all European society are characterised and held together! Over the eight volumes of this author's works, which consist chiefly of the papers which he contributed to the periodical press of Frankfort, are scattered specimens of the most bitter sarcasm against all monarchical and aristocratical institutions; while their author is ever and anon found pouring out the vials of his irony and ridicule, on the devoted heads of those who have with their pen at any time stood forth as the champions of *moderate* reform. If his sentiments are

startling, the style of elucidating them is still more extraordinary. Here we find taste almost always sacrificed at the shrine of effect; while his constant endeavour seems to be, to excite a laugh at every thing which past legislators have considered sacred.*

* Börne has since published two volumes, entitled "Briefe aus Paris," or "Letters from Paris;" which has produced a still greater sensation among his countrymen than any of his former publications, and what is more, has entailed prohibitions against his works by almost all the petty governments of Germany. The revolutionary spirit in which these epistles are written, may be gathered from the following extract of a letter dated from Strasburgh:—

"The first French cockade which came across me, gleamed from the hat of a countryman who passed by me in Kehl, on his way from Strasburgh. I was in raptures at the sight. To me it wore the appearance of a modest rainbow after the deluge of these days of ours; it was like a symbol of reconciliation with the appeased divinity. Of a truth, when the tri-coloured ensign flickered before my eyes, the sight produced indescribable excitement. * * * It was a varied mixture of love and hatred—joy and grief—hope and fear. Neither could resolution dispel the melancholy, nor melancholy dispel the resolution, which clung to my bosom; it was a struggle which would neither close nor be appeased. The ensign stood on the middle of the bridge; its staff being set on French soil, but a portion of the flag waving in German air. Ask the first and wisest secretary of legation you meet, whether this is not a violation of the law of nations? It was the red stripe in the ensign which flapped within the border of our mother-country, nor more nor less than this; and 'twill be the only colour which we shall receive as our portion of French liberty. Scarlet and blood; ay, blood,—and that blood, alas! poured out on no battle-field!"

Heine, although by no means politically extravagant in his early writings, fairly out-herods Börne in his last volumes. In the use of scurrilous invective against all acknowledged and established opinions, he shows himself a master, while he seems to consider it as his most glorious privilege to sit in the chair of the scorner. In religion, Heine appears to be a free-thinker of the purest water; and the arguments against Christianity, which he puts into the mouth of his English Lady in Italy, are as bitter as any of the diatribes of Voltaire.

Against the German nobility, tribunals, courts, and manners, both Börne and Heine have pointed the most poisoned shafts of their ridicule, and have consequently incurred the displeasure of every *Graff* and *Fräulein* in the land. The force and originality of expression, for which both writers are so celebrated, arise from the free use which they make of the cant vocabulary of the *Burschen*, especially of that strange *lingo* which is to be found in the pages of a work published some ten years ago, under the title of the "Göttinger Student."

However popular the works of these *ultra-*

movement writers may be—and I am assured that they are so—I am led to think, from all that I have heard, that this popularity arises rather from the innate curiosity which men always feel for clever defamation and scandal, than from any real sympathy entertained in Germany with the opinions which they advocate. The liberals of Germany are very different from the liberals of France: the former, love freedom from its being the first condition of intellectual life; the latter, from its being the principle and generator of all the advantages and pleasures of social life. The liberty of the one, is, in fact, an abstraction; that of the other, a reality. The radicalism of Heine and Börne, therefore, being material and practical, might rouse a Frenchman to action; but, from the disturbing effects which it produces on the exercise of calm thought, it will not be generally adopted by the Germans!

The German people, you are aware, have been and are still less practical in every thing than their neighbours; and to their love of abstract life, if we may use the expression, may be justly assigned all

their national virtues and faults. This peculiarity, while it has rendered the nation a literary people, has at the same time impressed a peculiar stamp upon their literature. The books of other nations are practical, because their mode of life is practical; the works of Germany, on the other hand, have always a tinge of the supernatural or unnatural about them—a glow of that immaterialism or transcendentalism, which arises from studying the wonders of the world of thought and imagination; in short, from looking at the world within, rather than at the world without. The imaginative faculty of the Germans, is not, however, different from that of any other country in bringing the monstrous out of realities, but only in conceiving such fancied dreams to be truths! The preference of the ideal to the real, is, in fact, the key to the speculative character of German literature and German politics.

I have only another living literary man connected with Hamburgh, to introduce to your notice; and he is one, who, as a romance writer, is certainly one of the most original in Germany;—the indi-

vidual I mean, is Dr. Kruse, first known in England through Mr. R. P. Gillies's translation of the "Crystal Dagger." As a living novelist, there are few who rival this writer in the intricacies and developement of a plot; I know of none who can so well conceal the result of his story, who so successfully sustains the curiosity of his readers, and so happily brings out the denouement. Among the late works of Kruse, the most remarkable is his tales of criminals, or stories founded upon the more striking individuals who figure in the Newgate Calendar of Germany. Crime on the continent, and particularly in this country, is of a more dramatic kind than in England: there is a magnificence in the conception and an atrocity in the details, which peculiarly suit it for the subject of romance. On reading the criminal trials of Germany, the feelings are divided between horror and surprise—feelings which Dr. Kruse has, in the work above alluded to, turned to the best account. In Germany, the judicial investigation of a criminal is carried to far greater length than in Britain. The inquiry goes to trace the history of the ac-

cused from his infancy to the period of his crime; and his passions and habits are thus made presumptive evidence of his guilt or innocence. No individual suffers death in Germany, without having made a voluntary confession of his crime; but years frequently flow on before such a confession is extorted. The famous case of Riembauer, which is perhaps unexampled in the annals of criminal jurisprudence, was under investigation for no less a period than four years; while the murderer himself was subjected to nearly one hundred examinations before he acknowledged his guilt. It was in his case, that the following very singular mode of eliciting truth by working on the imagination, was resorted to—a mode of inquisition, however, which is scarcely defensible, and I only quote it as strongly illustrative of the German mind. On the anniversary day, eight years subsequent to the murder of Anna Eichstädter, of which crime he was accused, Riembauer was brought from his cell to the judgment-hall, and the examination having been continued till midnight, the judge, after appealing ineffectually to

the conscience of the criminal, suddenly uncovered a skull which lay on a black cushion, and exclaimed, "Here is the skull of Anna Maria Eichstädter!" The scene and the adjuncts were all got up in the best style of a melodrama; but the attempt proved at the moment unsuccessful.

Upon similar materials, rich in dramatic effect, has Kruse founded his criminal tales. With a spirit nearly akin to that of *Schiller*, he dives into the secret springs of human action, and presents to the mind of his reader an idea of the hidden workings of human feelings and human passions. Dr. Kruse generally contrives to make us acquainted with his hero, before we observe him acting. We see him actually *will* the action before he performs it; and it cannot be denied, that, in a hero's thoughts and imaginings, there lies infinitely more for observation and study than in his actions, and still more in the sources of his thoughts than in the consequences of those actions. The author of *Wallenstein*, I remember, asks, "If the soil of Vesuvius has been examined, to discover the cause of its burning, why should we bestow less attention

on a moral than on a physical phenomenon? Why do we not attach an equal degree of importance to the nature of the circumstances in which a particular individual was placed ere the collected fuel is burned into a flame within?" Kruse occasionally seeks and shows the course of action, in the unchangeable structure of the human soul, and in the varying circumstances which modified it from without; and hence, his reader is but little surprised to find thriving in the same plot of earth, the poisonous hemlock and the most wholesome herbs; no astonishment to meet with wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in the self-same cradle.

In one of the Doctor's stories, he has availed himself of a singular practice which has long prevailed, and I believe still prevails in Hamburgh, connected with the execution of a criminal. After the sentence of death is pronounced, the culprit, instead of being sent to a dungeon quietly to await his doom, which never exceeds three days, is immediately transported to the Frohnerie, and lodged in the executioner's house, where he is permitted to get every thing he may desire. By the way, I

may tell you, that the finisher of the law, in this City, holds an office of no little emolument, and that his duties are more those of a Provost-marshal than of a mere Jack Ketch. In common executions he simply sees that all the instruments are right, leaving the task to an assistant. It is only when a culprit is to be beheaded that he is called to act, and then he performs the duty with a large sword like a scymitar. But enough of Kruse and Ketch.*

* Kruse has lately written a novel, entitled "*Die Jungen und die Alten, eine schlichte Erzählung aus den Originalpapieren eines Lafontainischen Landpfarrers*," which is however only remarkable for its preface.

LETTER VII.

The Environs of Hamburgh—Altona—Rainville's Garden—House of Dumourier and Bourrienne—Smuggling during the existence of the Berlin Decree—Ottensen—Klopstock's Grave—Late birth of German Literature—Works through which the Language was conveyed and improved—first, chiefly indebted to Klopstock, Wieland, and Lessing—Klopstock chalked out an original path—peculiarities of his Muse—Religion and Patriotism the elements of his Poetry—his Messiah—his Odes—Peculiarity and Popularity of his Writings—Monument raised to the Davoust-persecuted Hamburghers—a Key-note to the Sufferings endured by Hamburgh during the years of French occupation—Village of Flottbeck—Park and demesne of Herr Jenische—State Lottery drawing in front of the Stadthaus of Altona.

HAMBURGH, 1831.

THE environs of Hamburgh—the favourite residence of almost every wealthy merchant, and the universal resort of all classes of the citizens on a Sunday afternoon—have, independent of the natural beauty of many of the villages, other attractions to induce strangers to visit them. Many of the spots in the neighbourhood of this City, are

associated with names which have shed a lustre over the age in which they lived, and are so linked with the literature of Germany as to excite the curiosity of every literary pilgrim. Among the most lovely of those resorts, is the one which lies a little beyond the city of Altona,* known by the appellation of *Rainville's Garden*; a spot, perhaps, of all others on the banks of the Elbe or Alster, that combines the greatest natural and artificial

* Altona, the capital of Holstein, is about three quarters of a mile from Hamburg. It contains upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, who are all chiefly employed in commerce. The streets are wide, and the houses well built. The finest part of the town, and the residence of the rich, is a very wide street, planted with very fine trees, called Pallmall. The public buildings worthy of notice, are the Lutheran Church, the Town Hall, the Gymnasium, and the Orphan Hospital. Altona carries on a very extensive commerce, and has, it is said, upwards of seventy ships of its own. The Danish government does every thing to encourage this place, and to enable it to sustain a successful rivalry with Hamburg. Altona originally was a mere fishing station; but the fishermen having been encouraged to erect houses, the Hamburgers remonstrated to the King of Denmark against them, by saying that the town "*ist alle zu na*," which means "it is all too near." The King, however, was deaf to the remonstrance; but in order to do honour to the deputation, he said, that the town should be called what they had named it in their memorial, "*Al-to-na*." I may here observe, that there is no place where there is greater religious freedom than in this town.

attractions. Here nature and art seem, in fact, to have united to produce a masterpiece of beauty, and the individual who cannot feel pleasure in such a spot must be blind or wretched. The gardens and walks wind along the bold banks of the Elbe, and command a splendid view of the Hanoverian coast, spotted with plantations and villages, stretching out till it joins the blue horizon; while the river, which is seen flowing for miles, is studded with every kind of boat and vessel.

In the centre of the grounds is a handsome mansion built by the celebrated General Dumourier, in which that extraordinary man resided for many years, and wrote his own biography. The house afterwards passed into the hands of the story-telling and gossiping Bourrienne, who spent several years of his life here when French minister at Hamburgh—during those years when the cotton and coffee *auto da fe* which followed the Bonaparte-besotted decrees of Berlin and Milan, prevailed, and when that cunning and clever diplomatic rogue acquired a fortune by winking at the smuggling of English goods and produce into Ger-

many. I am told that, in defiance of the severe punishments attached to smuggling, while Bourrienne was living here, there were upwards of six thousand persons regularly employed in the contraband trade between Altona and Hamburgh. The wholesale dealings of this description, which those individuals entered into, are almost incredible. The older merchants have each some smuggling story to set the table in a roar, when the absurd, odious, and insane continental system of exclusion is talked of and stigmatised. The two following are standing jokes, and you may remember, they are mentioned by Bourrienne. On the road between Hamburgh and Altona, there were, during the existence of the restrictive system, several sand-pits from which the streets of the City were usually repaired. It having been noticed that one of the principal streets was in this situation, the smugglers during the night filled the said pits with brown sugar, which resembled the sand sufficiently in colour. The sugar was next day put into the small carts that conveyed the sand, the load was covered over with paper, and a layer of sand some

inches thick was laid over the whole. The searching-rods of the *douaniers* easily penetrated to the bottom; they saw nothing but sand; and the trade went on merrily. The street, as may be imagined, continued long under repair; and it was only from its remaining so long in an unfinished state, that the clever trick was at last discovered. The other story is equally ingenious. There is a little village lying between Hamburg and Altona, whose inhabitants had at that time their burial-place within the City. The smugglers, taking advantage of this circumstance, got a hearse with proper decorations, and proceeded daily with their contraband commodities to Hamburg in funeral order. Astonished at the extreme mortality which appeared to have fallen upon the villagers, the Hamburg officers at the gate ventured at length to interrogate one of the *dead men*; and on opening the hearse, the prying douanier was not a little surprised to find a goodly sample of foreign sugar, coffee, and indigo, instead of the expected corpse of a countryman!

The building in Rainville's Garden, is now used

as a *lusthaus* or coffeehouse for visitors from the City, and for pleasure pic-nic parties. It is no uncommon affair to see some hundreds filling the several splendid saloons, or taking refreshments at tables placed in front of the colonnade, or through the walks of the grounds. Altogether this garden is a little paradise; and what perhaps is not to be found in the *natural* paradises of Britain, one meets with hundreds of visitors there, to say that it is so. If Campbell be right in thinking that perfect happiness is incompatible with the absence of woman, when he says—

“ The garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh’d till woman smiled,”—

I need scarcely add, that the poet would have no reason to complain of the want of that ingredient in the cup of human bliss in Rainville’s Garden.

Not far from this favourite retreat and rendezvous of the Hamburgers, is the little village of Ottensen, famous as affording a last resting-place to Klopstock. Here, under the shade of a splendid Linden tree, the poet of the Messiah lies entombed by the side of his darling wife, Meta Moller,

and of her well-beloved friend, the Christian bard's second spouse, Joanna Elizabeth. Three monuments mark the spots where the ashes of each repose, and upon which are inscribed appropriate epitaphs. They are, however, too long to give you now; except perhaps the one which the minstrel placed over the remains of Meta, and which is as follows:—

*Saat gesäet von Gott,
Am Tage der Garben zu reifen.*

Seed sown by God,
To ripen for the harvest.

Klopstock's epitaph is certainly solemn, touching, and sublime. It requires not the marble, however, to impress those acquainted with the glorious thoughts of the heavenly poet, with feelings of awe, of respect, or of veneration. The German, as he gazes on this tombstone and on the flowers that deck the little enclosure, feels that he stands by the mortal part of him whose genius gave a first impulse to German poesy, who, contemning the Gallic feeling and spirit of the influential and the great, boldly adventured on a German course of thinking,

and showed to his countrymen and literary contemporaries, that the tongue he used was both more appropriate and more powerful than that of France—that his philosophy was better fitted for human life than that of the French Encyclopædists—and that his religion was better calculated for human hopes, and human happiness, than the withering deism of Voltaire and D'Alembert. For the use of those who, like myself, take an interest in German literature, I have copied the poet's epitaph; while, for those who know Klopstock only for his attachment to Meta, and who may be supposed to be on this account fairly *bit* with sentimentalism, I have carried off a leaf from the lime-tree that shadows their grave! Were I not convinced that you are more of a cynic than a sentimentalist, I would offer it to you for your cabinet of curiosities. It may, however, be reserved for the portfolio of some Scottish sonneteer!

You are perhaps not aware, that scarcely a century has rolled away, since Germany first made a real and substantial effort to embalm the philosophy and fiction of her sons, in the language

spoken between the Rhine and the Baltic; for although the inhabitants of this land early discovered a passion for polite literature, they unfortunately made choice of an obsolete tongue for the vehicle of their thoughts, and not unfrequently passed their lives in idle attempts to acquire a knowledge of the Latin, to the utter neglect of their own language. To this cause has been justly assigned the late birth of German literature—a literature which may be considered the very Benjamin of the European family. True it is, that in the dead language of Rome, science and metaphysics were long cultivated in Germany, and cultivated too with signal success; but every other species of literature, with the solitary exception of the ballad, was here almost utterly neglected and despised, previous to the commencement of last century.

The literary productions through which the language of Germany was conveyed and improved, before it at length became fit for the elucidation of all the subtleties of thought and imagination, were indeed very few. They were, for example, con-

fined to the legends of the monks—to the verses of troubadours and cavaliers, who sang of love and chivalry—to the strains of the *Minnelieder*—to the epic cantos of the *Nibelungen*—to the harsh and vulgar verses of the *Meistersingers*—to the polemical discussions of Luther and his followers—to the labours of Opitz—and, in fine, to the works of Hagedorn, Gellert, Weiss, and such like, who, dazzled by the literary splendour of the age of Louis XIV. and captivated by the spirit which then prevailed, of imitating slavishly every thing akin to Gallic taste and feeling, perhaps injured rather than improved the language in which they wrote. Almost immediately after the appearance of the works of the latter authors, however, the true foundation-stone of German literature was laid, and laid by him whose ashes now rest at Ottensen.

To Klopstock, along with his two great literary contemporaries, Wieland and Lessing, Germany was first chiefly indebted for her literary glory. Previous to the appearance of these individuals, the literati of this land had been long keenly dis-

puting with one another, whether their country should adopt the principles of the French, or those of the English school, as a standard for imitation: Gottsched being at the head of those who advocated the former, while Bodmer was the leader of the supporters of the latter. To gain proselytes to either side, was the object of the disciples of both schools; and no sooner had the three individuals mentioned, stepped upon the literary arena, than endeavours were made to enlist them as partisans.

Klopstock, carried away by the majesty of Milton and the moral musings of Young, soon joined the standard of Bodmer—a standard round which Gessner and Haller had rallied; but many days did not pass, before he determined on chalking out for himself a path distinct from either, and by giving full expression to the innate workings of his own mind and fancy, soon showed to his countrymen, that in neither of the rival literatures did there lie a precise and expressive medium for the outpouring of German intellect; while he exhibited, in the new school which he founded, the tokens

of a better and a truer mode of awakening the imagination and feelings of the German nation, than any that had hitherto been adopted. The work, which of all others distinctly proved this fact, was his epic poem of the “Messiah;” a production to which he devoted twenty years of his life, and which, almost immediately after its appearance, gave a new tone to every thing that issued from the German press.

While the religious poem of Dante, inspired as it was by the external pomp of the Romish church, is found ever and anon glittering with fancies and phantoms, and while the religious poem of Milton, written amid the stirring events of a civil contest, is chiefly characterised by the bold pencilling of its gigantic rebels,—the religious poem of Klopstock, penned under the impression of the boundless benefits to be derived from the Christian faith, is wholly consecrated to the elucidation of Christian sentiments, and to the picturing of their divine Author. While, you are aware, that the children of genius in ancient times, and even some in modern days, are found offering up the incense of

their poetry at the shrines of a thousand deities, Klopstock showed his determination to consecrate his talents to the Sovereign of the Universe; and, by thus uniting the truths of Christianity with the figures of poetry, proved to his countrymen, how very possible it was for them to attain a literary character peculiarly their own, without any obligation to the moderns, or any great imitation of the ancients. There is no doubt that the simple elements of Klopstock's muse, patriotism and religion, were similar to those which Homer and Pindar made use of; but still, the peculiar tinge of these elements are such as to entitle them to the character of being original.

If the Messiah of Klopstock first awakened Germany to follow the bent of her own genius, and to discard every thing like servile imitation—as I verily believe it did—the odes of that author assuredly tended to fix her in her newly acquired faith. In the ode, Klopstock is, in fact, even at this hour, scarcely equalled, and certainly not surpassed by any in the world. There is a power, a depth, and a sublimity of feeling about such elegies as those

addressed to Ebert and Fanny—a grandeur of conception almost as boundless as the heavens through which the spirit of the poet wanders.

Bound by no conventional rules, Klopstock has allowed his fancy to roam at will over heaven and earth; and being possessed of a flow of words and a mastery of expression, which may be said to be inexhaustible, he has shown that the German tongue is capable of investing even unbounded ideas with visible imagery. The themes of his lyre, as I have hinted, are religion and patriotism, and having himself felt their power and experienced their value, he fearlessly expressed what his soul dictated. Poetry thus born in the deepest recesses of a German heart, and expressed in all the fervency of the German tongue, instantly found a sympathetic chord in every German bosom. His poetry flew like lightning through his fatherland. He had touched the very heart-strings of German feeling, and every breast responded to the stroke. The language of Klopstock, adapted as it was by Wieland and Lessing, and followed soon afterwards by Goethe and Schiller, became

thenceforward fixed and classical, and the Augustan age of German literature began. Dr. Menzel, for whose critical opinions I entertain the highest respect, when speaking of Klopstock, has said, if I remember right, that the *recollection* of his poetry must ever be associated with all that is grand and majestic; and when its elements, patriotism and religion, are reflected upon, the fancy is apt to picture the gigantic form of Ossian waking his harp-strings upon the clouds! Excuse me for perhaps unnecessarily alluding to so dry a topic, and yet I could scarcely help doing so, when speaking of my visit to the last resting-place of one of whom Madame de Stael has so well said, that “if poetry had its saints, Klopstock would certainly be reckoned among the number.”

Close to the village of Ottensen, our attention was also directed to a monument, which recalls a melancholy tale of the last war—a monument set up to the memory of those who perished on that never-to-be-forgotten December night, when every inhabitant of Hamburgh, without distinction of age or sex, of sickness or health, who could not contri-

bute to the defence of the town, were by the orders of Davoust, torn from their beds during an intense frost, and carried beyond the walls, and where, in the course of a few hours, hundreds fell a sacrifice to cold. But although this monument is only intended to recall its own simple tale of sorrow, it nevertheless serves as an important finger-post to all the enormities, sufferings, and persecutions which the citizens of Hamburgh endured at the hands of the French, from 1806 to 1814. While gazing on it, the various successive acts of Gallic oppression and robbery, to which Hamburgh was so many years subjected, start up before the mind, and fill it with intense indignation. We remember the ruin of her internal trade and foreign commerce—the necessary flight of her principal merchants—the imprisonment and murder of her citizens—the plundering of her sacred tombs and vaults—the destruction of her suburban gardens—the overthrow of her citizen government—the temporary establishment of the fearful conscription—the repeated contributions levied from her impoverished inhabitants—and, to crown all, the

robbery of her bank,—an oppression which cost the Queen of the Hanse Towns thousands of lives, and a pecuniary loss which amounted to at least one hundred and forty millions of marks banko; and yet, after all, what a very trifling episode the tale of Hamburgh-suffering makes in the history of Napoleon Bonaparte!

A little farther down the Elbe is Flottbeck, another very favourite resort of the Hamburgher. From Ottensen to this village, the road is indeed very beautiful, passing as it does a succession of tasteful villas, gardens, and plantations; while the blue river, which skirts it on the left, is ever and anon seen through the green foliage. Close to the village, is the splendid park and demesne of Herr Jenische, one of the senators of Hamburgh. The grounds are laid out in the true English fashion, and the majestic oaks which rise here on every hand, prove how justly Germany is entitled to be designated “the land of oaks.” My companion, while wandering through this park, although nowise used to the melting mood, was particularly taken with the appearance of two gigantic willow

trees. Their branches could, in fact, easily accommodate the harps of all the weeping poets in the world, and afford shadow to all the love-sick sempstresses in Hamburgh!

On returning through Altona from Ottensen and Flottbeck, we observed a great crowd assembled, and on inquiring into the reason, found that the State Lottery was at that moment being drawn. Both in Altona and Hamburgh a monthly sum is taken from the pockets of the people in this way. In Altona the drawing is done openly on the street. The wheel, which was richly ornamented, and appeared to be of glass, was placed upon a stage in front of the Stadthaus, and was flanked by two boys in scarlet uniform with hat and feather, who drew from the wheel, and produced the numbers to an anxious and excited populace. The foreground was guarded by soldiers, while a band of very tolerable musicians kept saluting the smiles of dame Fortune, or drowning the sighs of her unsuccessful worshippers. The scene altogether was not unlike the lottery of our English quack-doctors in days of yore; the only difference perhaps is, that a Danish

king, and not a pseudo-doctor, plays the part of the quack!

I am here half tempted to inflict a page or two of super-morality upon you, touching lotteries, as well as the various other modes of appealing to the natural cupidity of mankind. But second thoughts have in some measure cooled the moral fire within me. It is in vain for men to affect either to be over-wise or over-moral. The stream of ordinary life must be stirred every now and then with a feverish gale from some land of promise or other, else existence would stagnate, and the pestilential vapours of a hideous inertia would settle down upon the human mind. This, you will say, is monstrously German and *Kantish*; but true it is, notwithstanding. It is but a puling morality, therefore, that would take all the prizes out of life's lottery, even although few can obtain them, while all will seek after them. It is in the seeking, the charm consists: when once found, the bauble is discovered too often, like the lottery-wheel of Altona, to be of glass; and we should tear our hair for very rage, did not we see glittering in the

sunny distance, something still more promising, which sets our blood again in motion, and floats us gaily a furlong farther down the river of life. If this is not very good sense and very sound morality, it is at least a very liveable kind of philosophy;—but *pauca verba*, as Corporal Nym would say.

LETTER VIII.

Environs of Hamburgh—Harvestehude—the poet Hagedorn's tree—Wansbeck—the resort of all classes, particularly on Sundays—interesting to literary strangers from having been the residence of Voss—one of the leading members of the famous Göttingen *Dichterbund*—Voss celebrated as a translator and original writer—his Translation of Homer wonderful—his “Louise”—its peculiarities—Quarrel with Count Stolberg on account of his religious apostacy—Stolberg's change of religion attributed to his love of aristocratical supremacy—the Aristocratical and Democratical principle of Government the bone of contention at present among German writers—Visit to the Vierlands—Peculiarities of the Peasantry—Marienruhe and its handsome Hostess—Hospitality of the Hamburghers somewhat neutralised by the practice of servants receiving *vails* from visitors—Contributions made on the friends of a family on certain occasions and certain days—Christmas presents to the family physician—Preparations for leaving Hamburgh.

HAMBURGH, 1831.

NEXT in beauty and interest to the villages on the Elbe, and of which I gave you some account in my last letter, are those in the immediate vicinity of the Alster, such as Eppendorf, Winterhude,

and Harvestehude. The latter is peculiarly remarkable from having been at one time the residence of the poet Hagedorn and his friend the celebrated Haller. Beneath a favourite Linden tree, which some years ago was shattered by lightning, the former used occasionally to meet with Klopstock and his own bosom-friend Kramser, to talk over the efforts of the German muse, and to encourage each other in their mutual endeavour to raise the standard of German literature; but still more frequently in solitude, to dream of love, and weave its Protean colours into verse. Hagedorn, poor fellow, though no great poet, was at least an enthusiastic student; for amid the duties of rather an active life, he always found time for reading and composition. The poet quitted life, as he had spent it, with a book in his hand! After the destruction of the lime-tree by lightning, a circular seat was erected round a wide-spreading oak which grows in the neighbourhood. This now goes by the name of Hagedorn's tree; and to a foreigner this oak proves just as good a remembrancer of the poet as the Linden tree. A German lady who

accompanied me to Harvestehude, insisted on presenting me with a leaf from this tree as a memento of the poet. If I go on gathering leaves in this way, I shall have a perfect *hortus siccus* before I get through Germany.

The village of Wansbeck, about three miles to the north of the City, and to which there is an excellent chaussée—a luxury little known about Hamburgh, the roads being chiefly sand—is another of the beautiful environs of the City. The village contains about 5,000 inhabitants, and has an abundant supply of hôtels, public-houses, and tea-gardens. The pleasure-grounds that surround the *Schloss* or Castle, as it is called, which belongs to the lord of the manor, are extensive and patent to the public, who resort thither in crowds. There is perhaps a more regular immigration to this place on the Sundays and red-letter days, by the dancing and music-loving working classes of the City, than to any other of the numerous villages around. Wansbeck is also however a fashionable resort of the better classes; while the fact of its having afforded a home at one time

to Voss the poet, and to Tycho Brahe the astronomer, whose bust graces one of the rooms of the castle, induces strangers to pay it a visit.

Knowing how very much German literature has been indebted to the industry and genius of Voss, I must confess it was with no other object except to see the habitation of the departed scholar, that I made a pilgrimage to Wansbeck. It was to this sweet village that the poet retired after the bitter quarrel he had with Professor Heyne of Göttingen—a quarrel which, unfortunately for the cause of scholarship, severed these truly eminent Germans for ever. Amid the quiet of this snug spot, Voss became an active contributor to the “German Museum,” a periodical well known for its critical and philosophical strictures; while he here conducted for some years the annual Hamburg “Blumenlese,” the successor of the celebrated “Musen Almanach,” which had been established and supported by a club of young and sprightly litterateurs, among whom were Bürger, Boei, Höltey, Miller, and the two Stolbergs. To this “Göttingen Dichterbund,” or poetical association

as it was called, you are aware, Germany owes not a little; and it is only to be regretted that a coalition of such choice intellectual spirits should have been so soon broken up, the society having, perhaps unjustly, acquired the character of being attached to libertinism.

With the name of Voss, who was certainly one of the chief pillars of this "Dichterbund," every German scholar associates the important service bestowed by him, towards perfecting the German rhyme, and for improving that verbal medium through which the highly poetical temperament of his countrymen may be best expressed. His name is also coupled with the fact, that the German language has been proved, through his translation of Homer, to be the very best European vulgate for the perfect reflex of the high sounding music of Grecian poesy. Only think of Voss's translation of the Odyssey being rendered in pure hexameters, almost line for line! But Voss is not only celebrated as a translator, but also as an original writer. To his genius, the world owes the rural epic of "Louise," which, in its three cantos, if there

be no great evidence of high poetical power, there is at least to be found the finished picture of peaceful rural manners, and simple, good, honest-hearted German feeling. The scenes in the village of "Grünau," as given in this poem, are, in comparison to other epics, as the Dutch pictures of Teniers and Ostade to those of Raphael or Correggio—the commonplace minutiae of every-day life, in contradistinction to the glorious representations of heaven-born inspiration. I may mention, however, that while Voss is unrivalled as the translator of the ancients, he has been peculiarly unfortunate as the *tradacteur* of Shakspeare. Imbued as this individual certainly was with the spirit of the mighty past, and with the minute peculiarities, manners, and customs of that period, it is easy to conceive that he might transfer even Roman into German phraseology; but, incapable as his mind evidently was to appreciate those mental *naunces* of character which the poetical genius of Shakspeare could so well catch, and so loved to characterise, it is not difficult to account for Voss's failure as a translator of Hamlet or Othello.

There is one point in the history of Voss, for which, however much he has lately been decried by one set of critics, must entitle him to the commendation of every one who admires honesty and fixity of principle. When his old college chum and brother of the *Dichterbund*, Count Stolberg—a poet certainly of no mean intellect—deserted the Protestant faith, and joined the standard of Catholicism under its most bigoted phase, Voss at once became his stern foe, and till the hour of his death, his powerful and unwearied opponent. The intimate poetical acquaintanceship and friendly intercourse of half-a-century, was sacrificed on the altar of what Voss considered truth and liberty; he having wisely held, that the apostacy of his early friend from his first pure creed, was not only an unpardonable offence even when adopted from conscientious but mistaken motives, but also exhibited what Voss always contemned, a proof of the Count's evident determination to uphold the aristocratical principle at the expense of the democratical—the Popish creed being so much better calculated to sustain the supremacy of the former over that of the latter.

The great bone of contention at this moment, among the literary men of Germany, is, apparently, which of the two great principles alluded to, shall be paramount; whether, in fact, feudality with its antiquated and unjust privileges, and religion with its Popish intolerance, should still prevail, or whether the common rights of educated men should not be at once fairly acknowledged, and the first principle of human reason—liberty of conscience, be unconditionally granted. Stolberg was the supporter of the former creed, Voss of the latter. But enough at present of Wansbeck, the Dichterbund, Count Stolberg, and John Henry Voss.

I have just returned from paying a visit to what may well be designated the land of Canaan—of a verity, a land flowing with milk and honey. The land to which I allude, is what is called the *Vierland*, or Four Lands, so termed from its four villages, Curslach, Alten Gamm, Neue Gamm, and Kirch-Wärder. The inhabitants of this district, so famous for its fertility, and so noted for its fruits and flowers, are a primitive and distinct race, differing in appearance, manners, and dress from

all their neighbours around. They are supposed to be the successors of a colony of North Hollanders, who emigrated thither about the 12th century. They intermarry with each other; the men passing their days in cultivating what may be called the Delta of the Elbe and Bille, while the women go to market with the produce of their labour. The costume of both men and women, is singular and striking. That of the latter is peculiarly so; it consists of a bright-coloured short petticoat, of a violet or blue colour and brown stripes, with a boddice of red, green, or brown, according to the district to which the wearer belongs. The head is covered with a broad straw-hat shaped like an inverted platter, and from underneath falls down a rich profusion of hair. The unmarried have their tresses hanging down their back in two plaits, to which are appended two knots resembling pin-cushions; the married have no plaits, the chains of matrimony, no doubt, being considered sufficient bonds for them. The countenances and forms of this peasantry, are the very beau ideal of healthfulness. The cheeks of the fair Vierlander are, with-

out a hyperbole, as brilliant and as tempting as the roses which she is seen so sedulously selling; while out of the round contour of her figure, one might conceive that half-a-dozen of the thin grisettes of France might be turned. “*Molto carne e poco spirito,*” said an Italian gentleman one day to me, as he pointed to a buxom Vierlander that was selling flowers on the Jungfernstieg. I could not help assenting to the first portion of his sentiment; while the Jewish sharpness with which she caught his eye, and pressed her calling upon him, soon convinced the Ausonian that he was sadly mistaken in leaping so fast to his antithesis!

A ramble through the Vierlands, forms a very common amusement for the Hamburgher during the summer; and not a few of the gay bachelors of the City resort thither at all seasons, under the guise of its being the temple of Hygeia. It is slyly insinuated, however, that the attractions for these *garçons volage*, are attributable to something else than the health-inspiring fare which the humble and flower-environed cottages of its industrious inhabitants afford. In a word, it is said that the

Temple of Paphos is as much an object of search as the Temple of Hygeia!

Since the days of Eve, man, you know, has been always too willing to bend at the shrine of beauty; and perhaps there are nowhere to be found more regular and devoted worshippers at that shrine, than in this busy mart. As an instance in point, I may mention, that on the very first day of our arrival here, my companion and I were galloped off in a droschki to pay our devoirs to *die schöne Mariane*, or “the fair Mariane;” it being our Cicerone’s opinion that this pretty personage was among the first of the leading sights of Hamburgh. The individual to whom I allude, is no other than the handsome hostess of Marienruhe, the fame of whose charms and the amiability of whose character, have perhaps excited more curiosity than was at one time called forth either by the features of the celebrated Limonadière of the Café de Mille Collones at Paris, or by the beauty and fate of our own Mary of Buttermere. The establishment over which this really lovely person presides, corresponds to that of a Parisian restaurateur, with the addi-

tion of a coffee-house and garden. Ever since the year 1823, when it was first opened, a constant concourse of visitors have resorted to it, for the purpose of patronising and encouraging its fair proprietor. To describe the physiognomy of Demoiselle Mariane Rüalt, is fortunately altogether unnecessary, as her features at this moment form a leading ornament to the lids of so many snuff-boxes, while her portrait is a favourite subject for the lithographer's pencil. I suspect my companion, who has a pretty sharp eye and a tolerable taste in such matters, will not return home without a memento of this handsome hostess.

To the kindness and hospitality of the citizens of Hamburgh, I have already alluded; a hospitality which my friend and I will never forget. There is one drawback, however, to dining out here, to which I cannot help alluding, and which, putting expense altogether out of the question, is a sad bore to foreign visitors. The servants, like those in the south of Ireland, have such low wages that they are almost universally in the habit of receiving *vails* or presents from every visitor; and it is no uncom-

mon occurrence to find the whole cortege of the butler's pantry waiting at the foot of the stair, to receive the expected *drink-geld* from their master's guests. In England there is no greater tax on the traveller than the absurd practice of paying servants on quitting a hotel, and here there is no greater annoyance than being called for a contribution on leaving the hall of a private house.

I may mention, however, that contributions are not confined altogether to servants. On particular occasions, the generosity of each friend of a family is regularly put to the test. On birth-day feasts, the acquaintances who are invited, are always expected to leave a handsome present for the individual whose natal day has been celebrated; while, on the birth of a child, there is a donation looked for from every one of its mother's acquaintances. The contribution, when the friends are numerous and affluent, generally amounts to a large sum. Presents, in fact, are quite the fashion here on all important events, and on particular *days*. What do you think of the family doctor being regularly presented with a Christmas-box!

This afternoon my companion and I intend leaving Hamburgh for Berlin. The preparations connected with passports and bills of health (in which every traveller must at present be declared free from any symptom of cholera), are so troublesome, that I must needs make this epistle shorter than usual. I cannot, however, bid adieu to this fine commercial emporium, without repeating, that I have visited few cities which combine more attractions for the resident merchant or the passing stranger, than the lively and bustling Queen of the Hanse Towns.

LETTER IX.

Road between Hamburgh and Berlin excellent, with the exception of the portion belonging to Denmark—the Schnell-wagen—Few objects of interest on the Road between Hamburgh and Berlin—Grand Dutchy of Mecklenburgh, a Grain Country—Companion in the coach tended to keep away ennui—Conversation about Theodore Körner, who was killed at Rosenberg—Monument of the Soldier-poet—Körner imbued with the true spirit of Freedom—his Lyrics tended to rouse dormant Prussia—Sketch of Körner's Life—his Residence, and Occupation at Vienna—his first Love—quits Vienna for the liberating Army of Prussia—enrols himself in Lützow's Volunteers—specimen of one of his most energetic Songs—is wounded—rejoins his Corps, and is killed in a few days afterwards—character of his Literary productions—his Lyrics, from their simplicity and proverbial phraseology, difficult to translate—Körner's Betrothed now married—Ludwigslust—Villages and Peasantry of Mecklenburgh—Enter Prussia at Warnow—Customhouse—Officers and Cholera Medicine—Perleberg—Spandau—Splendid approach to Berlin—the Brandenburg Gate.

BERLIN, 1831.

WHEN I last addressed you, I was on the eve of leaving Hamburgh; and now I am comfortably settled in the Prussian capital. To you who are

so intimately acquainted with the geography of Germany, I need hardly say, that the distance between the busy mart of Hanseatic commerce and the seat of Prussian diplomacy, does not exceed 180 English miles; and that, with the exception of about thirty miles on the side of Hamburgh, the road is one of the finest in the world.

Within those few years, it was a journey of at least three days; now, it is accomplished with comfort and ease in thirty-five hours. Through the dominions of the King of Prussia and those of the Duke of Mecklenburgh, the road is nearly as straight as the best constructed railway in England, and almost equally level. It was formed under the direction of an Englishman called Elliot, after the most approved manner of Macadam; and it is not too much to say, that the father of high-roads himself could not have produced a more splendid specimen of the utility and the excellence of his system. Were the thirty miles next Hamburgh only made similar to those through Prussia and Mecklenburgh, the *Schell-post* might, by curtailing its stages, easily transport the mail from the

one city to the other in eighteen or twenty hours. The King of Prussia, with the view of forwarding this reform of the roads, has offered to advance the necessary funds for making the improvement; but the King of Denmark will not accept of the boon, from the fear, it is said, of affording a too easy access to Holstein. How unfortunate it is for humanity, that the substantial comforts of the many must ever be sacrificed for the false or interested fears of the few!

The *Schnell-wagen*, the coach by which we travelled, although rather a clumsy vehicle, is one of the most comfortable carriages I ever entered. It is calculated to hold six inside passengers and three in the *coupée* in front. The latter is very superior to the cabriolet of a French diligence, boasting as it does all the comforts and conveniences of an English chariot. Whether placed in the principal carriage or the *coupée*, there is no lack of room for the traveller. Even half-a-dozen of Falstaffs might sit in the *Schnell-wagen*, without the rotundity of any one of them being much interfered with. How different is it with our English

mail-coaches, where even men of ten stone run the risk of being squeezed into mummy!

To give you some notion of the size of the Prussian mail-coach in which we travelled, I may mention, that when in motion the length from the horses' heads (there are four in the team) to the back of the carriage, was no less than forty-two feet. The luggage is all carried behind and beneath the carriage, and is strictly kept under lock and key by the *conductor*—usually a respectable military man, who obtains the situation as a reward for services done to his country. A traveller, in thus placing his portmanteau under the care of such an individual, suffers none of that anxiety which attends travelling in England, where a guard is actually paid, as in the case of the mail-coach at least, for taking no care whatever of the passengers' luggage. This indeed requires reform, and English coach proprietors could not do better than take a hint from their German neighbours. A Prussian *thaler* or dollar, value about three shillings, the highest present made to the conductor for this journey of 180 miles, purchases a civility

and an attention to your interest far beyond that which even a guinea would procure in Britain.*

There are few objects of particular interest on the road from Hamburgh to Berlin. The country is exceedingly flat and very sandy; while there is a monotony about the highway, with its double row of lime-trees, which is very apt, if one's companions are not the more cheerful, to operate on the traveller like an opiate. Happily for me, I had a companion in the carriage who beguiled the monotony of the road, and kept me from falling into the grasp of Morpheus. This lively acquaintance was no other than Mr. Herzfield, the clever Vienna comedian, who had been *starring*, or, as the Germans call it, *gastrolling* it at Hamburgh, his native city. Mr. H. speaks English like a native, and fortunately has none of the more offensive peculiarities of the "sock and buskin" about him. I found him, however, full of German theatrical anecdote, and he gave me a peep behind the *coulisses*, with which perhaps you may be made at some future day better acquainted.

* In Prussia, accounts are kept in thalers and groschen: thirty silver groschen are equal to one thaler.

On pursuing our course through the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburgh, which is a grain country, and by no means very interesting, our conversation naturally turned upon my favourite poet Körner, who, you may remember, was killed on the road leading from Cadebusch to Schwerin, and where a monument has since been raised in honour of this modern Tyrtæas of Germany. If time had permitted, I should certainly have made a peregrination to Körner's oak-shadowed tomb; for, among the many who have figured during the feverish periods of the present century, there are few that claim the regard of their countrymen more, or are better worthy of the remembrance of every patriot, than this lamented soldier-poet. Imbued from his birth with the true spirit of freedom, and with an enthusiasm, an intellect, and a courage, which forced it into active exhibition, he at first became the fearless bard of liberty, and then the bold and courageous assertor of his country's rights. He found his native land under the galling yoke of foreign domination, and his indignant mind broke forth in strains which were echoed back from many

a brother's heart, and roused a spirit which soon produced the wished-for consequence. The universal call to arms which his poetry had tended to inspire, he heard with a patriot's joy, and rushed to the standard that was raised for the relief of his oppressed and overburdened countrymen. There is, indeed, no engine more powerful and more popular than the lyre, when touched by an able hand and guided by a virtuous heart, for producing a universal interest in moments of national danger; and when its chords are struck in the cause of freedom, and addressed to a people suffering under the bonds of foreign oppression, and goaded by foreign exaction, it speaks to the sympathies of every bosom, and cannot fail to awaken the most torpid to energy and exertion. The tenderness, the earnestness, the truth, the patriotism of Körner's lyre, soon gained for his sentiments general love as well as admiration; his poetry became the theme of the nobleman, and the talk of the peasant; and the warm and impassioned prayers for freedom which breathed in his songs, were heard to ring both in the cottage and the palace. They

were caught by every ear, echoed by every voice, and found a sympathy in every bosom. It is certain, that the songs of the youthful Körner did much to rouse the spirit of dormant Prussia; while the liberalising sentiments that are there inculcated and held out, tended to rally round the standard of William many of his bravest subjects. It was the martial music of Körner's lyre, that cheered his countrymen amid the battle and the storm; it was his bitter taunts at tyranny, which roused their resentment, and mingled with the hoarse clang of the fierce and deadly contest; and it was the softer breathings of his muse, that proved the hymn of praise for the victory which its various inspirations had won.

The life of Körner was brief, but it was crowded with events which gave it more the air of romance than reality. He came into this fitful world in 1791, and quitted it in 1813. His childhood was much the same as that of his brethren of the human race, except that he early showed a love for versification. At seventeen, he discovered a taste for mining, and proceeded to Freyberg, where

he remained for two years under the celebrated geologist Werner. From thence he went to Berlin, and afterwards to Leipsic, where he became a student at the university. The dissensions among the members of that college, induced the father of the poet to send him to Vienna, where, besides a wider and more stimulating field for exertion, he would have the benefit of the patronage of Humboldt and the friendly counsel and instruction of Schlegel.

The day that the poet entered Vienna, may be dated as the commencement of the most important epoch of his life. Although surrounded by the allurements of the most dissipated capital in Europe, he never once forgot what was important to his own character, nor what was due to his father's confidence. The fascinations of intellectual companionship, and the glitter of public amusements, had no power to charm him from his studies. To these he devoted the greater portion of every day, and soon showed to the world the fruits of his industry. In the course of fifteen months, besides several lyrical pieces, he wrote two volumes of

Comedies, and three or four Tragedies, which entitle him to a rank in the dramatic literature of his country, little inferior to that of Göthe and Schiller. The approbation with which his *Zriny* and *Rosamunda* were received by the public at the Imperial Theatre, soon gained for him the notice which his talents merited, and, what was better, procured for him the situation of Theatre-poet of Vienna, which in Germany is the only place that furnishes an independence to a poet in the exercise of his art.

Before Körner however had fully reaped the reward which his genius had procured for him, he became ardently attached to a lovely young girl, whose influence over his heart, perhaps proved one of his chief safeguards from the witching seductions of the capital. The parents of the poet hearing of the circumstance, hastened to Vienna, approved and sealed the choice of their son, and looked forward with joyful hope to the day which was to have united the youthful pair for ever.

While Körner was thus indulging in the witchery of requited love and general fame, a desire for liberty and a determination for emancipation from

French oppression, sprung up and exhibited itself throughout all Germany. The enthusiastic spirit which then prevailed, was perhaps never equalled since the glorious days of Athenian patriotism. It burned in every bosom, from the noble to the peasant. The standard of liberty was no sooner raised than it was surrounded by men of every class. Antiquated customs bent before dire necessity. The count and the boor, the merchant and the student, the Jew and the Christian, felt no scruples to become comrades and combatants for their country. They had each felt the woe and degradation of a ten years' bondage, and they were each convinced that union alone could free them from degradation and slavery. Körner had long wept over his country's abject condition, he had long poured forth his anathemas against despotism and oppression, he had long attempted to rouse the dormant spirit of Germany, and he had determined to show that he, who as a poet could paint the inward strugglings of his heart for liberty, could likewise prove his devotedness to it by his personal prowess.

No sooner therefore did Körner know that the "beacon flame of freedom" had been lighted in the North, and heard the artful though energetic proclamation of Frederick William, calling upon every son of Prussia to arm for freedom, than he resolved that no consideration whatever should detain him in Austria. On the 18th of March 1813, the poet sacrificed the pleasures of Vienna, and the calm of a literary existence, for the tented field of toil and danger; and if any thing can illustrate the general enthusiasm, it is the martyrdom which this youthful volunteer endured for his country. To tear himself away from a spot to which he was bound by the most powerful of human ties, required enthusiasm indeed. We can conceive him abandoning his literary pursuits, his literary fame, his literary friends, painful though that separation must have been; we can conceive him giving up a lucrative and honourable situation, purchased by his genius, though that sacrifice must have cast a cloud of deep anxiety over the future; but we confess, we can hardly imagine the inward struggle which a mind constituted like Körner's must have

experienced, before it arrived at the determination of leaving *her*, whom the heart as yet had only united to him—of sacrificing that fond affection and enthusiastic love, which are the birth-right of every poet—of bidding farewell, perhaps for ever, to the being with whom the most anxious and most joyous moments of his life were associated, and that too at a time when he hourly hoped to have the church's blessing on his love. That certainly was a sacrifice to patriotism, of which few poets have ever been capable, and no slight proof that his appeal to his countrymen to throw off their yoke, was from the heart, and not the fancy. We have little doubt but the song, which commences with the following simple but heart-speaking lines, was written after parting with his mistress—a song which, linked as it now is with the music of Weber, has become a general favourite in Germany, and but too faithfully pictures the poet's own fate!

The warrior to the bloody field must hie,
His honour calls, 'tis for his country's sake,
His love's abode he enters with a sigh,
Of her, perhaps, a last farewell to take.

“ Oh weep not, dearest love,” said he,
“ Still hope and solace with us tarry;
Let come what may—till death, I’ll be
True to my country and thee—Mary!”

On arriving at Breslaw, Körner enrolled himself in the corps of volunteers commanded by Von Lützow, and was soon by the suffrages of his companions, called upon to be their lieutenant. The consecration of this corps took place a few days after Körner had joined it; and from the description which he gives of the august and solemn ceremony that took place in a church near Zobten, it is to be regretted there was no Salvator Rosa there to give the world a picture of the patriotic group of heroes. It would have been a noble companion to the interior of the *Torrione del Carmine*, on the night when Massaniello sat in council deliberating on the liberty of Naples. It was during the leisure moments that were stolen from camp and field duties, that Körner wrote the chief portion of his martial songs: some of them were penned during the interval of skirmishes; others, in view of the field of battle. The following most energetic lyric, which, some

years ago, I attempted to translate, was written on the morning of the engagement near Danneberg:—

Darkly dawning, death-portending,
Breaks the fatal, glorious day;
Red as blood the sun's ascending,
To illumine our gory way:
In the next hour's womb is lying
Hid, the fortunes of a world;
And the dread, brief moment's flying,
When the fell die shall be hurl'd!
Brothers! the dawning day well may remind you,
The dearest, most hallow'd of ties now bind you,
To be true to the flag that's unfurl'd.

In the nightly gloom behind us,
Lie deep shame and dire disgrace;
Despots' taunts, too, to remind us,
We were *once* a noble race:
Our mother-tongue has been degraded,
Sack'd our shrines by ruffian bands;
Our nation's fame is pledged—unfaded—
Haste, redeem it with your brands!
The torch of revenge gleams, gain back your lost treasure,
Let your union dispel Heaven's heavy displeasure,
Redeem your palladium by valorous hands!

Hope's gay prospects lie before us,
Witchery o'er the future streams;
Heaven's whole radiant charms implore us,
Where the torch of freedom beams:
Our songs of childhood warm entreat us,
Home's lost bliss—love's happy reign—

All that's great shall once more greet us—
All that's fair shall bloom again.
But high is the hazard ere we can enjoy it,
Our heart's blood's the stake, we boldly employ it;
Liberty's won, but on heaps of the slain.

The die we'll cast, in God confiding,
Resolved to stand by his decree;
Our burning bosoms fear deriding,
Urge us to death or victory.
Fatherland! our will's no merit:
With cheerful hearts we'd die for thee!
Then our children shall inherit
The land our best blood has made free.
Tower high, Oak of Freedom! that long hast been weeping,
And shadow our graves when with heroes we're sleeping,
Tree of our country—for freedom and thee!

Think on those to whom you're plighted,
Those who soon may mourn your death,
Blooms of first love, torn and blighted
By a Southron's poisonous breath!
Weep ye? Blush not—'tis love's duty,
Such tears scorn oppression's rod;
Waft one kiss to home and beauty,
Then confide their cause to God.
Each lip which for us is now praying so kindly,
Each heart we may break that loves us so blindly,
Aid and support them, Almighty God!

Rush on! our prayers are now ascended,
Now our hopes are in the skies;
Things of earth are henceforth ended,
Heavenly objects now arise.

Advance the flag that floats unfurl'd,
Each foeman's groan is freedom's cry;
We'll meet again—farewell this world—
'Tis hell to yield—'tis heaven to die!
Hark, hark! how against us the cannons are roaring;
On, brothers, on! mid the death-rain that's pouring,
We'll meet in a far brighter sky!

The deeds of courage and the brilliant conflicts in which the corps of Lützow were engaged, it is unnecessary to detail here; it is sufficient to say, that its prowess, and that of its gallant Lieutenant Körner, gained for it a name which will long live in the annals of Germany, and fully entitled it to the poet's denomination of "*Lützow's wilde verwegene Jagd*."

Körner, having received a severe wound, rejoined the corps of Lützow only a few days previous to its being called to intercept a French convoy of ammunition and provisions. The combat happened near a wood, about half a league from Rosenberg, and in this wood, where the troops had halted for a couple of hours, the poet wrote his last lyric, "The Sword." It was written on a blank leaf of his pocket-book, and he was reading it to his companions when the trumpet sounded for

the attack. The enemy, although more numerous than at first imagined, fled after a short encounter, into the neighbouring coppice in front of a wood. Among those who pursued them, was the poet; and here he met the death of which he so long had a presentiment, and had also so frequently and so enthusiastically lauded in his poems. The *Tirailleurs* finding themselves safe in the brushwood, fired a volley upon the advancing cavalry; Körner instantly fell, and Germany was left to lament one of its bravest soldiers, and one of its most patriotic bards. He was carried into the neighbouring wood, and committed to the care of the surgeon; but all mortal help was in vain. Beneath an oak, the emblem of that German freedom for which he fought, were the mortal remains of the hero and the poet laid. His afflicted comrades dug his grave, and carved his name upon the stem of the tree that now shadows it.

Körner's literary productions are already pretty well known in England by those who take an interest in German literature. They consist of three or four Tragedies, of which *Zriny* and *Rosamunda*

were well and ably illustrated by Mr. Gillies, some years ago, in Blackwood's Magazine; several comedies, which would not suit the taste of an English reader; three prose pieces, which have been often translated; a collection of lyric pieces, entitled the "Lyre and Sword;" and nearly a volume of miscellaneous poetry. If his tragedies are excepted, which at this moment keep hold of the German stage, it is certain that Körner must rest his fame upon his lyrics, and of those, his martial songs in particular. To the lofty musings of the mind, and the golden dreams of fancy, these lyrics have no pretensions; but they have what is a far greater charm—the charm, that every sentiment breathed in them has proceeded from the deepest and the dearest springs of the heart—that there is scarcely a line which does not glow with some noble, some patriotic feeling—not an image enshrined in a verse, that is not connected with the heart by some fine and secret association. The elements of which Körner's poetry is formed, are a devoted love of country, an ardent desire for freedom, an unextinguishable hatred of tyranny and oppression,

a deep contempt of cowardly and slavish submission, a perfect confidence in the justice of his cause, and a triumphant faith in God.

Although we have had various translations of Körner's lyrics into English, few or none of them give a just idea of the original. Let it not be supposed that I mean to disparage the talents of those who have attempted to translate the verses of the soldier-poet. A man may be able to execute things of a far higher cast, and not be able to translate the "Lyre and Sword." Körner's poetry is not like that of Goethe, Klopstock, or even Schultze, where lofty ideas are enshrined in dazzling imagery—where sentiments are thinly, but gorgeously veiled by the prismatic *mist* of fancy. These may be transferred by any literary hack, and yet retain beauties to captivate; but Körner cannot bear to lose any thing—his simplicity and his enthusiasm must unite with every sentiment, or the translation will prove a failure. A man who translates the "Lyre and Sword," must transport himself in imagination to Germany during the *Liberation War*; he must be

imbued with the spirit of that universal *Tugendbund* and *Bruderschaft*, which was, in fact, little short of the famous bond of the Greek *Hetaria*; he must feel as Körner felt, and fancy himself acting as he acted, and when thus excited, he may possibly find equivalents in our tongue, certainly not literal ones (for the strength of the poet lies in proverbial expressions), to convey to the English reader a just idea of those martial lyrics, which cheered on Germany to the battle and the storm, and proved its hymn of praise for victory.

From Mr. Herzfeld I learned that the beloved of the poet was beautiful, amiable, and clever. Happily for this maiden's comfort, the affection she felt was not so *adhesive*—as the phrenologists would have it—as that of the betrothed of poor Emmet. Soon after Körner's death she got over her grief, was happily married, and is now living comfortably at Vienna.

Ludwigslust, the summer residence of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh, is a place containing about 6000 inhabitants. The streets are broad, and planted with a double row of trees. The palace

is large, and is placed at the end of a long umbrageous avenue; while the other end is occupied by a handsome church. The town, however, has not the air of a royal domain, except, perhaps, that a few scarlet-coated sentinels are to be seen pacing in front of the palace. The chief characteristic of Ludwigslust is dulness, a peculiarity which generally belongs not only to the towns but to the inhabitants of the whole district of Schwerin. The Mecklenburghers are a strong, powerful race, but they are not unjustly celebrated for phlegm; like their horses, they are fitted for every thing except *quickness*, and although their country is perhaps the most famous in Germany for the manufacture of *corn-brandy*, the peasantry exhibit but little evidence of its exhilarating qualities. The people of this Dutchy are chiefly employed in agriculture, and reside in paltry, comfortless-looking villages, which, with their small churches, spot the country on every hand. The best habitations I noticed in Mecklenburgh, were the toll-houses, each with its elegant and party-coloured *Schlag-baum* or Bar,—ornaments, however, which are perhaps more nu-

merous than economical travellers usually desire to meet with.

On approaching *Warnow*, the single-headed black eagle emblazoned over the elegant post-house, proclaimed that we were about to enter the territories of the King of Prussia; while the posse of military douaniers, who stood ready to encircle the *post-wagen* on its arrival, bespoke an immediate and narrow inspection of the goods and chattels of every passenger. Considering the great inducements held out to the smuggler, from the high duties which are levied on all English articles in this country, I must confess we were treated with more politeness and lenity than could have been expected—with much more, indeed, than I have experienced from our own countrymen on landing at Dover from France. My companion, aware that he carried in his trunk two or three bottles of good Scottish mountain-dew as a rarity for his friends in Berlin, became very nervous as the officers began to fumble among the articles in his trunk; and when the portly quarts, all well corked and waxed, were expiscated and held up, with the

suspicious query of "Was ist das?" his anxiety for their fate became not a little apparent. To carry a cordial for so many hundred miles, and to lose it without a struggle, was no characteristic of my friend, and with that intuitive quickness which belongs to him, he whispered to me to say that it was "medicine for the cholera." The fearful word, which at this moment makes every one involuntarily shudder, produced the desired effect; the officer immediately tossed the supposed specific into the scales, while my companion was allowed to replace his bottles in his trunk, at the expense of paying four silver groschen of duty, or about $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ sterling.

In passing through *Perleberg*, a town of about 5000 inhabitants, our attention was drawn to a huge antique statue, which occupies the centre of the market-place. The figure, which is encased in armour, and bears in its mailed hand a ponderous sword, is about fourteen feet high, and stands upon a pedestal which rises six feet from the street. In former days, I understand, there was one of these rude and ill-formed figures placed in eight-and-twenty of the principal towns in Germany;

for what purpose, however, no one can well tell. Popular tradition has given to these statues the name of Roland, and holds that they were erected in honour of the hero, who was one of the twelve companions of Charlemagne. Antiquarians, however, consider this as a vulgar opinion, and say, that these figures were merely set up to testify that the town had a particular jurisdiction, and peculiar laws of its own.

The *Schnell-wagen* reached the gates, and rattled over the draw-bridge of *Spandau*, during the short-lived splendour of a glowing sunrise. This town, the scene of many a struggle, sparkled in the morning light; but withal was only interesting from its association with war. *Spandau* is situated at the confluence of the *Havel* and *Spree*, but lies so very low, as to recall nothing but the unpicturesque flatness of *Holland*. It is, in fact, remarkable for nothing save its fortifications, and its enormous workhouse—the receptacle for, and the terror to, all the loose characters of the neighbouring capital.

On leaving *Spandau*, the appearance of the

road and country proclaimed our approximation to a great city. The approach to Berlin is, in fact, one of the most splendid in Europe. For miles, the road passes through an avenue of trees, ever and anon broken by palaces, coffee-houses, and pleasure-gardens; forming a delightful contrast to the uninteresting, though at this moment corn-covered country which lies between Ludwigslust and Spandau. Nature in this dry, sandy soil, which on every hand surrounds the city, has been fairly overcome by art, and the environs of Berlin, which were at one time little better than a desert, are now converted into a paradise. The ride from Charlottenburgh, which is about three miles from the capital, is infinitely superior to the much-talked of opening into Paris from the west. The Prussians, with all their native modesty, designate this lovely entrance into their capital, a *Thiergarten*; while the French, with their characteristic conceit, term theirs the *Champs Elysées*. It only requires a visit to both, to be convinced that a fair exchange of names would be no robbery.

At the extremity of this verdant and umbrage-

ous avenue, stands the *Brandenburg Thor*, one of the thirteen gates which admit the stranger to the splendour and variety of Berlin. This gateway, on account of its architecture and its historical associations, is perhaps the most noble monument of which the capital of Prussia can boast. It is built after the Propylæum of Athens, and is ornamented with the most beautiful bas reliefs, and with twelve lofty massive columns, which form five openings—two for foot passengers, and three for carriages. On the summit of this really magnificent and chaste piece of architecture, stands the famous Car of Victory, drawn by the four fiery steeds, which Napoleon, after the unfortunate battle of Jena, bore away in vulgar and insulting triumph to Paris. Prussian arms and Prussian prowess have again placed them where they should be, at the threshold of the capital of Frederick the Great. What a day of enthusiasm and of joy must that one have been, when almost the whole inhabitants of this populous city marched out to receive from the victorious army of Blücher, the convincing proof, that the insult which France had offered to Prus-

sia was requited, and when, amid the shouts of a patriotic people, this splendid work of art, at once associated with grief and glory, was again beheld placed upon its magnificent pedestal!

LETTER X.

Berlin, a city of Palaces—splendid group of Buildings, as seen from the Niederlass Strasse—Similarity and modern character of the Buildings—Unter den Linden, the most lively portion of the City—a fine sight on Sunday—two discomforts connected with Berlin, the Sand and the Pavements—the public Droschkis—Statue of Marshal Blücher—the sculptor Rauch—the enthusiasm with which the Memory of Blücher is regarded by the Prussian people—Public Buildings numerous—the Royal Museum, a splendid piece of architecture—Collection of antique Busts and Statues—the Worshipping Boy—Picture Gallery, one of the finest collections in Europe, arranged according to the various Schools of Art—Advantages of a National and Chronological Arrangement—a record of the peculiar Condition and ruling Passions of the Human Race, as well as a History of Taste—Lessons to be learned from such a study—other Modern Buildings—the Königswache—the architect Schinkel—the Singing Academy—its Architect, Karl Theodore Ottmer—modern German architecture, original and tasteful.

BERLIN, 1831.

BERLIN may, without contradiction, be designated a city of palaces, for there is scarcely a street within the five towns and the five suburbs of which it is composed, that does not boast of

some splendid public building or private hotel.* Genoa has its Strada Nova and Strada Balbi, Venice its Piazza San Marco and its Grand Canal, Paris its quays and its Boulevards, London its squares and its Regent-street; but the beauty of Berlin is not confined to one, or two, or a dozen of quarters. Domes, colonnades, palaces, and temples, rise on every hand; while, from the breadth of the streets, and the agreeable mixture of lines of trees and flower-gardens, each building is seen to the greatest advantage.

To give you some slight idea of one portion of this City, I may merely mention, that from the corner of the *Niederlass-strasse*, leading to the *Hôtel de Russie*, where we are at present lodging, the eye may successively wander over the following magnificent edifices—the Commandant's House, the Königswache, the King's Private Palace, the Opera House, the Royal Academy, the University,

* The five towns are called Berlin Proper, Köln or Cologne on the Spree, Friedrichswerder, Neu or Dorotheenstadt, and Friedrichsstadt; the five suburbs, Luisenstadt, the Königsvorstadt, the Spandauervorstadt, the Stralauervorstadt, and the Oranienburger-vorstadt. Berlin is about 12 miles in circumference. It has 22 squares or market-places, 27 parish churches, and 40 bridges.

the Arsenal, the Government Warehouses, the Museum, the Exchange, the *Dom Kirche*, the old Palace, the New Royal Palace, and the long line of buildings that constitute the far-famed street of "*Unter den Linden*," or "under the lime trees," the favourite promenade of the fair *Bourgeoisie* of Berlin, the resort of the gourmand, and the lounge of the foreign idler.

To one who has just left the bustle of Hamburgh, or who has lately been amid the noise of London, Berlin, with all its splendour, will however appear somewhat dull and lifeless. Its long broad streets and open squares, no doubt, look altogether magnificent, when seen sparkling in the rays of a summer's sun; but it is to be regretted that their magnificence is too frequently allied with the melancholy which springs from the want of such a stream of moving figures to shadow and break the paved *waste* of the foreground, as are to be met with in Paris or in London. Berlin, although it contains, with its garrison of 20,000 men, nearly 230,000 souls, looks in fact generally dull and deserted. It seems like a city that has outgrown its population,

or whose inhabitants have left their homes for a season to avoid some expected pestilence.*

There is a monotony about some of the finest streets of this capital, arising from their great length and breadth, and from the uniformity and similarity of the buildings, that is very apt to make a stranger sigh for alleys less straight or splendid; and after such a walk as I had the other day, from *La Belle Alliance Place* to the *Oranienburger Gate*, through the long, silent, though clean and handsome *Friedrichs-strasse*, I could not help thinking, that the noisy excitement of even the most crooked and dirty lane in Hamburgh, was preferable to the comparative stillness of one of the most celebrated streets in the world.

There is no city that breathes less the spirit of antiquity than Berlin. It looks indeed more like a town which belongs to the new than the old world—to America, rather than to Europe. Its one and the same style of building, would indicate too, that it has been called into existence by one great

* The population of Berlin, in 1661, was only 6,500: in 1803, it was 153,000.

architectural necromancer; and so, in fact, it has—the magician being no less than Frederick the Great; and hence the plain and substantial character of all the edifices, with the exception of the splendid buildings erected since his death, sufficiently indicate the spirit of the methodical soldier.

There is one portion of Berlin, however, which perhaps ought to be exempted from the characteristic of lifelessness, and that portion is the *Linden*, particularly on a Sunday or other festival. This street, which is at least one hundred and sixty feet broad, and about four thousand feet long, is planted in the centre with a double row of lime and chesnut trees, leaving a promenade between of about 50 feet in breadth. Along this shaded alley, which is furnished with abundance of seats and chairs, a concourse of all sorts of individuals may be seen ever and anon parading from sunrise till sunset, and not unfrequently among those may be encountered the King himself, in all the plainness and unostentation of a simple citizen.

To witness the *Linden* during the throng of a Sunday forenoon, soon after the hour when the

military band has ceased to delight the gay group which environs the *Königswache*, is indeed one of the most interesting sights in Berlin. We have certainly here neither the crowding and elbowing of London, nor the buzz and blustering of Naples; but we have what perhaps is better, a well-dressed, well-pleased, and sober-looking population, pacing a street adorned with all that is beautiful in art, and decorated with all that is sweet in nature. The Germans are peculiarly fond of flowers, and at present the balconies of every house are teeming with the richest glories of the green-house. The bright-coloured flowering hydrangias, which fill the vases that ornament the fronts of many of the buildings, and the numerous gardens which are scattered up and down this quarter of the town, with the total absence of all coal-smoke, give a fragrance to the atmosphere of which the inhabitant of a British city can have no possible idea.

There are two serious inconveniences, however, which a stranger will speedily discover on perambulating the streets of Berlin. The first arises from the dust, and the second from the foot pave-

ments. When it is windy, one's eyes are literally blinded with clouds of sand; and when it is sunshine, the feet of the pedestrian are actually as much scorched from the sharp, heated *trottoires*, as if he were toiling over the smoking pathway that leads to the summit of Vesuvius! I can verify the truth of this from personal experience. From having been favoured with refreshing showers, however, we have as yet been saved from the too common ophthalmia produced by the flying sand; while the cheapness and excellence of the public droschkis have enabled us to save our *soles* from the pavement fever. In Berlin, you can have a droschki to carry you from any part of the town to another, at the small expense of eightpence; and when it is considered that several of the streets, such as the Friedrich's-strasse, to which I have already alluded, are nearly three miles in length, the price must appear exceedingly moderate. There is this peculiarity, however, that although the journey be ever so short, you always pay eightpence. Those machines that carry four, can be taken by the day or by the hour. If by the former, you pay five

thalers, or about eighteen shillings; if by the latter, twenty-five *groschen* for the first mile, and twenty for every mile thereafter.

There is nothing that a Berliner takes more pleasure in pointing out to a stranger, than the statue of Marshal Blücher—the masterpiece of Rauch, the great German sculptor, which stands near the handsome iron bridge across the Spree. The Field-marshal is here represented as waving his favourite hussar sword which led his followers to death or victory. The countenance and figure, though colossal, are true to nature; while the drapery and mantle are formed after the antique taste, and display an appreciation of this peculiarity of the art, that far surpasses the efforts of the generality of the present race of sculptors to imitate. The *tout ensemble* of the statue, may be said to embody the momentary patriotic sentiment of the hero, when trusting in God for support, he cheers on the Silesian host, in the name of his sovereign and his father-land. The splendid bas-reliefs which ornament the pedestal, depict some of the most important events of the war—events con-

nected with the Katsbach and the Loire—with the patriotic Landwehr and the enthusiastic volunteers—with Theodore Körner and Lützow's *Freischaar*—with Paris and peace—with victory and freedom.

In sculpture, there are at this hour few living artists that in any quarter can compete with Christian Rauch. In early life, the friend of Thorwaldsen and Canova, and the active student of Grecian and Roman art, he has immortalised himself in his successful attempts to immortalise those whose worth or whose prowess their king or their country wished to commemorate. The connoisseur has only to examine the bronze monument erected to Marshall *Vorwärts*, as Blücher was denominated, and those in marble to Generals Von Scharnhorst and Von Bülow, which so appropriately grace the sides of the handsome *Königswache* or royal guard-house, to be convinced that their author is worthy of the first place among the modern successors of Lysippus.* Rauch, who is now about fifty-four

* It was Scharnhorst who gave the idea, that the soldier should in every respect be a citizen, and the citizen a soldier. It is upon this principle that the army of Prussia is now based.

years of age, is the present Professor of Sculpture in the Berlin Academy of Arts, and has lately been made a knight of the order of the Red Eagle. His studio forms the resort of every foreigner who has any claim to vertu; and I need scarcely add, that after a visit to the *Lagerhaus* in the *Kloster-strasse*, there are few that will either deny the genius of the artist or the modesty of the man.

I can scarcely give you the slightest idea of the enthusiasm with which every one here speaks of Blücher, or the admiration with which his statue is regarded by the mass of the people. The respect which the Prussians have for the memory of their patriotic leader, is no doubt highly creditable to the nation. The sons of Prussia and Silesia are a domestic and patriotic people—fond of their homes and their children, and proud of the military glory which their fathers won under the great Frederick. Perhaps no nation suffered more from foreign aggression, nor endured the chains of Gallic slavery with more irritation, than the subjects of Frederick William; and it is therefore not to be wondered at, that they should almost worship the

semblance and memory of him who made himself conspicuous in working out their political salvation as a nation, and in freeing their land and their homes from the poisonous and demoralising breath of the French soldiery.

We have just returned from making the usual round of the celebrated buildings of this City; but these are really so numerous and so well known, that I shall not think of troubling you with any lengthened description of them. Among the more modern structures, the most striking is the *Royal Museum*, just completed, after a design by the celebrated architect, Schinkel, to whose genius not only Berlin, but Germany, has lately been deeply indebted. The appearance of this noble edifice—the principal façade of which consists of a colonnade of eighteen fluted pillars, 39 feet in height, of the Ionic order, cannot fail to fill every lover of architecture with delight. To classical taste, it unites originality of design, and at once proclaims itself a temple worthy of Apollo. The building occupies a space of 49,404 square feet, being 276 feet long, by 179 feet broad. To the

portico, you ascend by a stair of 21 steps of 91 feet in length, whilst within it are four additional columns, through which you enter the vestibule. Under the colonnade the walls are decorated with splendid mouldings, variegated marbles, and bas-reliefs. Beyond the four columns is a screen, with bronze doors of open work, which encloses the staircase. On passing through the vestibule, you take the right or left stair, which leads into the Rotunda, a circular hall, 67 feet in diameter and 72 feet in height, lighted with a cupola 23 feet in diameter. This portion of the building is devoted to the exhibition of antique busts, which are ranged round the apartment on colossal pedestals. From the Rotunda you enter into a gallery 204 feet in length, and 30 feet broad, and supported by 20 splendid and *original* Doric columns of red granite. Here the national collection of antique statues are displayed. The two galleries which form the east and west sides of the building, extending to 129 feet long by 29 broad, the former supported by ten columns of red porphyry, and the latter by ten of green porphyry, are filled with casts of the finest

and most celebrated statues in the world; while the small hall, filled with antique vases, coins, and gems, are ornamented with pillars of Italian marble. The second flat of the building contains the picture gallery, and consists of three halls of smaller dimensions than those below, the only difference being, that the walls are covered with crimson cloth, and afford nearly 30,000 square feet of space for displaying the pictures.

The specimens of sculpture which fill the lower part of the Berlin Museum, have been obtained at different periods. They consist of collections made for Frederick II. by Biaconi, when ambassador at Rome; of the rich and celebrated collections of the Cardinal Prince Polignac; of that made by the Margravine of Bayreuth, during her journey through Italy; of those purchased by Von Erdmannsdorf, for Frederick II.; and lastly, of those which have been lately picked up by the present king. Among the many splendid specimens of antique art, there was none that delighted me more than the "Worshipping Boy," in bronze. This beautiful figure, which was found in the Tiber, during the popedom

of Clement XI. was first sent to Prince Eugene of Savoy, from whose possession it passed into that of Prince Lichtenstein, and from whom Frederick the Great obtained it for the sum of 10,000 thalers. The royal philosopher placed it on the terrace at Sanssouci, whence it was taken to the Palace at Berlin, and now forms one of the leading ornaments of the sculpture gallery.

The collection of paintings which cover the walls of the picture galleries of the Royal Museum, may now be considered one of the finest in Europe. It consists of the pictorial treasures which were gathered during the reigns of the first sovereigns of the House of Brandenburg, and which formerly graced the palaces of Berlin, Potsdam, and Charlottenburgh. With the exception of a few specimens of the Italian school of the time of Raphael, the paintings belonging to the King of Prussia, previous to the reign of the present monarch, were chiefly those by Dutch and Flemish masters. In 1815, however, the celebrated Giustiniani gallery, which contained the master-pieces of the schools of the Carracci and Michael Angelo, were pur-

chased by the king; while, in 1824, he also secured for Prussia, the valuable collection of Italian, Flemish, and Dutch pictures, which belonged to our countryman Solly.

A judicious and tasteful selection from these several galleries, coupled with the pictorial gems which belonged to the cognoscente Von Rumohr, purchased in 1829, constitute now the Royal *Gemälde Sammlung* of Berlin. The pictures are arranged not only according to their schools, but also in chronological order. We have, for example, first, the Tuscan school of the 14th century; secondly, the various schools of the Italian provinces, which succeeded that of Lombardy; thirdly, the productions of the old Flemish and Dutch masters; and lastly, the pictures by the modern masters of Holland, Flanders, and France.

If it requires days, even in a cursory manner, to glance at the extensive treasures of the Berlin Museum, it would require a dozen letters to give you a correct idea of the more celebrated works that grace the apartments into which the gallery is divided. Suffice it at present to say, that the

collection boasts of 1200 specimens of all the schools of Italy, of Flanders, Holland, France, and Germany; from Montegna to Carlo Dolci—from Von den Eycks to Berchem—and in fine, from Cimabue to the schools of Nüremberg and Cologne.

It has always appeared to me, that nowhere could the ever-changing condition and sentiments of man be more strikingly discovered, than from a chronologically arranged collection of the various conceptions which the sculptor and the painter have produced during the successive ages of the world; and never was I more convinced of the soundness of this opinion, than after a careful examination of the Berlin Museum. In the various specimens of Grecian statuary, I beheld the most palpable exhibition of a people possessing taste, talent, imagination, and power, hitherto unsurpassed, and even at this moment unequalled; and there discovered the most striking proofs of a natural love of freedom, of an inherent disposition for intellectual cultivation, of a generally existing faith in a fanciful mythology, and of an undeviating attention to a gorgeous worship. From the beautiful bronzes and sculp-

tured sarcophagi of Etruria, or the correct copies of these, I obtained a better idea, not only of the high state of civilization to which the people of that country so soon arrived, but what is more, of the mighty influence which the genius of its sons exercised on the world around, than I could ever draw from the most attentive study of its scanty annals. In the sculptured remains and casts of the statuary chiselled in Rome, from the rise of the City to the fall of the Empire, I traced a graphic epitome of the story of that powerful people. In the rude fashioning of their early deities, in the bold and careless creations of the Republic, in the tasteful and masterly productions of the Augustan era, in the soul-speaking busts of the successive emperors, in the gradual abandonment of vigorous delineation for that affected minuteness of detail which marks the marbles left us, from Hadrian down to him who pilfered a predecessor's monument of its ornaments to record his own glories, methought I beheld the tokens of the early struggles of Rome's infant state, of the pride and vigour which characterised its days of republicanism, of the luxury,

taste, and wealth, which belonged to the era of its early emperors; of the sycophancy and the tyranny which immediately followed; and, in fine, of the effeminacy, turpitude, and weakness, which characterised the declining power and dying energies of a people who had conquered the world. And when I left the halls of sculpture, and entered the picture gallery, I discovered, in the entire dedication of Italian genius to the illustration of the Christian religion and the doctrines and dogmas of the Romish Church, the most striking evidence, not only of the all-prevailing political and moral power which the head and abettors of that faith for so long a period exerted on all within their influence, but of the obvious discouragement shown towards the extension of truth, and the splendid encouragement offered for the embellishment of superstition; the evidence, in fact, of an enthusiastic people for ages willingly submitting themselves to be tyrannised over by the love of lying legends, and the mockery of monkish miracles. In the pictorial productions of France and Flanders, devoted as these chiefly have been to the emblazonment of all that

is courtly and royal, I observed the tokens of a prevailing love of monarchy and magnificence; of an admiration of all that is allied to adventitious or princely rank; and, what is more, of an innate and heartfelt belief in the divine right of kings; while from the productions of Dutch and German art, upon which are imprinted so much of all that is bold, solid, social, domestic, and humorous, I gathered the proofs of that determined spirit of freedom, that contempt for religious and kingly tyranny, that love of domestic enjoyment, which have characterised the people of those two nations ever since the period that a shrine was erected to Apollo in either land.

If, however, the various labours of the sculptor and the painter, congregated as they are here, and moulded, modified, and coloured by the nature, principles, belief, and condition of the country in which they were produced, do not give a faithful and illustrative representation of man's political and moral condition, they at least afford the visitor one of the best chronicles of the rise and progress of taste, and give the most convincing evidence,

that the angel visits which genius has made to this world, are few and far between. How painful and how slow do the progressive steps of man's attempts towards a correct conception of beauty appear! How strikingly conspicuous, but how comet-like, the tokens of real genius! On a hasty survey of this temple of taste, it will be found, that while man has displayed from the earliest period, a love for sculpture and painting, generations and ages passed away ere he hit upon the proper imitation of nature, and still longer ere the discovery was made, that there is something more in art than merely *imitating* nature. Amid the

“Marble miracles of grace,
Those tests of symmetry, where still we trace
All art's perfection,”

chiselled in Corinth, Athens, Rhodes, and Sicyon, are beheld the first palpable manifestations of the knowledge of ideal beauty, the first token of that perfection of art, which, combining the finest properties and proportions of nature with the most delicate touches of passion and sentiment, called into existence an Antinous, an Apollo Belvidere,

a Laocoon, and a Venus de Medici. After the productions of Greece, of Etruria, and Rome, a dark and gloomy hiatus next follows, where taste for centuries eschewed the earth, when

“Sorrowing sculpture, while the ruthless flame
Involved each trophy of her sister's fame,
Fled to sepulchral cells her own to save,
And lurk'd a patient inmate of the grave.”

In pacing the picture gallery of Berlin, I was, for example, first arrested by the cold, yet correct labours of Cimabue and Giotto, the founders of the Florentine school; next by the grace, the elegance, and the symmetry of Leonardo da Vinci's works, the acknowledged father of modern painting; and then by the sublime and mighty achievements of Michael Angelo, who, from the stern expression and the daring attitudes of his figures—from the mysterious and profound nature of his subjects—from the gigantic qualities of his conception, and the matchless power of his execution, has been well designated the Dante of Art. The school of Rome next claimed attention; and amid the productions of a Julio Romano, a Poussin, a Sal-

vator, and a Carlo Maratti, I was chiefly attracted by the matchless creations of the head of that school—I mean the pictures of Raphael. What a divine dignity there is in all that can be traced to his pencil! What images of grace and loveliness—what vast and beautiful conceptions—what inimitable expression of chasteness and majesty in each and all of his works! Whatever the design, the charm is still the same; and in him, above all others, we recognise the delineator of unequalled beauty and of heavenly sentiment—the painter of all that is virtuous on earth, combined with all that is pure in heaven—the limner who could elevate a mortal to the skies, and call down an angel to earth.

What a collection of magically coloured productions next met my eye, on turning to the school of Venice! Here Titian, Giorgione, and Tintoretto, each alternately courted admiration. In the delineation of female loveliness and of the innocent charm of childhood, in the soft, luscious, and lucid tints of general colouring, in the soul-speaking character of individual portraiture, who has ever

rivalled Titian? In the grace, freedom, and, I had almost said, motion of his figures, as well as in the representation of living flesh, how many have imitated, but how very few have equalled Giorgione? In the mastery of anatomy, mingled with the mystery of colouring, in the command and rapidity of the pencil, which, as it were, sports with the most difficult fore-shortenings, and plays with the most unmanageable lights, who is there that has surpassed Tintoretto? In passing the school of Venice, I next came to that of Bologna, where the powerful conceptions and bold style of the Carracci attracted my attention; and then that of Parma, a school created by, if not altogether indebted to, the genius of Correggio. What scenes of beauty and of bliss, of heartfelt devotion, of purest love—what poetry, what taste, and what grace are to be met with in all that this gifted artist has left to the world! What “rainbow-like radiance” is there in his colouring!

“Bright beyond all the rest Correggio flings
His ample lights, and round them gently brings
The magic shade. In all his works we view
Grandeur of style and chastity of hue.”

In the Madonnas of this master-spirit of art, the painter has best revealed to us the idea of human beauty, beaming with heavenly radiance; and while gazing on his virgins, who, I would ask, does not feel willing to repeat what a Danish poet has put into the mouth of Julio Romano, in criticising a creation of Correggio?

“Till now Raphael's Madonna

Had all mine admiration—in my heart
 She ruled alone. But now once more MARIA,
 Another and the same smiles out upon me,
 With more of woman's tenderness and love
 Maternal—less of queenly dignity.
 Raphael, indeed, has earthly forms endow'd
 With grace divine—but thou hast brought from heaven
 Etherial spirits here in mortal frames
 Submissively to dwell!”*

From the schools of Lombardy, I passed onward to the consideration of the remaining schools of

* *Correggio*, a tragedy, by Oelenschläger, in which the poet has embodied all his chief conceptions regarding the character of the artist-mind. Perhaps there is no work the perusal of which affords greater pleasure to the painter or sculptor, than this same drama. For, in it I found most happily developed the characteristic peculiarities of Michael Angelo, Julio Romano, and Correggio, both as artists and men. I have always considered this tragedy as the most brilliant of Oelenschläger's literary labours.

Ausonia, and then proceeded to trace the progress of art, in the works which Germany, Spain, France, and Flanders, have produced, and mark the visits of genius, as peculiarly represented by Albert Durer, Murillo, Le Brun, and Rubens. From a survey of such works, how instructive are the lessons derived! We thence discover that painting and sculpture, though long of even attaining the appellation of arts, have not gone on regularly advancing with the world's years; that these have reached at various times a species of perfect consummation, and have again retrograded into tastelessness and weakness; that there have been particular cycles producing a genius who carried art as high as human nature could ascend, and returning periods when mediocrity was alone found upon the earth. We find, too, that there have been many schools which fast rose into splendour, and as quickly sank into oblivion; and what is perhaps curious, that one community, or one nation, had generally for a season the monopoly of the arts of Phidias and Apelles. These lessons, and many more, we learn from gazing upon such a chronological collection

of statues and paintings as are exhibited in the Berlin Museum; while, amid the many tokens of the pleasing progress and the painful decay of the Fine Arts that there meet the eye, we arrive at this plain conclusion, that through the countless generations of the world, there scarcely was a period when the imitative, we might almost say divine spirit, which first called a statue or a picture into existence, was altogether withheld from some portion of the human race.

Among the other modern buildings of Berlin, besides the Royal Museum, there are none more worthy of attention in an architectural point of view, than the *Königswache* and the *Singakademie*: the former, after a design by Schinkel; and the latter, by the young and celebrated court-architect of Brunswick, Karl Theodore Ottmer.

The *Königswache*, or royal guard-house, stands, as I formerly stated, close to the Linden. Its front consists of six elegant Doric columns, which support an entablature, on which several of the Prussian victories are represented in relievo. The whole effect of this building is most pleasing and

tasteful, and does the highest credit to its accomplished architect. At this moment, there is no individual in Europe whose architectural and æsthetical reputation stands so deservedly high, as Karl Friedrich Schinkel. To a correct and classical taste, he unites a most creative imagination, and in all his designs shows a most original mind. Schinkel is about fifty years of age, and like Michael Angelo, has proved that his genius is not limited to one branch of the arts. In early life he exhibited tokens of being a very clever painter, and his knowledge, as well as fine taste, in this department, has enabled him, among other pictorial efforts, to do a great deal for improving the scenery of the theatre.

The "Singing Academy," which was erected four years ago by the members of the leading amateur musical society of Berlin, as a concert-hall and a school for the study of sacred music, has altogether the air of a simple Grecian temple. The façade is ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, without any portico. The interior is most tastefully and appropriately decorated. The or-

chestra is formed like an amphitheatre, and is capable of holding three hundred choristers and instrumentalists. The building, it is said, cost 80,000 thalers. The society, which is composed of the first singers, musicians, and poets of the city, meet in this building twice a-week, to take a part in, or to listen to the masses of Alegri or Jomelli, the mottets and fugues of Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, or the oratorios of Handel, Graun, Spohr, and Beethoven. At the school there are about three hundred regular students under the superintendence of Herr Zelter, whose solid abilities as a professor are best illustrated from the manner in which his pupils strike off a mass or mottet. From the pupils singing so frequently together, they have arrived at the most perfect *ensemble*; and I can assure you, that after one has listened to the manner in which the vocalists at the Singakademie get through the difficult modulations and enharmonic transitions of a movement by Spohr, he will be obliged to confess, that, always excepting the Miserere of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, the art of singing sacred music can be carried no farther than it is here.

The architect of the *Singakademie*, Karl Theodore Ottmer, is little more than thirty years of age; but although so young, he has already given designs for some of the finest modern buildings in Germany. At the present moment, there is no country that exhibits greater originality in architecture than Germany, and no city which can better exemplify its tasteful peculiarities than Berlin. Where, for instance, can be found a more beautiful specimen of the pure antique style, than the Brandenburg gate by Karl Gotthard Langhans; where is there a more novel and magnificent structure, than the Museum by Schinkel; or where a more simple, tasteful edifice, than the Singing Academy by Ottmer? Such works form an epoch in the history of this noble art, and prove that the Germans are in a fair way to establish a school of architecture as original as those created by Palladio, Sansovino, or Mansard.*

* The curious in architecture would do well to consult several very able articles on modern architecture, and particularly on that of Germany, which have lately appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

LETTER XI.

Theatres of Berlin—in the days of Frederick the Great, Berlin could scarcely support one—now it has three—the German Drama of late Origin—Created by the Criticism and the Example of Lessing—owes its Celebrity chiefly to Schiller—Peculiarities of his Tragedies—Degeneracy of the Modern Drama—Characterised by being founded on the Fate Principle, and worked out by the machinery of Playwrights—Stage of Berlin well supported by the Public—two Causes which tend to encourage it, Early Dinners and Short Performances—Berlin Actors—Devrient and Madame Krelinger—Fate Tragedies—their Rise—attributable to Werner—their most Celebrated Authors—Müllner—his Tragedy of “Guilt”—Müllner’s use of Terror attributable to his being a Nephew of Bürger—Houwald and Klingemann—Grillparzer—the “Ahnfrau” performed at the Royal Schauspielhaus—Music composed for it by Schneider—Miss Gley and Herr Kruger—Theatre in the Königstadt—the Grand Opera—Music splendid—Gluck’s Iphigenia—Spontini—universal Taste for Music throughout Germany.

BERLIN, 1831.

IF the sentiment expressed by Voltaire, that “le theatre est ce que l’esprit humain a jamais inventé de plus noble et de plus utile pour former le mœurs et pour les polir,” be strictly correct, then

assuredly Berlin may at length be said to possess, however long she was in obtaining it, a fair share of this “chef-d’œuvre de la société.” We are told that in the days of Frederick the Great, Berlin could scarcely support one company of players, who performed in a house little better than an English barn. At present, however, matters are completely altered. There are now three theatres in this city; two of which, let me tell you, whether they are regarded in an architectural point of view, or in respect to the talents of the actors, may well claim a comparison with the best in Europe.

The rise of a national drama in Germany, it must be recollected, belongs to modern days. While the early writers of this country were successfully busied in wooing the smiles of the epic and lyric muse, they left the stage to be occupied by the *translated* heroes and heroines of France and England: the various Courts of the Empire encouraging the former; while the free Hanse Towns, and particularly Hamburgh, did honour to the latter. The early manager of the Prussian theatre, followed the

example set him by Schröder in Hamburgh, and introduced Shakspeare on the stage of Berlin; since which time, the author of Hamlet has continued to claim a fair share of Prussian patronage.

In no country perhaps, except Germany, was criticism ever known to precede attempts in art; and yet here, criticism proved the chief cause of creating a national drama. It was the critical acumen and sarcastic humour, which Lessing directed against the love of imitation in the polite learning of his native country, that proved the main instrument in giving to the dramatic literature of Germany, an original and national character. Lessing having analysed the French drama, declared and proved that that of England was more in unison with German genius, and hence recommended its immediate adoption. A willing convert from the shackles of Gallic laws to his own simple and natural principles, he produced three plays, which, if they be not worthy to rank with those of Göethe and Schiller, are at least entitled to the distinction of having been the first legitimate children of the German muse.

It was to the genius of Frederick Schiller, however, that this country is chiefly indebted for the change which was produced on her dramatic literature—a change no less remarkable than that which, at an earlier period of the world, was effected on the drama of Spain and England, by the writings of Calderon and Shakspeare. Previous to the appearance of the author of *Wallenstein*, the literary labours of Lessing, as I have already hinted, had no doubt exhibited tokens of a spirit more in unison with the liberal doctrines of Diderot, than the contracted tenets of his cotemporaries; but still, though that clever German writer made evidently an effort to free himself from the shackles which French criticism had imposed on everything connected with the stage, in his well-known dramas of *Nathan the Wise* and *Emelia Gallotti*, these plays, nevertheless, bear but too strong evidence that his courage or his genius was not sufficiently powerful to resist notions which were then held almost as sacred as the oracles of heaven.

You are aware, that a revolution in long fixed

opinions, is not generally effected without in some degree overstepping the barriers of taste and reason; and such, perhaps, was the case in the change which was wrought on the German drama by the first labours of Schiller. The youthful student of Stuttgart, alike unacquainted with the world, and with the prescribed and circumscribed limits imposed on the drama, produced his "*Robbers*;" and faulty though it be in many points of view, the sensation which its appearance excited in the public mind, testified at once that its style was more in unison with national feeling than any thing that had yet been performed on the German stage. You must not imagine from this, that I consider the popularity which Schiller's first drama obtained, as any great proof of superior merit in the drama itself; all I mean to state is, that from the hour that *Karl Moor* was heard on the stage, contrasting in eloquent strains the feelings of his pure boyhood with those of his guilty manhood, the fact was established, that tragedies of varied and continued action, and not of monotonous and didactic declamation, were as much in

accordance with the taste of Germany, as they had long been with that of England.

If the example shown by Lessing, Schiller, and Göethe, in forming a national drama, was followed, in a certain degree, by Schröder, Iffland, Jünger, and Kotzebue, whose best labours, with those of their predecessors, may be said to form the staple of German genius in that department of literature; I regret to say, that those who have been for some years past, and who are now writing for the stage of Germany, have miserably fallen away from the faith of their fathers. Tragedy, which, in Schiller's estimation, should be formed on the happy junction of romance with nature, of poetry with truth, of imagination with history—upon the same basis in fact, on which Raphael formed the Roman school of painting—seems to be founded, at the present moment, on no other principle but the old, stale, antiquated absurdity of *destiny*; while gunpowder, blue lights, and rosin, are the chief machinery in working out the principle. Comedy, which, in the hands of Kotzebue had obtained its greatest popularity, from its happy sarcasm on na-

tional manners, is now apparently relinquished for the vilest *rifacciamento* of some Parisian Vaudeville; while the sentimental drama, which may be said to have been created by Iffland and Kotzebue, is exchanged for the translation of some single-act interlude, to show off some fine lady's limbs, or some posture-maker's tricks. But this is a state of things which, you know, is not confined to the dramatic history of Germany. How frequently among ourselves of late, has the wit of Sheridan been almost forgotten amid the Grimaldi-grins of some vulgar *farçeur*, the tricks of men-monkeys, or the dog of Aubry; and even the philosophy of Hamlet been obliged to give way to the prosaic puerilities of the present run of British playwrights; while the poignant satire and sparkling wit of Moliere is, at this hour, sacrificed in France for some silly "petite comedie," which the prolific *scribe* has intended scarcely to outlive a week's performance! The love of change and the love of excitement are, in fact, at the present moment, the leading characteristics of the popular mind throughout Europe, and it is therefore not at all surpris-

ing, that such a constant craving for novelty should make those who write for the public, frequently forget what is due either to taste or truth. Against the degeneracy of the modern German drama, Ludwig Tieck and Wolfgang Menzel have both raised their voices in a manner worthy of their character and talents; and it is to be hoped that their countrymen will not long remain deaf to their advice, which points out that a love of truth and nature can be best displayed by again returning to the good old school of Frederick Schiller.

Whatever may be the present quality, however, of the German drama, it is not to be denied that there is at least good encouragement given by the people of this country to the stage. Things are greatly altered since the days of the unfortunate Herr Dobbelin;* and, I understand, that in pecuniary matters, the present manager of the Royal Theatre has no reason to complain. The house is always well filled; and from the taste and good feeling which I have seen manifested by the audience, I should say, that there exists among the

* The manager during the time of Frederick the Great.

great mass of the people, a decided preference for the theatre rather than the tavern; but what is more, a feeling that would incline them to listen rather to the *eleven-act* tragedy of Schiller, than to the soul-stirring debates of our most popular assemblies!

There are two things, however, which in my opinion mainly tend to the success of dramatic amusements, not only in Berlin, but throughout Germany, and these are—the early hour of dinner, and the short time which is required to be spent in the theatre. The dinner-hour here is never later, even among the most fashionable, than three o'clock—the ordinary hour being one; while the time spent in the theatre never exceeds three hours, the hour of commencing being six, and that of closing nine. In the principal theatres, there is only one piece given, so that those who attend the theatre can have a comfortable supper at nine, and get home at the latest by half-past ten.

The Berlin stage, at the present moment, is as well supplied with actors as any in Germany. *Devrient*, the worthy successor of Iffland, is a host in himself. He may indeed be considered

the greatest actor in Germany, combining, as he does, the tragic qualities of our Kean, with the histrionic capability of portraying the more humorous phases of national peculiarities. In the Lear, Shylock, and Macbeth of Shakspeare—in the Karl Moor, Wilhelm Tell, and Wallenstein of Schiller—in the Poor Poet of Kotzebue—and in the noble characters of Iffland, Devrient stands pre-eminent. Like many other great actors, he is unfortunately addicted to stimulants. After the play is over, he almost invariably hurries to some wine-house, to meet with a knot of boon companions, with whom he devotes the night to the orgies of Bacchus. The other evening, I met him at his celebrated drinking-haunt in the *Charlottenstrasse*, and before I left the wine-house, I could not help thinking of the fate of George Frederick Cooke,* and of his well known, but fruitless resolution, to give up drinking “*in a great measure.*”

Since the retirement of Madame Wolff, Madame Stich-Krelinger has become the regular heroine of the Berlin boards. In the delineation of the heroic

* Devrient is since dead.

and the grand, in that style of character, at least, for which Mrs. Siddons was so famous in England, this lady is peculiarly conspicuous. The high finish of her art is indeed so great, that in gazing upon her performance, the spectator forgets that the scene is aught but reality; and, from first to last, he yields an involuntary homage to the genius which compels him to feel every passion it portrays.

Being very desirous to form an opinion of the stage effect of one of those fate-tragedies, against which the modern Lessings, Tieck, and Menzel, have been so justly declaiming, I need scarcely tell you, how happy I was when I observed the play-bills announce the performance of the "*Ahnfrau*," by Grillparzer—a drama which, from its metrical and poetical peculiarities, I had perused with pleasure; but which, at the same time, from its melodramatic qualities, I knew was by no means ill calculated to produce those clap-trap effects so much relished by the mass, and so justly deprecated by persons of really good taste.

To Zacharias Werner, an apostate in religion

like Count Stolberg, the honour belongs, if honour it can be called, of reviving the spirit of the old leaven of destiny, which the Greek dramatists used so effectively, and perhaps not improperly, because it was thoroughly in accordance with their polytheistical faith. The fact is, Werner's drama of "The Twenty-fourth of February," proved the key-note to all the fate-dramatic chords which have since sounded in Germany—the fearful sound that would inculcate one fatal anniversary for an individual or a family; and against the dark influence of which, human power and human foresight can in vain contend.

The "Ahnfrau" or "Ancestress," is perhaps one of the very best specimens of the modern fate-dramas—productions for which their authors have been stamped as mere "*Playwrights*" by our gifted countryman Carlyle, whose character as a German scholar, ranks exceedingly high among the literati of this city.

The individuals belonging to this characteristic class of writers, are indeed very numerous at the present moment in Germany; and among these, I

believe that none are more celebrated for this peculiar style, than Müllner, Houwald, Klingemann, and Grillparzer himself. With regard to what Müllner has done in this walk, the mere English reader may gather some idea of his power from Mr. Gillies's translation of the "Schuld" or "Guilt"—a drama, which, whatever may be its faults, is well worthy of study, from the influence it had on the dramatic literature of the day; and however much the stern critic may find fault with its *fate* foundation, still he cannot, without injustice, deny that it contains some profound views of man and his destiny; that it possesses passages calculated to throw light on the hidden mysteries of the soul, and to unveil the secret springs of human action; and also presents numerous situations which ever and anon awaken a delightful train of moral reflections, recall thoughts and feelings which the generality of mankind have at all times entertained, but dared not avow, and which force the reader of the *Schuld* to confess, at the altar of his conscience, that he also has been himself the slave, if not the instrument of "Guilt."

Müllner was a nephew of the poet Bürger,* and had no doubt caught from his celebrated relative, an idea of that inexhaustible source of poetry in

* Bürger was born in 1748, and died in 1794. There is no poet in Germany that ever gained more popular fame, than the author of the ballad of Leonora, known to the English reader from many translations, but particularly from that of Sir Walter Scott. The relics of a dark and gloomy mythology, were the weapons which won for Bürger a deathless name among his countrymen. The superstitions born amid the darkness and ignorance of the olden time, which, strange though it be, are still so congenial to humanity, and which even Christianity cannot completely banish from the educated, far less from the vulgar mind, form the chief charm of Bürger's lyrics. Of all his countrymen, this author has been most successful in seizing upon that vein of superstition which addresses itself, in a peculiar manner, to an imaginative people, and proves itself a power which the sternest heart cannot occasionally resist. Ghosts, goblins, and witches, are the materials with which he deals—the nursery-dreams and the terrific impressions of childhood, the necromancy which has obtained for his romances, not only popularity throughout Germany, but also regard and attention from the world around. The style and versification, too, which Bürger employed, has tended much to increase the popular character of his poetry. There is an energy, a spirit, and boldness in the former; while in the latter there is an adaptation sometimes altogether wonderful, of the sound to the sense. Verses in fact occur, in almost every one of his lyrics, which in their music alone might convey meaning to those who know not a word of the language in which they are written. For example, a foreigner acquainted with the sound of a common spinning-wheel, could hardly fail to form a tolerable idea of what each stanza of the *Spinnen-lied*, or spinning song, means, by merely hearing it properly repeated.

Germany—*terror*; and Heaven knows, he has not forgotten to turn it to his own use, as well in *König Yngurd* and the *Albaneserin*, as in the *Neun und Zwanzigste Februar* and the *Schuld*. Müllner, with all his talent, however, was in many respects not only a playwright, but a literary quack, having himself extended his own reputation, principally from having the command of the public ear, through the pages of the *Literaturblatt*, the *Hekate*, and the *Mitternachtsblatt*, of which periodicals he was successively the editor. During his life, he certainly maintained his *own* fame; but now that he is dead, it is to be feared that his tragedies, with all their former reputation, will, from the false principles upon which they are formed, necessarily sink into forgetfulness.*

* Müllner was born in 1774, and died in 1830. From Professor Schütz's life, published in 1830, may be gathered several very amusing modes by which Müllner contrived to support his literary fame. Although a very little man, he married a very large woman, with whom he lived by no means happily, arising chiefly from his own bad and irritable temper. The last edition of Müllner's dramatic works, extend to seven volumes. They consist of *Der neun und Zwanzigste Februar*, *Eumenedes Duster*, *die Schuld*, *König Yngurd*, *die Albaneserin*, *der Angolische Kater*, *die Zurückkunft aus Surinam*, *die Vertrauten*, *die Zweiflerin*, *die grossen Kinder*, *der Wahn*, *der Blitz*, and *die Onkelei*.

Of Houwald and Klingemann, the other great masters of this school, it is only necessary to say, that it was very late in life before the former produced his *Bild*, his *Leuchtthurm*, or his *Heimkehr*, for which works, as a dramatist, he is most celebrated; while the latter did not become the author of a rival *Faust*, or did not dream of histrionic iambs, till he was some time past his grand climacteric.*

Grillparzer, the remaining hero of the fate-dramatic school, resides in Vienna, and of all the modern dramatists I have yet alluded to, is certainly the best. Although his "Ahnfrau" or "Ancestress," the play which first brought him into notice, is the most deeply imbued with the spirit of fatalism, yet its melo-dramatic qualities are such, as to bring it

* Houwald was born in 1778, and is the author of several works, besides the dramas above mentioned. His tales, entitled "das Wiedersehen auf dem St. Bernhard" and "Jacob Thau, der Hofnarr," are much esteemed. His late works are his tragedy "die Feinde," the "Waisenfreund," and the "Brandenburgischen Hausfreund." Dr. Klingemann was born in 1777, in Brunswick, and ultimately became director of the National Theatre of Brunswick. His dramatic works consist of *Heinrich der Löwe*, *Luther*, *Moses*, *Faust*, and *Deutsche Treue*. In 1829 he gave up the direction of the theatre.

more frequently on the stage than his more correct dramas of "Sappho" and "King Ottokar." There is something about Grillparzer's writings, however faulty they may be in point of pure dramatic principle, that makes one regard their author with more respect than his vain and selfish rival Müller. Throughout the whole of the Austrian's works, we are ever arrested by some captivating flower of fancy, or some soft breathing of the soul—something that shows both heart and taste—something of *bonhomie* amid the horrors he conjures up; while the happy alternation of his verse, which is ever in musical accord with the spirit of the subject, or the mood of the speaker, carries with it an indescribable charm. You are perhaps not aware, that the authors of the modern German theatre, usually rhyme their dramas; a circumstance which renders their translation into a foreign tongue, a task almost unattainable. It would be very difficult indeed, to transfer to English the lyrical changes which ever and anon occur in such productions as those of Grillparzer.

The "Ahnfrau" was perhaps never better given,

than when I saw it the other night at the Royal *Schauspielhaus*. The theatre, which is not quite so large as our Covent Garden house, is on that account better adapted for hearing every word—so necessary for the proper enjoyment of the representation of tragedy. The stage is well lighted, and the scenery and decorations are all that can be desired. In addition to the tasteful scenery, and the clever machinery which have been adopted to render the representation of this tragedy effective, I may mention, that the art of the musician has been most effectively applied, and adds wonderfully to the interest of the spectacle. For this drama, in particular, the well-known Schneider has composed most characteristic music, in the shape of an introduction, act pieces, and finale. The play, therefore, as you may well conceive, produces a sustained and uniform influence on the mind. In fact, from the first moment that the curtain rose, till its last splendid scene, which represents the burial-vault of the Borotins, there was nothing neglected to rouse the attention, and to keep alive the feelings of the audience. The music was indeed grand

and impressive;—sounds at once calculated to inspire every breast with melancholy pleasure, and to awaken in the souls of the imaginative the most fearful Thespian illusions. As the overture to the Freischütz, which by its wild and splendid harmonies may be said to invoke the appearance of, as well as predispose the mind for beholding, its supernatural hero, so the pathetic themes of Schneider prepare the spectator for the melancholy and awful denouement of a fate-devoted family.

If the scenery, machinery, and music were good, on this occasion, the acting was almost beyond praise. The part of the loving and affectionate Bertha, was sustained by Miss Gley; while that of Jaromir was performed by Herr Krüger. The young actress who is at present *starring* it here, belongs to the Vienna theatre, and is not unjustly esteemed one of the best *artistes* on the German stage. She is rather taller than Fanny Kemble, and more handsome in figure. She has more nature and less art than our tragic actress; the great characteristic of her acting, being that the flood of those various passions which she is called on to ex-

press, appears to spring from the heart, not from the head; while the action which gives effect to these on the stage, seems not to have been studied in a looking-glass, but to arise from instantaneous impulse. On beholding Miss Gley's Bertha, you imagine, in fact, that you behold the reality, not the mere impersonation of that pure but ardent feminine feeling, which so strikingly characterises the daughter of Borotin—in short, that happy verisimilitude which makes you forget that the performer presents but a poetical picture of a most poetical character. Miss Gley, I understand, was a pupil of Tieck; and I must say, that the German critic may well be proud of his scholar. Herr Krüger, who personated the lover, performed his part with great taste and ability; and when the curtain fell, in spite of all the absurd spirit of fatalism belonging to this tragedy, I could not help allowing that the impression which it made on the spectators was singularly powerful. Indeed, I was myself so overcome at the moment, that I most willingly joined in the universal call for the re-appearance of Gley and Krüger upon the stage,

to receive, as is the custom in Germany, an applauding acknowledgment of their individual histrionic talents.

The theatre in the Königstadt is dedicated to the performance of comic operas, comedies, and farces. It was at its heyday of prosperity a few years ago, particularly at the time when Mademoiselle Sontag used to attract an audience by the brilliancy of her bravuras, and when the heads of the young Burschen were fairly turned, not more perhaps by the wonderful rapidity of her roulades, than by the beauty of her features, and the elegance of her figure. Since the departure of the fair vocalist from Berlin, this theatre has lost somewhat of the reputation which it then acquired.

Of the three theatres of Berlin, the Grand Opera is the largest, being capable of containing easily two thousand persons. It has four tiers of boxes, which are tastefully fitted up. With the exception of Vienna, and probably Munich, there is no city in the world where music is more universally patronised, or where the opera is better performed or more heartily appreciated, than in

Berlin. Here it is not fashion, but a passion for the art, that prompts the crowd of admiring listeners to congregate in the Royal Opera-House—listeners, whose judicious applause, as given to particular musical passages, when compared with that shown in London, is at once illustrative of their taste for, and knowledge of, good music. In England, we find that it is generally some clap-trap roulade of the performer which gains the plaudits of the audience; but in Germany, these are only bestowed on correct and tasteful intonation. The opera of *Iphigenia*, by Gluck, which I heard the other night, was a splendid specimen of what can be done with the opera seria. What a marked and novel character the actor here gives to the recitative; and then the accompaniment by the orchestra, is altogether indescribable. It has been the fate of Gluck's music, of late, to be by no means appreciated as it deserves. In Berlin, however, the operas of Gluck are quite the vogue, and, I am told, they are every day becoming more so in every quarter of the country. This speaks volumes for the returning good taste of Germany;

since the foundation of Gluck's style of composition is simplicity and truth, assuredly the first principles of the beautiful in all the productions of the fine arts. In the "Iphigenia," for instance, its author has happily proved, what he himself laboured to establish, the possibility of rendering music the interpreter of poetry—of making the accompaniments echo the passion of the dialogue, and of despising every difficulty and every novelty that did not fairly flow from the expression of the subject.*

The director of the opera at the present moment, is Spontini,† the well-known author of "La Vestale." The admirers of Gluck find fault with the director, for sometimes sacrificing simplicity to noise, and regret that his great natural talents should be so much devoted to produce mere startling effects. The trombone, the trumpet, and the kettle-drum, are the great assistants of Spontini; of course, a splendid crash is too often the chief

* Gluck was born in 1714, and died in 1787. He composed upwards of 300 operas. His "Armida" was the first opera that was ever printed in Italy.

† Spontini was born in 1778.

feature of his operatic music. I am told he has even introduced the sound of artillery into an opera. Only imagine a *capell-meister* tuning a six or nine-pounder into any particular key!

But, perhaps, I have said too much of the theatre and of music: with regard to the latter, however, there may be some excuse, seeing that in no other country, not excepting Italy itself, is music in all its moods more sedulously cultivated, or musicians more highly prized and more heartily patronised, than in Germany. Dull and phlegmatic though the people who reside between the Vistula and the Rhine are generally considered, I can assure you, that there are few hearts among them that cannot be roused to enthusiasm by a pealing chorus, or carried away captive by a soul-touching melody. The fact is, that in Germany, music, in all its branches, is thoroughly studied, practised, and worshipped by every one, from the peasant to the prince; affording, as it does, the most hallowed delight of the one, and the most favourite pastime of the other. The boor, for example, on finishing his daily labours, retires to the bosom of his family

to enjoy, after his beer and black bread, a glee or a madrigal; the citizen, in the evening, hastens to the *Wirtzhaus*, not to discuss politics and fret about taxation, but to meet a set of good-humoured gossips, who can join in the choral music of "*Am Rhein, am Rhein*," or over a bottle of Rhenish, pour out a loud burst of harmony in praise of *Crambamboli*; the student, amid the murky atmosphere produced by his *meerschaum*, and the phantastic visions resulting from the intoxicating weed, caprioles and modulates on his harpsichord, or practises his solfeggi, in all their direct or inverted intervals; the traveller, on leaping out of the *Eilwagen* for the one o'clock table d'hôte, would find his beef and saucrout insipid, were they not seasoned with a minuet by Haydn, or a trio by Gluck; the doughty baron quits the joyous and noisy pursuit of the boar, to take a part in a quartett, or to become the director of an orchestra; the statesman, alive to the balance of power, feels it also a pleasure, as well as a privilege, to balance the instruments in a symphony, or the voices in a *kyrie eleison*; while the reigning Duke, in all the

pride of an unsullied escutcheon, and of an illustrious *stammbaum*, dances attendance after a *Prima Donna*, and acts as *capell-meister* to a rehearsal in the opera-house!

LETTER XII.

Coffee-houses or Wine-houses of Berlin numerous—each frequented by Visitors of similar Tastes and Pursuits—Wine-house of Lutter and Wegener—the favourite haunt of E. T. A. Hoffman, the celebrated romance writer—his Character and Writings—Estaminet of Wesotzky—Flower and Pleasure Gardens that surround the Thiergarten, crowded with all classes on a Sunday—happy Expression and polite Demeanor of the Working Classes—Immorality much the same in all Capitals—Berlin *apparently* more moral than London—the Streets very quiet at an early hour of night—Vulgar popular Literature of Prussia, compared with that of France and Britain, more superstitious and less coarse and indelicate—War and its effects its chief theme—Hospitality of the Berliners—Society superior to that of Hamburgh—the tone of good Society liberal—Dinner at a Banker's—Ladies of Berlin—Evening Parties—the educated Population of Berlin drawn from all countries—Domestic manage of Berliners frugal—the generality of the Houses small but comfortable—City Rental—Equipages simple—View of the City from the Marienkirche—Berlin by Moonlight.

BERLIN, 1831.

BERLIN, in respect to Restaurateurs, Coffee-houses, and Estaminets, is not unlike Paris; for although the inhabitants of this city are certainly a more domestic race than the citizens of the

French capital, they nevertheless spend more time in such establishments than we do in Britain. In England, from the natural backwardness and reserve of the people, a foreigner is frequently forced to pass days in a town, without once holding a friendly conversation with any one; but in Berlin, society can be always had, by merely paying a visit to one or other of these favourite every-day resorts of all classes. An idle Berliner, in fact, may be said to spend the half of his time in a coffee, wine, or beer-house; while even the man of business feels it his duty to visit some one or other of them, at least once a-day. In the morning, these coffee and wine-houses afford to the stranger and foreigner, most convenient places for breakfasting; in the forenoon, they become the lounge of the soldier and the politician; in the afternoon, they are the general resort of all who can afford a cup of tea or coffee, a bottle of *weissbier*, or a glass of *kaltschale*;* and in the evening, they offer a

* This favourite drink of the Berliners, is composed of beer, sugar, lemon, biscuit, rum, and currants; which heterogeneous mixture is taken iced.

place of reunion for the men of pleasure, of literature, or of art—for those who wish a game at billiards or bowls, of cards or dominoes, or who, after coming from the theatre, are desirous of winding up the business of the day with some stomach-soothing elixir.

The number of coffee-houses, confectioners, restaurateurs, weinstuben, and bierkellern, in Berlin, is very great. Those of the highest class may amount to fifty or sixty; each of which is usually celebrated for something particular, and is frequented by visitors of similar tastes. For instance, we find the lovers of good fare congregating every day to dinner, at *Jagor's* or the *Caffé National*, where, let me tell you, the Apician mysteries of Oude or Kitchener are nowhere better understood or better practised. We meet the wine-bibber hastening, according to his peculiar taste, either towards the *Jägerstrasse*, to crack a bottle of Fuss-Hippel's champagne; towards the *Spandauenstrasse*, to sip a *römer* of Mitcher's Hochheimer; towards the *Schlossplatz*, to quaff a glass of Nitze's Bordeaux; or towards the *Leipsiger-strasse*, to

enjoy a flask of old Hungarian. We encounter the beer-drinker wending his way towards the *Charlotten-strasse* or *Spittelbrücke*, to drink Bamberger at Zimmermann's, or Bavarian at Gunther's; while the admirers of chocolate or ices, take refuge in the more *recherché* establishments of Josti or Conradi, of Stehely or Kranzler.

I also find here, as in Paris and London, that many of these coffee-houses are frequented by men of similar tastes and pursuits; for example, you meet the lovers of music in one, of the drama in another, of science in a third, of the fine arts in a fourth, of manufactures in a fifth, of politicians in a sixth; in short, each has its own *verein* or club, and each its own appropriate and congenial periodical publication.

Among the many coffee-houses which I have visited since I came here, I am particularly partial to one in the *Charlotten-strasse*, the favourite resort of the literary men of this city, and where may be found a copy of all the most celebrated literary journals published in Europe. In the same street there is also a wine-house, kept by Lutter

and Wegener, which from its having been once the favourite resort of Hoffmann, the novelist, has also a peculiar charm for me, because, in my younger days, I had been greatly smitten with the wild, imaginative charm of his writings. The landlord preserves a set of most curious caricature sketches, executed by Hoffmann during those moments of nervous excitement, when the incipient ideas of those strange and fantastic fancies struck his brain, which he afterwards turned to so good account in the "Devil's Elixir" and other extraordinary romances.

Of the many prose writers, which in modern times have produced a sensation in Germany, there are few that have enjoyed greater popularity than Ernest Theodore Hoffmann. He was the father of that species of fantastic fiction which Sir Walter Scott has designated the "Supernatural," and which Börne has, with a more Teutonic spirit, termed "Dramatised Magnetism;" a species of composition in which an unbridled license is given to the fancy, and where the ludicrous is permitted to be combined with the terrible—from which every thing like probability is discarded, and in-

consistencies neither attempted to be reconciled, nor absurdities softened—where, in fine, the imagination, as if stimulated by opium, is left completely untrammelled, and allowed to play its wildest pranks even to exhaustion.

Perhaps no man was ever better qualified to be the parent of such a school of writing than Hoffmann. His genius, temper, and habits, fitted him particularly for making a hit, where imagination was to be strained to the pitch of oddity; or rather, as a Frenchman would call it, *bizarrarie*. He was at once a musician, a painter, and a poet; but so whimsical was his disposition, that it led him, invariably, to extremes in each. His music, for example, is little better than a collection of *Capriccios*; his pictures are, for the most part, mere caricatures; and his tales, with few exceptions, are, as he himself designates them, the wildest *Extravaganzas*. Subject to alternate fits of elation and depression, and led away by a vacillating temper, the result perhaps of his uncertain and stinted means, Hoffmann became the plaything of his fancy, which was so creative in the forms of the

horrible as to make himself sometimes doubt of his own sanity. Governed too by a morbid sensibility, and haunted by the fear of some mysterious danger which impended over him, his mind became peculiarly alive to the picturing of spectres and apparitions; so much so, that while committing his thoughts to paper, the visions of his fancy sometimes became so vivid, and the phantoms of his imagination so appalling even to himself, as to force him to call for the presence of his wife, to relieve him from the terror which the conjurations of his own disordered brain had created!

Hoffmann, after following for some years music as a profession, commenced his literary career by the publication of a collection of *Fantasiestücke*, or Fancy-pieces, which was followed some time after by the "Devil's Elixir," by a collection of *Nachtstücke* or Night-pieces, by four volumes of tales under the title of *Serapionsbrüder*, by the romantic capriccio called the "Princess Brambilla," by *Meister Floh*, and finally by the *Lebensaussichten des Kater Murr*, or Tom-Cat-Murr's Philosophy of Life. In his Night-pieces, the reader, instead of

meeting, as might be supposed, with scenes streaming with silvery moonlight, finds nought but gloom, occasionally broken by a falling star, a flash of lightning, or the fitful gleams of Jack o' lantern; while in his Fancy-pieces, he finds the world of spirits employed to detect the *doings* of *lifeless* things, and to bring to the light of day the hidden cords with which the happiest of mankind are supposed unconsciously to be bound. His heroes are generally mere copies of the author's self; that is to say, mere psychological curiosities—impersonations, if we may use the expression, of wild intellectual contradictions. The heart-strings of all his creations are as sensitive as an electrometer, and as easily awakened as the cords of an *Æolian* harp, but the effects are not quite so harmonious. Menzel has well said of Hoffmann, that no writer shows in his compositions a greater knowledge of the science of discords.

If, however, throughout the whole writings of Hoffmann, there be displayed too great a love of wildness and *diablerie* of imagination, resulting from their author's natural temperament and from

the stimulants to which he was addicted, there are likewise to be found in them not a few striking and highly characteristic traits of man, combined with many finely coloured pictures of nature, and many wonderful conceptions of mental and supernatural agency. In short, the works of this writer are, with all their faults, the productions of a brain ever sensitive and brilliant—productions which, though they may occasionally call for censure, always excite curiosity. Besides, it must not be forgotten, that he has written two tales which may be said to be almost free from the fantastic quality, *Meister Martin* and *Madame de Scuderi*; the latter known to the English reader, through many translations, and particularly from the little drama of the “Goldsmith,” which is founded upon the story. In the former tale, which is a tradition of ancient Nürnberg, German critics pretend to have discovered a similarity to the style of Sir Walter Scott; while in the latter, we all know, there is to be found the unravelment of a mystery at once so natural and so graphic, as would do credit to any novelist. Upon the whole, however, I believe that the future

fame of Hoffmann will rest on the works written in the peculiar style of which he was the father; since all who delight in wild pictures of the imagination, must ever turn to the intellectual legacies of this writer, and will, amid the flowers of poesy, pardon the phantoms of folly in which their author, unfortunately for his own happiness, too fondly indulged.*

I have alluded above, to some of the more celebrated coffee-houses which form the peculiar delight of the better classes of this capital; but if one is desirous to get a peep of those which are more especially patronised by the working and middle classes, and which may be said to exhibit the manners and tastes of the mass of society, he must visit certain of the well known smoking-houses within the city, and one or other of the extensive flower-gardens beyond the gates. In the *Estaminet* of Wesotzky, for instance, situated in the *Stallschreibergasse*, you

* Hoffmann was born in 1776 at Königsberg, and died at Berlin in 1822. At the period of his death, he was engaged upon a novel called "*Der Feind*," and, it is said, gave up the ghost in the act of dictating to an amanuensis. The music which he composed for La Motte Fouque's "*Undine*" is at once characteristic of that beautifully fanciful production and of himself.

meet with a constant concourse of visitors gazing through clouds of tobacco-smoke, upon the performances of puppets, or listening over reaming tankards of beer, to the improvisation of Jacobi and the rhyming of Hensius; two individuals who, in the eyes of the populace of Berlin, are quite worthy of being placed in the same poetical category with the famous Italian Sgricci.

If you get some notion of the pastime of certain classes, by entering an Estaminet of the description I have just mentioned, it is in one or other of the many flower-gardens which surround the *Thiergarten* (that beautiful park of oak and beech trees, through which alleys for carriages and equestrians, and walks for pedestrians, have been cut in every direction), that you obtain the best idea of the general out-door society of Berlin. Last Sunday we made a tour through a few of the best of those gardens lying in the suburb beyond the Brandenburg gate, and were delighted beyond measure with our visit. The walks and pavilions were crowded by a well-dressed happy people, and exhibited such a mixture of all classes as at once proclaimed the pecu-

liarly democratical complexion of Prussian society. It was indeed delightful to see the mechanic with his whole household pacing up and down these flower-gardens, and entering the many splendid pavilions, where coffee, tea, chocolate, beer, and kaltschale, were to be had for a few pence, with the same nonchalance and happy expression in their faces as were exhibited by their more wealthy and exalted fellow-citizens. Each garden had its own peculiar music: one had a choir of singers; another, a military band; a third, a full orchestra, to the strains of which all seemed peculiarly alive. There was no boisterous mirth, no rude familiarity, no outward indecorum; the conduct of every one was, in fact, characterised by politeness and propriety. What a happy contrast the whole scene afforded to the Sunday beer-swilling, gin-drinking junketings of the working-classes of Britain!

Let it not be supposed when I thus write, that I am insensible to the fact, that underneath this mask of good manners and modesty in the pastimes of the Prussian people, there exists a large portion of libertinism; this I can say, however, for Berlin,

that the vice of incontinence, at least, is not so open here as it is in Paris, nor so disgusting as in London. Every one knows, although he may cast a veil over the fact, that virtue is not the peculiar characteristic of any large town, and more particularly of one in which there is stationed a garrison of young soldiers. If a *liaison dangereuse* was a characteristic of the garden of Eden, is it too much to expect that similar ties should not be now formed in *Teichmann's* flower-garden, or in the oak-shaded walk by which a loving pair may be found wandering toward the beauties of the *Louiseninsel*? Before I came here, I had heard much of the gallantries and immoralities of Berlin, but from what I have since seen, I am inclined to believe that in this respect there is no great difference between the Prussian capital and any other. There are in every place, where crowds of strangers congregate, unfortunately too many Paphian temples; and the only difference between them lies in the mode by which the pilgrim is wooed to the shrine. The Saloon and the Spielhaus are the more common means adopted in London and Amsterdam;

the *Lohnbedienter* and the *Ruffiano* are the usual guides in Berlin and Naples.

In justice to this city, I must say, that I have as yet seen nothing here so openly profligate as Regent-Street after sunset, or Drury-Lane Saloon after half-price. A few poor unfortunates may occasionally be encountered after dark in the Charlottenstrasse and adjoining streets, but by the time that ten o'clock has sounded, there is scarcely an individual of any sort to be met with on the pavé. The streets of this city, long before midnight (with the exception of the successive sentinels that are seen parading in front of the several palaces and public buildings, and who proclaim that the government is one of a military nature), are as solitary and as silent as a church-yard. The fact is, the people of Berlin get their pleasures over in good time, and being an industrious, hard-working population, they find that it is impossible to steal hours from the night without infringing on the business of the morning.

On crossing, the other day, one of the bridges that span the Spree, I was attracted by a book-

stall, which was covered with a large collection of what may be called the vulgar popular literature of the nation; such traditions and histories, for instance, as in England and Scotland, were wont at one time to be hawked through the country by chapmen, and which, notwithstanding the efforts of the learned or the religious to displace them with more wholesome literature, are still bought and greedily perused by the great mass of British peasantry. Aware how much influence such works have in forming the character of a people, I thought I could not devote half an hour more profitably than to look over this Berlin library of entertaining knowledge, and if possible make such a selection from the long list of which it was composed, as would form an index to the ruling tastes and likings of the Prussian people.

In France we find that this species of literature consists either of collections of *ricanneries*, seasoned with libertinism and irreligion, or of diverting adventures similar to those “Du Duc de Roquelaure;” a circumstance sufficiently characteristic of the well-known tastes and practices of the French

people, though perhaps, after all, they are not in this respect much worse than their neighbours. In Britain, and particularly in reading Scotland, you know that the library of the peasant is composed chiefly of such coarse fictions, as the "Exploits of George Buchanan," the histories of "John Cheap the Chapman," "Leper the Tailor," "Lothian Tom," "Paddy from Cork," the "Creelman's Courtship," "Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes," and such like; all of them saturated with indecency, and forming a library of facetiæ which, in spite of the cant of the day about the moral and religious character of the country, prove how much the national humour and peculiarities of the humbler classes of the people, have been and still are imbued with coarseness and indelicacy.

In Prussia, I am inclined to think that the vulgar taste is different, at least if the selection which I made be taken as a criterion; it is clear that there is far less love of the prurient and coarsely humorous about the German people, than among either the French or the British. If we except certain *Haus-Märchen*, or stories founded on superstitious

traditions, which are prevalent in all lands, but are perhaps more so in Germany than anywhere else—such *Kinder* and *Haus-Märchen*, as the brothers Grimm* have collected for the curious,—I would say, that the leading characteristic of the majority of the Prussian popular tracts, is, war and its effects; their heroes being all soldiers, whose love and constancy, with their trials and dangers, during their absence from their lady-loves, form the chief objects of illustration. There may be other popular tracts of a disreputable kind which I have not seen; but among the whole that I met with on the book-stalls of Berlin, I must confess I found not one that I would not have placed in the hands of the most modest female. The heroine of one of the most popular of these Prussian chap-histories, entitled “*Die Schöne Caroline*,” is, in fact, a perfect Pamela.† It has been said, that Prussia is

* The collection of Fairy Tales published by the brothers Grimm in 1819, in three volumes, is one of the most curious and valuable works imaginable. It is surprising to find how many of the tales of the nursery, in all nations and countries, may be traced to one source.

† The writer of these letters has long been desirous that some individual acquainted with the vast variety of the Chap-books of

the Sparta of Germany, and perhaps there is some truth in the remark. It cannot be denied, that here the soldier is looked upon with the highest respect, arising doubtless from the circumstance,

Scotland, would undertake a history of the Vulgar Literature of the country, convinced as he is that nothing would tend more to throw light on the manners and tastes of the great body of the people, during the various stages of Scottish improvement. With the view of contributing to obtain this desideratum, he seized the opportunity which presented itself, during a correspondence with the late Sir Walter Scott in 1830, to urge upon that most amiable antiquarian, the task of writing such a history, and to prefix it as an Introduction to Dugald Graham's (the Glasgow Bellman) History of the Rebellion in 1745, which Sir Walter thought of publishing, as a contribution to the Maitland Club. As a few extracts from the correspondence, may be interesting to those who take pleasure in such pursuits, and as they show besides that Sir Walter thought such publications no bad mirrors of manners, I subjoin the following:—

“Abbotsford, Easter-Monday, 1830.

“I have often entertained the idea of printing, if I could assure myself that the Maitland Club would accept it as a desirable contribution, a correct edition of Graham's Metrical History of the Rebellion. It really contains some traits and circumstances of manners worth preserving. But I am puzzled about two things: first, whether it would be possible to get the use of a copy of the original edition to correct the press by, to be returned carefully, my own being only about 1770; secondly, whether some notices of Graham the author, who was, I think, common cryer of Glasgow, could be yet recovered in his native city. Perhaps you, who are favourable to such studies, can give me some information, in addition to the other favours you have already conferred on yours, &c.

“WALTER SCOTT.”

In reply to this letter, I offered to send Sir Walter the third edition of Graham's work, now in the possession of a gentleman of

that no class is exempt from military service, the noble as well as the boor, and even the king and his sons, being all soldiers. Is it wonderful, therefore, that the vulgar literature of the land should

Glasgow, and agreed to do any thing in my power to pick up the information he required. I then urged upon him the task of writing an Essay on the Vulgar Literature of Scotland, from the circumstance of Graham having been the writer of many of our most popular Chap-stories, while I forwarded to him the copy of an article written by my friend Mr. Motherwell, upon the subject in question. The following was his reply:—

“Edinburgh, 10th May, 1830.

“DEAR SIR,—Your very obliging letter, with an account of Dugald Graham, immediately induced me to give up all thoughts of meddling with him, and leaving the whole subject in the hands of a gentleman so much better acquainted with his history. I had always a suspicion he was a Jacobite, though his rank, as a municipal officer in Glasgow, seemed to render it impossible. Neither had I the least idea of his being the author of so much of our *Bibliothèque Bleue* as you ascribe to him, containing, unquestionably, several coarse but excessively meritorious pieces of popular humour. The *Turnimspike* alone was sufficient to entitle him to immortality. I had, in my early youth, a great collection of these Chap-books, and had six small volumes of them bought before I was ten years old, comprehending most of the more rare and curious of our popular tracts. I would willingly collate any of these, [if] you may think of republishing the *Opera Dugaldi*. I had an idea, that the history of Buckhaven was before his time, but I dare say I am mistaken.

* * *

“I am,

“Dear Sir,

“Yours sincerely,

“WALTER SCOTT.”

I again urged Sir Walter to reconsider the subject, chiefly on the ground, that no man could make the subject interesting but himself, and more especially because none possessed greater facilities for

be imbued with the spirit of the camp and the *caserne*?

The hospitality of the Berliners is not a whit behind that of the Hamburgers, and the pleasure derived from their entertainments is perhaps even superior. The tone of society and conversation is certainly of a more elevated cast, and, strange as it may seem, I have here found more freedom of speech and liberal discussion upon every topic connected with politics and religion, than I ever heard in the *free* city of Hamburg. The truth is, that the tone of good society in Berlin is, in every sense of the word, broadly liberal; for even an English radical of the purest water, can never fail to find friends around the festive board of every class in this educated city. At the present moment, I

obtaining accurate and copious information, or who, to use the words of a friend, "could animate the whole with a spirit of philosophy sufficient to elevate it to the due rank it should hold in the scale of moral and literary inquiry." Sir Walter, however, again declined; and now that he is dead, it is to be feared that, unless Mr. Motherwell, the author of the *Ancient Minstrelsy*, who is by far the best Chap-story antiquarian I know, should be prevailed upon to undertake the task, all hopes of obtaining a History of the Vulgar Literature of Scotland must be abandoned.

can scarcely convey to you by description, the lively sympathy that pervades the general society of Berlin, in favour of the ill-fated and ill-used Poles, or the sacrifices which have been made by individuals for their relief and regeneration. The other day, when dining with one of the leading bankers and merchants of the city, I might have fancied myself, from the freedom of discussion on political subjects, at a dinner-party in Regent-Park, only that the style of the entertainment was more in harmony with that of Paris than with that of London, while the hour of the day (being only three o'clock) was for London even early for lunch. The dinner lasted about two hours, and the variety of wines *sported* was great, but perhaps not more so than one now usually meets with at the houses of the better classes in England. I could not help remarking, however, that in conformity with the continental notion, that Englishmen like nothing but port wine, a bottle of old *bees-winged* Oporto had been specially uncorked in honour of my companion and myself. Our kind host seemed surprised to find, that, contrary to his expectations, we pre-

ferred his *Liebfraumilch* and *Chambertin* to the more national beverage of England. I may mention also, that the same good custom rules a dinner-party in Berlin as in Paris. The wine is all taken either during the dinner or the dessert, while the ladies never leave the gentlemen till both go to the drawing-room together. On rising from the board, I was somewhat struck with the kindliness of the custom which preceded the retiring movement to the anti-room. The host saluted his wife and the other ladies with a kiss, which was instantly followed by the other male guests. I may merely add, that with all the admiration which my companion and myself felt for the beauty of several of the fair guests, we could not so far get over our national *mauvaise honte*, as to enable us to do the *amiable* with grace, by thus kissing in public! By-the-by, the ladies of Berlin look particularly *spirituelle*, and are not quite so clumsy as the fair *Hamburgers*. In their style of dress, they imitate that of Paris and London, and perhaps the fair promenaders of the Linden only differ from those of the gardens of the *Thuilleries* and of Kensington, by

being less elegant than the former, and less lovely than the latter. At this season of the year, there are few or no evening parties in Berlin, but during the winter, I am told, they are very numerous; so that the rich and fashionable are at no loss for amusement. Independent altogether of the excitement afforded by the dance, the exquisite music which is heard at these entertainments, offers, above all, the greatest attraction to a stranger devoted to the harmony of sweet sounds. As the male and female musical amateurs here know that they can never charm their guests with mere ballad-singing, it often happens, that there are just as good operas given in the Berlin drawing-room as in the Berlin opera-house.

Before leaving this subject, I must not omit to mention, that there is, perhaps, no city in the world, whose educated population has been drawn from so many different countries as Berlin. This circumstance necessarily gives a very cosmopolitan character to its whole society and mode of life. The example shown by Frederick the Great, in attracting men of learning, science, and art, to his

capital, has been pursued by his successor; and I am told that the memorable remark made by Voltaire to the King, while residing at *Sans-Souci*, may still be repeated to many a man *born* in Berlin, "Your Majesty is the only *foreigner* amongst us!"

Although I have been lavish in my praise of such entertainments as I have been invited to since my arrival here, I am led to believe, from all I have heard, that there is less luxury in the domestic *manege* of the Berliner, than is to be met with among the inhabitants of almost any other city of its size in Europe. With the exception of the noblesse, the diplomatists, and bankers, the great portion of even the better class of the inhabitants of Berlin live in, comparatively speaking, small though comfortable houses. The King himself shows an example of frugality in this respect, being content to live in a house not so good as those of many wealthy London merchants. From a recent official return of the valued rent, I find that out of the whole lodgings of this city, more than one-fourth part pay less than 30, and rather more than one-half from 30 to 50 dollars of annual rent;

while there are not quite five hundred that pay from 500 to 1000, and not forty which pay 1000. There are not twenty houses in Berlin that are rented at from 1200 to 1500 thalers, or sums averaging from £180 to £225 a-year! It may perhaps be interesting to know, that the whole rent of the 41,037 lodgings of Berlin, amounted only in 1824 to 3,657,690 thalers, or about £600,000.

If the houses of the Berliners be generally plain, the same economical taste is conspicuous in some other things, and particularly in their equipages. Carriages, with the exception of droschkis and britschkas, are not common, and even the latter are by no means numerous. The King himself is more frequently seen on foot or on horseback, than in a carriage; and although I have met the Princes frequently on the streets, I never saw them in any thing better than a single-horse droschki.

Before closing this epistle, I must tell you, that I went this morning to get a panoramic view of the city, from the summit of the tower of the *Marienkirche*, the position of all others from which a Berlin Asmodeus might most conveniently point out to

any inquisitive Don Cleophas, what was passing in the habitations below. The prospect from this point is certainly very extensive, and gives just such a map-like idea of the town, as one obtains of London from St. Paul's; with this difference, that the scene is not here limited by clouds of coal-smoke. Such bird's-eye views of many cities I have seen, but I have never found them very satisfactory. The true way to see Berlin, is not from a height, but from the streets themselves; and strange though it may seem to be, not under the glare of sunshine, but under the soft and silvery gleam of moonlight. The other night, attracted by a sky that will be best described by saying, that it resembled the very finest moonlight by Vernet—a sky whose blue dome was here and there spotted by a few light clouds, that seemed like fairy messengers bearing news from clime to clime,—I sallied forth, a little after ten o'clock, to take a solitary ramble along the Linden and the adjoining streets. The splendid colonnades, and bold projections of the public buildings in this quarter of the city, stood out in striking relief; while all the smaller details were

lost amid deep and dark shadow. The leading architectural lines were all there seen, gleaming in silvery light; while the adjuncts were left to be filled up by that first architect of all—the imagination. What a glorious impulse a silent and sleeping city gives to the mind at a moment like this—the splendid monuments of man's rearing, looking even more splendid, when associated with the unconsciousness of those within their walls! It is amid such a scene as that which now met my eye, that the past ever best contrasts itself with the present. What a flood of recollections rushed on my mind, as I gazed upon the splendid Arsenal on the one hand, and the simple private palace of the King on the other; the one proving the key-note to each campaign of the mighty Frederick and his successor, while the other recalled chiefly the fate of a favourite, patriotic, and broken-hearted Queen, whose high and noble mind could never brook the insults heaped upon Prussia, after the battle of Jena! How many an anxious look, methought, did that noble personage send down from the window of her little bedroom (which still remains

in the condition in which she left it, with its gold toilet and plain Bible) upon the opposite building, in which were centred her last hopes of saving her country! As I wandered onward towards the Spree, how striking did the contrast appear between the gorgeous temple of art, and the more solemn temple of God! And when I reached the *Schlossbrücke*, and contrasted the sparkling ripple of the river, with the monstrous old Royal Palace, which threw its dark shadow over the stream, I could not help acknowledging the glittering but fleeting nature of all that is human; and as I continued to gaze upon this most striking portion of the moonlit city, I was forced to confess how far more sublime a story the river Spree invariably tells, than even the mighty edifice of royalty, associated though it be, with all the glorious deeds of the House of Brandenburg. The river has babbled on to the sea amid the changes of tongues and dynasties; and it will continue to do so, even when the palace shall have ceased to cast its shadow on its bosom, or although the city which now environs it should become as desolate as Palmyra!

While indulging in such reveries, which to you may appear absurd, but which the sight of the Royal Palace of Prussia, and the recollection of the various fortunes of its successive masters, unconsciously engendered, I was awakened from my musing, by the harsh voice of the sentinel exclaiming, "Who goes there?" I of course answered, "A friend;" but the guttural reply which followed, calling on me to move on quickly, reminded me I was here no friend, but a foreigner; and as I turned my eye to the blue dome above, and beheld the clouds chasing each other in their westward course, I could not help breathing the same sentiment which Schiller has put into the mouth of Mary, Queen of Scots, when she says,

"Eilende Wolken! Segler der Lüfte!
Wer mit euch wanderte mit euch schiffte!
Grüset mir freundlich mein Jugendland!"

But since these wandering clouds, and these sailors of the sky, cannot at present be my messengers, I must e'en greet you by some other less poetical, but more certain Mercury—in plain prose, by the postman, who is now fortunately at the door of our hotel.

LETTER XIII.

Berlin a desirable home for the Literary and Scientific—Litterateurs of the Past—Remarkable living Writers—Interview with Langbein—his Writings—Philip Kaufmann—the successful Translator of Shakspeare and Burns—Raupach—the first Dramatic Writer of Berlin—his Raphael—Von Raumer—the Historian of the Hohenstauffen—Censorship of the Prussian Press—more severe of late—its evil effects—Professor Gans—great popularity of his Lectures on Modern History—Chamisso the author of Peter Schlemihl—Dr. Mitscherlich the celebrated Chemist—the University of Berlin—valuable Geological Museum—Alexander Von Humboldt—the Royal Library.

BERLIN, 1831.

THERE is no city in Germany where literature and science are more valued and patronised than in Berlin, and nowhere else do we meet, in general society, with a greater number of literary and scientific men. I have already been fortunate in making the acquaintance of several of the most celebrated, to whom also, I dare say, you will have no objection to be introduced. Berlin, since the days of the

Great Frederick, has always been a desirable home for the man of letters; for though the taste shown for philosophical discussion by that monarch, doubtless gave a more Gallic tone to the literature of his day, yet it certainly encouraged a very fearless advocacy of truth. The past history of the city, therefore, will always be associated with the names of Gleim, Kleist, and Ramler, who have been so well designated the Anacreon, the Tyrtæus, and the Horace of Germany—with Moses Mendelsohn, Teller, and Spalding, the founders of a most liberal, theoretical and practical philosophy—with Busching, one of the greatest geographers of his day—and, though last not least, with Lessing the parent of the first legitimate offspring of the dramatic muse of Germany.*

The first living literary character to whom I shall now introduce you, is *A. F. E. Langbein*, perhaps one of the most voluminous writers of his time. To this venerable but hale litterateur, I had a letter of introduction. On consulting the Directory, for the purpose of paying my respects to him,

* Lessing was born at Kamenz in 1729, and died in 1781.

I found that his address was *Unter den Linden*. But when I reached his domicile, I discovered by the number of stairs I had to climb, that, like most authors, instead of living under the *lime trees*, he dwelt far above them. On ringing the bell, an old wizened-faced female opened a small pannel of the door, which was grated, and eyeing me with something like suspicion, inquired what I wanted. I explained, as well as I could, the object of my visit, and soon obtained admission. I may as well tell you, that this seeming care to prevent intrusion, arose from M. Langbein being the government censor for the theatre, which made circumspection necessary in the admission of strangers, even were it only to avoid the infliction of listening to the cavils and objections of the *genus irritabile vatum*, whose works he has had under review. The apartment into which I was ushered, was, like that of most literary men, void of all order, a great many books and papers being scattered about the tables, among which I observed a variety of *Taschenbücher*, or annuals, a class of works to which Langbein has ever been a most industrious contributor.

I waited but a few moments, till the author himself made his appearance, and with a frankness of manner that was delightful, saluted me as if I had been an old friend. Indeed I could scarcely conceal a smile when the little old man tripped into the room, and, with the greatest cordiality and kindness, held out his hand to welcome me.

The best picture I can give you of Langbein, is to say, that he is the very impersonation of one of his own *Schwänke* or Jokes. In stature, he forms the most exact antithesis to one's idea of the great Frederick's grenadiers, being scarcely five feet in height, while his slender corpus is the very counterpart of the round, plump, paunchy figure of his own *Herr Von Pampel!* * He is upwards of seventy years of age; but his eye, in spite of its long familiarity with the lamp, seems to have lost but little of its lambent sharpness. There is an archness about his mouth, which at once proclaims his love of Momus, and you discover occasionally the leer that bespeaks the salacious spirit of a Casti. Our conversation naturally turned upon

* The hero of Langbein's tale of *Thomas Kellerwurm*.

his own works, at least upon those with which I was acquainted; and he seemed highly pleased to learn that certain of them were not unknown in England. I told him I had translated two or three of his *Schwänke*, but hinted, at the same time, that I was prevented from continuing the task, from these Jokes being combined with too much of the indelicate gallantry of his prototype Boccacio. He smiled at this proof of English prudery, and asked with a sarcastic smile, if Smollett and Sterne were now forgotten in Britain. He then inquired if I had translated his *Bieresel* or Drunkard, which he considered his best story. I was obliged to confess, that from its numerous animated descriptions in verse, I was unable to do it justice. The allusion to versification, naturally made Langbein talk of his ballads and other poetical pieces, of which he seems more proud than of any thing he has written; and I discovered, that, out of the many hundreds of these which he has published, he appeared to be most in love with "*die Goldene Gans*," or "Golden Goose." I could not help thinking, when he said so, how frequently it happens

that authors, like other parents, show the greatest partiality for their rickety offspring. In his anxiety to extend the fame of this poem, he presented me with a copy of it, and hinted that its translation would do him much service. Perhaps you may get our friend Mr. Moir to undertake the task, when he has nothing better to do. Langbein tells me, that he is now busily engaged in preparing a complete edition of his works, which, were it not for the feverish anxiety about the progress of cholera, which seems at present to paralyse every project, would have been sent to press some months ago. To give you some idea of the extent of Langbein's literary labours, I may add, that his collected works are alleged to extend to thirty volumes.*

Having thus described the oldest living literary man of Berlin, I shall now introduce to your notice one of the youngest. The personage I mean, is *Mr. Philip Kaufmann*; a gentleman to whose polite attention during our stay here, my friend

* Since the writer was in Berlin, Langbein has paid the debt of nature.

and myself are under a deep debt of gratitude. I have already hinted to you, that in Germany the beauties and mysteries of Shakspeare, are perhaps more generally appreciated and more fondly prized than they are in the land of his nativity. This is, however, not to be wondered at, when it is recollected, not only that the beings of his creative fancy are at this hour actually dividing the possession of the German stage, with the heroes of all the other dramatists of the world; but that his plays form, as it were, a perpetual text-book for the ablest critics, Göthe, Tieck, Schlegel, and Börne having successively made them the themes of acute critical analysis. The literature of this country, boasts of several translations of the "Bard of Avon;" of which those by Schlegel and Tieck are the most celebrated. But another translator, and one, too, who seems destined to share with his gifted predecessors the fame which they have so justly acquired in this particular walk, has appeared in the person of my friend Mr. Kaufmann, whose knowledge of the English language is only surpassed by his acquaintanceship with our best poets. For some

years, this young enthusiast has been drinking deep of the spirit of England's early dramatists, and particularly of that of Shakspeare. Imbued with a passion for exhibiting to his countrymen the very *nuances* and niceties of Shakspeare's colloquies, and knowing that these have, in several instances at least, been lost in passing from one language into the other, he has boldly undertaken the task of re-translating some of his more striking dramas. The first fruits of his labours, which has just been published, is "Macbeth;" and the best praise of it which perhaps can be offered, is, that it has received not only the unqualified approbation of Göthe, but has also banished the translation of Voss from the stage of Berlin. I have compared several of the more striking passages of the German with the English original, and it is only doing justice to Mr. Kaufmann to say, that I never met with a more correct, spirited, and, at the same time, close translation of any work whatever. In the more obscure, and sometimes mysterious passages of this superb play, Kaufmann's genius appears to rise with the difficulty, and to overcome it. The

German reader, in fact, while examining this translation, obtains even a deeper and clearer insight into the misty meaning of portions of the original, and rises from the perusal with an increased admiration of the immortal dramatist, whose genius consisted in reflecting from his rich and lucid mind the actually moving, breathing, party-coloured, and Protean world. On comparing, also, Mr. Kaufmann's translation of Macbeth with that of Schiller, it will not be denied, that the former is destined to correct many of the false notions that were engendered, from imagining that the *rifacciamento* of that play by the author of Wallenstein, was a correct transcript of Shakspeare's drama.

To you, who take so deep an interest in observing the more celebrated portions of English literature bursting their *vulgate* bond, and crossing the comparatively limited frontiers of the language in which they are written, it will not be uninteresting to know, that Mr. Kaufmann, in the intervals of translating Shakspeare, is also engaged in a translation of Burns. Among the poets of modern days, there are none more likely to obtain a cosmopolitan

reputation, than the Scottish bard. Nature and truth were the goddesses he delighted to worship; and the hymns of his sacred service, being the hymns of the heart, to which every human bosom can respond, they are adapted for every tongue and every people. This may be said most emphatically of his songs, which were all impassioned breathings of the heart, and therefore can never fail to awaken the sympathies of every soul, whether these breathings be conveyed in the energetic vocables of the "Land of Oaks," or in the voluptuous vulgate of Ausonia. In Germany, the Ayrshire bard has been for several years known and admired, even though seen through the domino of an indifferent translation. To transfer poetry of any description from one tongue to another, requires abilities of no ordinary kind; but it has ever appeared to me, that to translate *lyric* poetry, demands a spirit in the translator equal to that of its original author. The beauty of a sentiment conveyed in this species of poetry, frequently depends on some mere point of expression, upon the music of a monosyllable, or the harmony of a rhyme,

upon the peculiarity of an idiom, or the mere succession of sounds; and to find *equivalents* for these in another tongue, requires, indeed, no little tact and taste in a translator. Germany, whatever may have been the deficiencies of her former versions of Burns, has now, however, the prospect of becoming more intimately acquainted with his beauties through the labours of Kaufmann, who has already proceeded some length with his translations. From the manuscript specimens shown me, I do not hesitate to say, that the young German has entered into the spirit of the original, with all a poet's feeling. That this opinion is well founded, will appear from the translation of the simple song of "My Heart's in the Highlands," which I send for your special delectation, as well as that of every German-English scholar.

" Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist nicht hier,
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Hochland, bei dir,
Auf der Jagd, nach dem Hirsch, auf der Jagd, nach dem Reh,
Mein Herz ist im Hochland, wohin ich auch geh.
Fahr wohl, du mein Hochland, fahr wohl, du mein Nord,
Du Heimath des Muthes, der Tapferkeit Ort.
Wohin ich auch wandre, wohin, allerwärts,
In den Bergen des Hochlands bleibt ewig mein Herz.

Fahrt wohl, ihr Gebirge, Nordglänzender Schnee,
 Fahrt wohl, grüne Thäler am bläulichen See,
 Fahrt wohl, dunkle Wälder, wildhängende Huth,
 Ihr stürmenden Bäche, lautbraussende Fluth.
 Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Herz ist nicht hier;
 Mein Herz ist im Hochland, mein Hochland bei dir;
 Auf der Jagd, nach dem Hirsch, auf der Jagd, nach dem Reh;
 Mein Herz ist im Hochland, wohin ich auch geh.”*

After a careful perusal of the above specimen, I am sure that every reader of German will join me in wishing that Mr. Kaufmann may soon be able to complete his labours; while our Scottish friends may rejoice, that the fame of their favourite bard

* To enable German scholars to institute a more correct comparison between the English and the German, the original song of Burns is subjoined:—

“My heart’s in the Highlands—my heart is not here—
 My heart’s in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart’s in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands—farewell to the North—
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth!
 Wherever I wander—wherever I rove—
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover’d with snow—
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods—
 Farewell to the torrents, and loud-pouring floods!
 My heart’s in the Highlands—my heart is not here—
 My heart’s in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart’s in the Highlands wherever I go.”

is now in a fair way of being extended over the north of Europe.

In speaking of the successful translator of Shakspeare, I am naturally led to mention a rather successful imitator of the historical plays of the British Bard. The individual I mean is *Ernst Raupach*, who, by his tragedies, has extended the fame of German family feuds, as much as Shakspeare has done those of the Houses of York and Lancaster. Whatever may be said against this poetical mode of conveying historical occurrences to the people, it will not be denied that not a few in England have acquired a greater acquaintanceship with the history of their country from Shakspeare than from Hume, just as the less educated of the Germans have acquired historical lore rather from the plays of Schiller, Immermann, and Raupach, than from the histories of Müller and Von Raumer. I had a letter of introduction for Raupach, who resides here; but unfortunately when I called the other day, I learned he was out of town. I am told he is a man of about forty-five years of age, and is looked upon here as one of the ablest and most

successful dramatic writers in Germany. He has every facility of obtaining for his dramatic works a fair hearing on the Berlin stage, for which he may be said to be a privileged author. The Berliner is constantly instituting a comparison between his works and those of Grillparzer; and, as may easily be supposed, it uniformly happens, that national partiality procures for the works of the former, a decided preference over those of the latter. His late drama entitled "Raphael," caused, on its appearance, a considerable sensation. The subject is founded on a Greek story, and is replete with sentiments of genuine liberty. To this circumstance, and to the almost universal interest felt for the independence of Greece, may perhaps be attributed its signal success. How delightful to the philanthropist, if the same love of freedom could be enjoined through the dramatic heroes of the North; or if Raupach and Grillparzer could urge independence upon Germany, through the creations of their muse! But, alas! the policy of the Continental crowned heads cannot yet permit their poets to instruct them in their duty. The

tragic muse never flatters, and hence despots dare not allow the scenic representation of truth.

Of the many literary men who reside in Berlin, and of the few justly entitled to a European reputation, I cannot resist mentioning with respect, the learned and able historian of the "Family of the Hohenstauffen," *Frederick Von Raumer*. In reviewing the transactions of Europe, there is perhaps no period so replete with varied incident and striking events, as the two hundred years which this gentleman has so well illustrated in his history. The period I mean, is that which commences with the reign of Frederick Barbarossa, and ends with the cruel fate of Conradin—a period in which the temporal supremacy of the Church formed a constant bond of contention between Popes and Emperors, and in which also the republics of Italy and the free cities of Germany rose into importance—a period characterised by the heterodoxy of the Albigenses, certainly the first impulse given to the Reformation—by the establishment of the Inquisition, and the institution of Knight Templars—by the incursion of the Tartars, under Gengis Khan,

into the East of Europe—by the commencement of the Crusades, and by all the immediately subsequent events associated with the transactions of Saladin and Richard Cœur De Lion, of Popes Gregory VII. and Innocent III., of Frederick Barbarossa, and Henry the Lion. The unwearied industry and indefatigable perseverance which Von Raumer bestowed in collecting materials, and in examining documents to enable him to write this truly Ghibeline history, has won for him the highest esteem and applause from all who can value such pursuits; and they afford another proof, among the many, of the peculiarly characteristic qualities of the German mind for the investigation and elucidation of truth. Von Raumer is about forty-five years of age, of short stature, with a countenance which bespeaks thoughtfulness rather than genius. There is a soberness of demeanour about him, indicating a philosophical rather than an imaginative disposition, though his clear gray eye at once marks the sharp and inquisitive turn of his intellect. The acute, industrious qualities of Von Raumer's mind, having early attracted the

attention of Von Hardenberg, he was employed by that well-known Prussian minister, in his own private cabinet, and had the honour of assisting the reforming statesman in working out the details of some of his most important and ameliorating measures. There, he became acquainted with the practical working of courts, a circumstance which no doubt proved most useful to him in his after historical researches. Von Raumer ultimately left Berlin, but has again returned to it, and is now one of the Board of Censors, a situation which, from his liberal opinions, and from the present unpopular nature of the office, I should think can be no great pleasure to him. It is in fact slyly hinted, that he himself is secretly opposed to the censorship, and though strictly a conservatist, is not blind to the folly of first training a people by education for free discussion, and then poisoning or damming back the sources from which they are to derive the materials of thought and study.

The censorship of the press in Prussia, has been of late much more strict than it was wont to be; and this circumstance is at present creating

considerable discontent among all who sympathise with the movement party over the world. The prohibition of new books and periodicals, since the events of the celebrated "Three Days" at Paris, has been carried to a great extent; and the Government, by their evident dread of the slightest allusions to liberal sentiments in the newspapers, exhibit a great want of confidence in the people, which I do not think the opinions or feelings of the people at all warrant. The attempt to carry restriction so far as is now wished, is equally absurd and impolitic, since it may often produce the very contrary effects to those intended. From the jealousies which exist between the various States of Germany, a book which is prohibited in one kingdom, may be printed in another, and hence a greater importance is attached to a proscribed work than it might otherwise deserve. The Prussian Government, too, by the fears they thus evince at the progress of public opinion, are not only showing a dread of their own subjects, but they deprive the people of the most efficient means of combating any objections against the Govern-

ment, which may be introduced to the notice of the nation through the printing-presses of their neighbours.

While on the subject of historians, I must not omit to mention, that when I was the other day in the *Börsenhalle*—where certainly one meets with abundance of foreign liberal papers*—I was introduced to the celebrated liberal *Professor Gans*, whose lectures in the University, on Modern History, have produced no little sensation among all classes of the community, not even excepting the Government, whose jealousy is seldom roused by such means. To find, in such a city as Berlin, twelve or fifteen hundred students, many of them belonging to the garrison, anxiously listening to lectures on the best principles of government, and those principles of a democratic quality,—is a striking feature of the times, and shows a spirit of liberality on the part of the authorities, singu-

* In the Berlin *Börsenhalle*—to which a stranger can be introduced by a subscriber—are found all the leading newspapers in Europe. Here I found the London Times, Morning Chronicle, and Courier—the Constitutionelle in harmony with the Allgemeine Zeitung—the Wiener Beobachter with the Journal du Commerce.

larly at variance with the present heavy restrictions on the press. It can only be accounted for, on the German principle of supporting academic freedom of discussion.

Among the letters of introduction which my friend Wurm of Hamburgh has given me, I found one for *Ludolph Chamisso*, the great Naturalist, but better known by his strange and original literary work entitled "Peter Schlemihl." I must confess I felt some curiosity to see the author of the "Man who had lost his Shadow," and whose fame, from this little philosophical novel, has become almost European. I regret, however, that I have not yet been able to get a glimpse of him in *propria persona*, although the lithographed *shadow* of his fine head and flowing hair, forms a common ornament to many of the print-shop windows of this city. This portrait certainly gives one an idea of his dreamy mind, but it cannot at all be said to indicate any thing of that determined character, which one would conceive should so necessarily belong to a man who has braved the dangers of a three years' voyage in search of a north-west passage. Cha-

misso is a French emigrant, but may now be said to be a naturalised German. He came, with other members of his family, to Berlin, at the first breaking out of the French Revolution; and although he has once or twice re-visited France for some time, he seems now to have chosen for life his adopted country. He is attached to the Botanical Garden, where he pursues his natural history inquiries with all the enthusiasm which belongs to his nature. He is now about fifty years of age.

On the second day after my arrival in Berlin, having accidentally popped in to Jagor's to dinner, I was not long seated, before a tall figure, with a most benignant countenance, walked in and took his seat at a little distance from me. The face, I thought, I must have seen before, and my eye invariably turned towards that direction to clear up the mystery: after a few inquisitive looks, which were also returned by the individual on whom I gazed, we simultaneously rose from our seats, and approaching, recognised each other as old acquaintances. The individual whom I thus accidentally met, was no other than *Dr. Mitscherlich*, the cele-

brated Chemist, and Professor of that science in the University of this city, and whom I had formerly known in Scotland. The Doctor, you are aware, was a favourite pupil of Berzelius, and has gained for himself a reputation almost equal to his great master. He has completed a system, which ascertains the component proportions of salts by their crystalline form, and has thus made crystallography an exponent of the truth of the atomic theory. Of late, the Doctor's fame has been greatly increased by his success in making artificial rocks. In fact, he has produced, by chemical process, many minerals similar to those found in nature; and geologists, here and elsewhere, are looking anxiously for the result of a series of experiments which he is at present making, connected with this most interesting science. His chemical lectures have gained some fame for the University, and brought not a little advantage to himself. Having been his guide to several of the most extensive iron-works in the West of Scotland, he took a very deep interest in the details I gave him of the valuable discovery of smelting iron with the

hot-blast, a discovery which had been made since his visit to Britain, and which promises to render Scotland as famous for the production of that mineral as any other country in the world.

The Doctor has been particularly attentive to us, and was so polite as to become our Cicerone to several of the literary lions of Berlin. Among others, he introduced us to those of the University. The building which is now devoted to the teaching of philosophy and science, was formerly the palace of Prince Henry of Prussia. In the year 1809, his present Majesty, in carrying forward the new state reforms, removed the University from Halle to the capital, a circumstance which has operated greatly to the advantage of Berlin as a literary city.* The palace has been converted into class and lecture-rooms, and halls for museums of zoology and mineralogy, of anatomy and comparative anatomy; while the ground behind the palace, has been made a small botanical garden. Like the practice in our Scottish colleges, the professors and

* Halle has been again restored, and is now one of the best Universities in Europe, particularly for the study of theology.

the students live in the town, not within the walls of the University, and the lectures are open to all, upon the payment of a small fee. The professors are appointed and paid by Government, and have salaries, besides their fees, of not less than £250 a-year. There are at present 45 regular professors—35 extraordinary, and 30 private teachers. The students amount to from 1600 to 1700, of whom, at least 400 are foreigners. The competition, which is created by several teachers delivering lectures on the same subject, produces a ceaseless and unwearied diligence on the part of the professors, in the pursuit of each particular branch of philosophy and science, and renders this University at present one of the most rising schools in the world. The experiment between the advantage of teaching the higher branches of education in a crowded capital, and in some quiet village, has been here tried, and has proved far more successful in the former than the latter. The one has produced at least equally eminent scholars as the other, while the rude and filthy habits peculiar to the *Burschenschaft* of many of

the smaller German universities, have given way before the more elegant modes and manners of a capital. The academic freedom which exhibits itself in small towns, by means of drinking, smoking, squabbling, and duelling, and which gives an air of importance to those who indulge in such pastimes, when contrasted with the life of a set of sober shopkeepers, is totally lost amid the uncontrolled and varied pastimes of such a city as this. The ways of the world are learned too at a period when man is first called to act for himself, and when knowledge is sought not so much to make one acquainted with what has been and is, as with what one ought to be. Our two ancient monkish establishments in England, with their high church bigotry, and aristocratic exclusiveness, will bear no comparison with the enlightened and liberal seminary of Berlin, in fitting men for the duties of the world.

When visiting the University, I was particularly interested in the rich and valuable geological collections which have been presented to the Natural History Museum, by Alex. Von Humboldt, whose

public prelections, while resident in this city, have ever proved highly attractive to all classes and to both sexes. There is probably no individual connected with Prussia, that is here regarded with more respect than this distinguished traveller; and, in truth, there is no wonder, especially if it be considered how much he has added to the general stock of real knowledge. Humboldt, in journeying through distant and unknown lands, looked not at the magnificence and the garniture of the earth, with the astonished gaze of a mere locomotive wanderer, or the passing glance of a flying courier; he regarded nature with the eye of a true and patient philosopher, and brought the powers of an acute and highly cultivated intellect to bear upon the wonderful phenomena of the natural world, so as to draw from these phenomena, deductions at once curious and valuable. The Prussian traveller looked with the eye of a profound astronomer, as intently upon the splendid vault of a southern hemisphere, as he did with the keen glance of a practised botanist, upon the magnificent vegetables of the tropical regions.

He traversed the elevated table-lands of the Andes, with the curiosity of the naturalist; and explored the majestic solitudes of the Cordilleras of Quito, with all the patient and fatiguing perseverance of an enthusiastic geologist. And while he swept along the vast expanse of the Atlantic, with its circling currents, and navigated, as it were, the expansive margin of the Pacific, he did so by means of a full acquaintanceship with the grand principles of physical science, and with a mind bent upon extending, by personal and precise experiment, the boundaries of human knowledge. The collections made by Humboldt, which have been deposited in the Berlin University, may on this account be said to be unique.

The Royal Library of Berlin is considered one of the best in Germany, not so much perhaps for its rarities, as for the extent of the collection. Being privileged to receive a copy of every new work published in Germany, you may easily guess the immense addition which it obtains on the return of every Leipsic fair. The library is particularly rich in books of voyages and travels; and

I understand there is scarcely a work of this description in any European language, that is not to be found in the Berlin collection. Through the taste and assiduity of the Prussian Ambassador, Von Diez, formerly at Constantinople, upwards of 16,000 volumes of Oriental literature have been added to the library, besides a valuable collection of Persian and Indian manuscripts.

Aware of your peculiar bibliomaniac propensities, and being myself somewhat infected with the Bannatyne and Maitland Club mania, I dedicated a forenoon to the principal curiosities of the library, and the result of my investigation I will now shortly detail to you. The first rarity presented to me, was the manuscript of Martin Luther's Bible, from which the original Protestant edition of the Scriptures was printed. I was then shown Luther's own Bible, which was printed about the year 1494, at Brescia. It contains only the Old Testament. The identical Bible used by Charles I. on the scaffold, was next exhibited; how such a relic of political martyrdom got here, I could not discover, and perhaps it is not now of much consequence to

learn. Among the many beautiful Missals in the library, I was particularly struck with one which was presented to Louis the German, the grandson of Charlemagne, about the year 885. The painted initial letters are really magnificent. A Diptichon of the fifth century, is also a very great curiosity, and shows a knowledge of art, by no means indicative of the dark ages. The ivory on which the figures are cut, is about fourteen inches long and about six broad. It is said to be the oldest work of this kind in the world. Talking of art, I may mention, that there is here a splendid album, containing full-length portraits of the heroes of the Reformation. This is indeed a beautifully illuminated work, and to those imbued with the *philosophy* of Lavater, it cannot fail to give delight, and, at the same time, a thorough insight into the characters of the wonderful men of that period. Among the more modern works, is one entitled "*Von Kriegs-sachen und Regimenten*," which pleased me very much. It contains a very fine collection of portraits, amongst others, of Charles V. and his most celebrated Captains.

Such are a few of the curiosities of the Berlin Library; but as I have already hinted, the value of this collection arises, not from rare works, but from the vast extent of so large a congregated mass of human genius and learning.

Before closing this epistle, I must not forget to mention, that a society, in some respects similar to our Maitland and Bannatyne Clubs, has been lately formed, under the peculiar patronage of Stein, the Minister of State. This society—the principal object of which, is the publication of the ancient chronicles and annals of Prussia, known to have been lying for centuries buried in the libraries of Vienna and the Vatican, in the palaces of the Barberini and Chigi, and in the various conventual repositories of Germany and Italy—lately commenced its valuable labours, and has already, under the superintendence of Niebuhr, Dr. Pertz, the Archbishop of Cologne, and other well-known antiquarians, sent forth five most curious volumes of *Annales Germanorum Antiquissimi*. I would advise you to add this work to your collection, as a worthy companion to your copy of Rymer's *Fœdera*.

LETTER XIV.

German Politics—theoretically correct in notions of Government—Effects of the Parisian “Three Days” on Bavaria, Baden, and Hesse-Darmstadt—Prussia but little affected by the Political Storm of July 1830—limited to a Tailors’ Riot at Berlin, and a Commotion of Workmen at Elberfeldt—growing feeling in Prussia for a more responsible Government—but little sympathy with the Ultra-movement Party of Paris—in spite of the Restrictions on the Press, and the growing desire for a Representative Government, Prussia upon the whole not discontented with her present Condition—arising from the Monarchy being one of the most Paternal in the World—Reforms introduced by his present Majesty—Municipal System purely Democratical—Municipal Government of Berlin—Prussian Government anti-aristocratical—leading Men chiefly belonging to the Middle Classes—although an irresponsible Monarchy, it exhibits the spirit of an economical Democracy—late State Reforms gave a great stimulus to Trade—Cotton Manufactures—Dyeing and Printing—Iron Manufactures—Agriculture and Wool-growing—Linen Manufacture—Roads—Increase of Traders—Intellectual advancement—Flourishing Condition of Prussia—Commercial League—Education based on Christianity, but free from the Domination of any particular Sect—the Religious Tenets of the Prussian People—less Religious Animosity than in Britain—favourable to a National System of Education—Number of Elementary Schools—Gymnasias and Universities—Every Prussian a Soldier—peculiar feature of the Prussian Army—District Physicians appointed for the Poor—very favourable Circumstances of the Prussian People, and comparatively contented Feelings of the Nation—Power of an educated and armed Nation to will its own Government.

BERLIN, 1831.

DEEPLY interested, as I know you to be, in general politics, it is natural to suppose that you

look forward with some anxiety to the consequences of that political fever, which may be said to have been cradled into being in France, through the fifteen years' progressive tendency towards despotism manifested by the Bourbons, and which bursting forth in July 1830, swept over Belgium, Germany, and Poland, even to the confines of Russia. I have, therefore, endeavoured, and will endeavour to discover, as far as a passing traveller can be expected to do, the peculiar effects which that *coup d'état* has had on the States through which I am at present journeying. That the old despotic governments have all been more or less affected by the political storm, and that Europe must ultimately be benefited by its purifying power, I think will not even be denied by the most bigoted abettor of the ancient system. It has certainly given a shock to absolutism and aristocracy, from which neither are likely to recover; it has preached a warning lesson to sovereigns to make common cause with their subjects; and it has exhibited to the world, the mighty, the irresistible power of the democratic principle, when emanating from a united people.

I need scarcely tell one so well versed in European politics as you, that nowhere have more beneficial political changes been effected during the last twenty years, than in Germany, and particularly in Prussia. While busied with war, and suffering under misfortune, the German mind occupied itself for years only with the thought of self-preservation; but since the establishment of peace, the cultivation of the arts of peace has been pursued with all the zeal and enthusiasm of the German character. An ardent devotion to literary pursuits has of course been widely developed, and this passion has naturally produced its concomitant—the love of liberty. The spirit thus engendered, only required to be unchained to produce effects of the most ameliorating description. It may be said to have been in some measure let loose during the past year, and its effects are already abundantly visible. They speak a warning voice to those monarchs who would much longer persist in depriving their subjects of the rights which belong to them, and which must not be denied to men *capable* of understanding and appreciating their value.

Germany, among all the nations of Europe, is perhaps the most *theoretically* correct in her notions of government, and hence, of all others, she has been most beneficially affected by the result of “the Three Days of July.” Her population, it is true, has not been thrown into a whirlpool of revolution, like that of Belgium, but she has shown, by the universal sympathy evinced in favour of that great *coup d’etat*, that the sons of every corner of her soil are nearly unanimous in their wish for rational freedom, as well as in their anxiety for such constitutions as will not only control the tyranny of the few, who rule at the expense of the many, but free the industrious classes from the pressure of those burdens which absolutism ever requires to impose, in order to preserve its unjust dominion. Germany, in fact, has discovered her own strength—a gigantic strength certainly, if taken in all its ramifications—but she has had the sense to wait her time, and may possibly, by doing so, allow her governors an opportunity of preventing those evils that must inevitably arise from a nation and its sovereign being found constantly in antiposition.

The anxiety for constitutional rights in Germany, may perhaps be best illustrated by the fact, that at this moment, in every State where there is the shadow of a representative system, or where the opinion of the educated portion of society can be in any way obtained, there has been a movement made, and a loud call given for the freedom of the press. In Bavaria, Baden, and Hesse-Darmstadt, the freest of all the States of Germany, the subject has been lately discussed; and the unanimous opinion, I understand, of both Chambers in each, was not only for a perfect liberty of the press, but for the trial of libel by a freely elected jury.

Although the censorship exists over the whole territory of Prussia, she, of all the States of Germany, was, perhaps, the least affected by the political storm of July, the only popular disturbances being a *tailors'* riot at Berlin, and a commotion of workmen at Elberfeldt. Nevertheless, it is not difficult to discover, in spite of the apparent stillness of the people, that there lurks at the present hour a very strong disposition to obtain a more responsible government than they now possess;

and I may tell you, that this feeling now pervades classes of the community who have hitherto been violently hostile to democratical principles. The attentive reader of the Prussian Political *Blätter*, cannot fail to see, that the editors of these journals are at present pushing their arguments for amelioration to the very verge of the line of censorial demarcation; while the traveller who mingles, as I have done, indiscriminately with the various grades of the Berlin population, will at once discover, that in so far as the sentiments of a journal are liberal, so much the more is that newspaper sought after and esteemed. The fact is, the people of Berlin talk, and talk boldly, even in the face of a strict and prying police, in favour of a constitution; and were it not for the esteem in which the King is generally held, an esteem, founded, perhaps, not less on his *personal* goodness, than upon the really great practical reforms which he has made in the whole departments of his government, there is little doubt but a movement would have been made ere now in favour of the Poles, as a means of obtaining for Prussia that liberty

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which Frederick William offered, in his hour of extremity, as a boon that could not be denied to his subjects for their loyalty and valour, but which, after the victory was achieved, he forgot to confirm. I may mention also, that there exists in Berlin, besides the constitutional reformers, a small section of politicians, whose sentiments and opinions harmonise with the *ultra-movement* party of Paris—a party which, it is not too much to say, is at this moment the greatest foe to the establishment of rational liberty; but, fortunately for the good cause here, the views of this class are deemed impracticable, and hence, in spite of all their secret cabals and secret whisperings, which no doubt are doubly dangerous in a State without a free press, they exercise little or no influence over the public mind, and the little they do possess, goes rather to the support of practical freedom, than to realise the unattainable *Utopia* of their heated imaginations.

In spite, however, of the present restrictions on the press, and although there is really a growing conviction on the part of the educated in favour of a representative government, I cannot say, from

all the conversations I have had since I entered Prussia—and these have been held with bankers, merchants, literati, and mechanics—that I have found any strong indications of political discontent among the people. The reason is obvious enough. Of all the pure monarchies in the world, I believe there is not another that can be said to be so truly paternal as that of Prussia, nor any which, in the course of so few years, has done so much in the way of ameliorating the condition of the middle and lower classes of the nation. The Prussian Government is also guided and acted upon, perhaps more than any other, by public opinion, and hence, through the spirit of its modern institutions, and its practical reforms, despotic though they be, it has done more to prepare the people for the proper enjoyment of substantial freedom, than the government of any other state in Europe.

To talk of freedom under a despotic government, is somewhat paradoxical, but it cannot be denied, that since the moment his present Majesty ascended the throne, political liberty in Prussia has marched on apace. The land held formerly by the noblesse,

and bound by all the fetters of feudal restriction, was relieved from such antiquated absurdities by a public edict, allowing the superior and the serf to value each his individual interest in the soil, and to enable each to have his proportion allocated; and since that period, the land of this country has been possessed by all classes indiscriminately. Since 1810, the degrading system of vassalage has been abolished, and the fundamental principle of the Prussian government and administration, is founded on the maintenance of a perfect equality of rights. A more equal system of taxation has also been adopted, while the relief from public burdens, which formerly was enjoyed by certain privileged classes, has been justly abrogated. But the most important of all the reforms which Frederick William has granted to the nation, is that of having placed in the hands of his people, the immediate management of every matter connected with each town, district, or parish into which Prussia is divided; in short, in having handed over the whole minor details of his government, to be managed by a set of small provincial parliaments,

who best know their own wants, and who can best manage their own affairs for the benefit of their constituents.

In short, since the promulgation of the famous Edict of 1815, the municipal government of all the towns and cities of Prussia has been far more free, and far more democratical than any thing that yet exists in Great Britain. It consists, I am told, of two orders, called the *Stadtverordnete* or town representatives, and the magistracy. The choice of the former—whose numbers vary, according to the population of the place, from twenty to upwards of a hundred—is vested in every proprietor of a house, and every inhabitant of a town or city, whose annual income reaches from 150 to 200 thalers, or from £20 to £30 sterling. The representatives of these electors, who are chosen by ballot for three years, form, as I have said, a sort of petty parliament, and take cognisance of all public affairs belonging to the town or district over which they are called to preside. The *Stadtverordnete* choose the Magistracy, who constitute the executive. The members of the latter continue in office for six years, and

have the selection of three individuals worthy of being their burgomaster or mayor—out of which *leet* one is chosen by the King. The term of this chief magistrate's service may extend to twelve years, or even for life. He has a salary allowed him during the period he holds office, and he is also paid an annual allowance when he retires into private life. You will observe from this, that almost every householder in Prussia has a voice in the nomination of those who manage either town or parish affairs; and whether we look to the extent of the suffrage, or the mode of election, it is equally plain, that the Prussian municipal system is purely democratical.

The affairs of each town or city, though under the general control of the two bodies above mentioned, are also specially administered by committees composed of members drawn from both. In the laying on of any local tax, in contracting any debt, or in the sale of any public property, the magistracy has no power without first obtaining the sanction of the town representatives. The accounts are made up every year, and submitted to the latter body for their inspection and approval,

and after they are examined and doquetted, are placed in the *Stadthaus* for the inspection of every citizen.

As a key to the general municipalities of Prussia, I may mention, that the Representative Assembly of Berlin consists of 102 members, out of which the magistracy are selected; and which magistracy consists of an Upper-Burgomaster, a Burgomaster, and several other Judges and Syndics. Under the immediate control of the Executive, are the Committees on buildings—on city schools—on trade and local taxation—on the poor—and for protection against fire. Every matter connected with money, however, is placed under the immediate control of the whole town representatives. The Burgomaster, I understand, has a salary of about £800 a-year. A few months ago, some slight alterations were made on the charter of 1808, the most important of which goes to raise the qualification of electors and representatives; but while the amount now fixed for either is considerably higher than formerly, the purely democratical principle has been so far preserved,

that any person, whatever his means may be, is eligible, provided the representatives, magistracy, and district government concur in recommending him to the office.

The spirit of the Prussian government is decidedly anti-aristocratical. This also may be thought paradoxical, but it is only necessary to state one or two facts in evidence of its truth. You must know, then, that every office in the administration of public affairs, is patent to all classes of society. Talent and business habits, not birth and influence, constitute the claim to be employed in the service of the public. At this hour, the principal servants of the State have sprung from the middle classes—from that intelligent and active portion of the community, which may generally be said to have almost wholly contributed to the mighty advance, which, during the last hundred years, has taken place here and elsewhere in the civilisation, intelligence, and comfort of mankind. In Prussia, education is the only plea for government employment; and as an instance of the wide information which this state of things creates, I may mention, that a few years

ago, the number of public officers, by whom a professional education in schools and universities was required, before they could be employed in the service of the State, amounted to somewhat more than 15,900. Of these, about 7,450 were required for the Protestant Church, and for the teaching of philosophy; about 6,750 for offices requiring a knowledge of law and state policy; and about 1,750, demanding a knowledge of medical science.

One of the leading characteristics of the Prussian Government, is its freedom from any undue exercise of power by the nobility. That class is totally without influence as a body; and hence, although the despotic principle be universal, the people have not to complain like us, of the baneful control of a powerful, illiberal, and selfish aristocracy. The power of the Peer here, is, in fact, little more than that to which his talents and education entitle him. With the exception of a few situations at Court, the Prussian noblesse, or those bearing the prefix of *Von* to their names, possess no advantage over the commoner. There is, fortunately for the nation, none of that hereditary

pauperism which is engendered in England by strict entails and the law of primogeniture—that curse of the higher ranks, and blot upon English society, which dooms the brothers and sisters of the over-wealthy nobleman, to become but too frequently either honourable sharpers or state beggars.

The Prussian Government, too, while in every sense an irresponsible monarchy, exhibits, in every department, the spirit of an economical democracy. The King is known, not by outward profusion and gewgaw expenditure, but by his public and private virtues. The house in which his present Majesty resides, as I formerly mentioned, is more like that of a private gentleman than a royal palace. His Court is simple, and his equipage, and that of his family, are plain and unostentatious. He shows, as it were, a contempt for vain show and pomp, and, what is of greater consequence, he exhibits in his domestic economy an example of prudence, which is very generally imitated by his subjects.

The various State reforms made during the reign of the present King have given a stimulus to the trade and commerce of Prussia, which has

been unequalled in any other portion of Germany; while the removal of high and absurd duties, has given a prodigious impulse to native industry. In a valuable work, by the well-known financier C. W. Ferber,* lately published, and which I have occasionally examined since I came here, I find it stated that almost every staple branch of trade has, for several years past, progressively improved. For instance, in the articles of cotton yarn and twist, I find the following striking facts connected with this comparatively new branch of national industry:

	<i>Imports in Centznrs.†</i>	<i>Exports.</i>	<i>Remaining for Manufactures.</i>
In 1823,.....	61,202.....	10,115.....	51,087
In 1828,.....	98,111.....	4,600.....	93,511

I find, consequently, that the looms for the manufacture of cotton cloth have increased nearly one-third in the course of six years, there being only 14,276 in 1819; whereas in 1825, there were 22,139; while in 1828, there could not be fewer than 30,000.

While the cotton manufacture has thus so rapidly

* *Beiträge zur Kenntniss des Gewerblichen und Commerciellen Zustandes der Preussischen Monarchie. Aus Amtlichen Quellen. Berlin, 1829.*

† A Centzner is equal to about 110 lbs.

advanced, some other branches of trade connected with it, particularly dyeing and printing, have made still more astonishing progress. In the branch of Turkey-red dyeing, for instance, carried on at Elberfeldt, it appears that in 1825 there were only 409,090 lbs. of dyed cotton yarns exported, whereas in 1828, there were no less than 2,317,890 lbs. an increase in three years of nearly sixfold! A considerable portion of this dyed yarn, I understand, is exported to Great Britain, a circumstance that perhaps you will think strange enough. The fact is, the British manufacturers find, that in spite of the expense of the transit of cotton yarn to and from Germany, and a duty of 10 per cent. on the value on importation, the cotton yarn dyed at Elberfeldt, is cheaper than what it is when dyed in Britain. Does not this circumstance alone strikingly demonstrate the impolicy, nay absolute folly, of laying such heavy burdens on such articles as madder roots, gallipoli oil, &c. which enter so deeply into the production of our staple manufactures? *

* One Mercantile House in Glasgow alone, has been in the practice of sending about 15,000 lbs. of cotton yarn annually to Elberfeldt, to be dyed Turkey-red. The freight and charges out

When we look to another great staple of Prussia, its iron manufacture, we find that this branch of national industry has been equally prosperous, and that there is a vast increase even with a free importation of pig-iron. The results are as follows:

<i>Imports.</i>	<i>Cast Iron.</i>	<i>Forged Iron.</i>	<i>Iron in Plates.</i>	<i>Manufactured Iron.</i>
For 1825, .47,882 centz...	67,648 centz....	8,137 centz...	14,324 centz.	
For 1828, .69,470 —	...77,943 —	..10,201 —	...16,242 —	
<i>Exports.</i>				
For 1825, .27,523 —	...34,674 —	..10,005 —	...66,536 —	
For 1828, .84,294 —	...26,555 —	..10,701 —	...103,933 —	

The above table speaks volumes as to the rapid progress which the manufacture of iron has made in Prussia, and this, too, under the unfavourable circumstance of the shut markets of Poland, Russia, Austria, and France. In one department of the iron manufacture, the Prussians have even beaten their English rivals of Birmingham and Sheffield; I mean, in the more minute castings for articles and home, amount to about 4*d.* per lb. which on the original price of the yarn, may be calculated at nearly 20 per cent.; and if 10 per cent. on the value on importation (or say 7½ per cent. from the mode of entry), be added, with 2½ per cent. interest on the cotton yarn for six months, it is plain that the Elberfeldt dyer can produce Turkey-red, at least 30 per cent. cheaper than his English rival. Since the writer was in Germany, however, our Government has reduced the duties on madder-roots, galls, &c. which has again enabled the English to compete with the Prussian dyer.—*See Appendix.*

of vertu, and for ladies' ornaments. The Royal Iron Foundry, and some others in this city, are unrivalled for the beauty and finish of their castings; in fact, their productions in this department surpass every thing of the kind to be met with in the world. I took some trouble to discover the cause of their superiority. The result of my investigation led to the conclusion, that it was entirely owing to the peculiar fineness of the sand which is used in moulding. I may here add, that in Prussia of late years, cast-iron has been introduced into almost every description of building; plate-iron being very generally used as a covering for roofs, while rafters, either of cast or wrought iron, have been recently adopted to support the iron plates.

With respect to another great staple of Prussian trade—the linen manufacture, I may mention, that its estimated value amounted in 1828 to 13,449,394 thalers, or, taking the thaler at 3s., to £2,017,409 : 2s. sterling. In 1822, I find that there were 219,780 looms employed in the linen manufacture. In 1825, there were 234,445; and at present, there are upwards of 250,000.

Another index to the progressive prosperity of this country, is the state of its agriculture, and its production of wool. The great advance which the former has made, may be at once proved from this simple fact, that while the population of Prussia has increased, since the year 1816 till 1827, from 10,349,001 to 12,623,531, showing an increase of 2,274,530, and consequently requiring at least one-fifth more corn to support the inhabitants at present, than it did eleven years before, the export of all kinds of grain has increased. The price of corn also, in the face of an increasing and improving population, has remained low, and consequently has given an impulse to manufactures in this country, which threaten ere long to affect even those of Great Britain.

If agriculture be thus flourishing, the wool trade is equally so. With a growing export of the raw material, there has been an increasing export of woollen stuffs. It is calculated, that from the year 1816 to 1825, the merino sheep have increased more than 40 per cent. in number; and I find that the exports of raw wool in 1822, amounted to

87,606 centz., and in 1828, to 121,923; while the export of manufactured woollen goods amounted in 1822, to 44,566 centz. and in 1828, to 53,743. The number of looms employed in the weaving of woollens are said to amount to nearly 360,000.

Among other circumstances indicative of national improvement, I must not omit to mention the increased facility of internal communication. There is no part of Europe that has gained so much in that respect as Prussia. Formerly the roads, if roads they might be called, were in a great measure over sand; but now, nearly the whole of these are most excellent chaussee, of forty-four feet wide, with a riding-path on one side and a walking-path on the other. As a proof of the great improvement of the Prussian highways, I may mention, that in 1816 there were only 513 miles* of chaussee; whereas in 1828 there were 1063, being more than double.

If any thing farther were necessary to show the prosperous condition of this country, I would only refer you to the produce of the tax upon trade,

* A German mile is equal to six English miles.

which may be taken at least as a fair criterion of the growing importance of Prussian commerce. In 1824, the amount of the tax was 1,652,551 thalers, whereas in 1828 it was 1,935,413.

While these statistical details give incontrovertible evidence of the commercial prosperity of Prussia, and indicate the increasing comfort of the people, the following facts afford an equally satisfactory proof of her intellectual advancement. It appears, that in 1825 there were only 695 printing-presses in Prussia, and 1446 bookbinders; but latterly, both have greatly increased; and we find, also, that the importation of books has increased prodigiously. In 1825, there were 15,819 centz. of books imported, and 8,652 exported; in 1828, there were 20,549 centz. imported, and 10,437 exported.

From these details you will easily see that Prussia, in spite of the arbitrary character of the Government, is far advanced in political improvement. The necessary consequence is, a very flourishing condition of the country, and contentment among the people. While agriculture has been most sen-

sibly improved under the management of a free proprietary, and the productive capabilities of the soil increased by the enclosing and cultivation of extensive commons—the arable land now affording, as I have hinted above, notwithstanding the great increase of inhabitants, a far greater quantity of grain for exportation than formerly,—it is a striking fact, that the produce of the pasture lands has also increased in the same ratio. I have already referred to the great increase in the numbers of merino sheep; the cultivation of the vineyards and tobacco fields keeps pace with every other branch of agricultural improvement, and the increase of production is altogether extraordinary. I find, in fact, that every branch of national industry is at present flourishing beyond example, and promising still farther improvement. Since the abolition of inland duties, a brisk interior trade has sprung up throughout the whole kingdom. The oppressive *octroi* which everywhere palsied internal commerce, has lately been abrogated; and even the navigation dues on the Elbe, though yielding an annual income to the Government of 200,000 thalers, have

finally been abandoned. Freed from such impolitic burdens, the inland communication by roads and rivers is daily increasing; and in every district are to be seen the most unequivocal proofs of national improvement.

But perhaps the most decisive evidence on this point, is afforded by the fact, that Prussia has become an extensive exporting country. Her foreign trade increases in the same proportion with every other branch of national industry; and it will continue to do so, precisely as home industry flourishes, or is successful in producing articles adapted for the wants of other nations. In short, it is impossible for any one who will take the trouble to compare the commercial state of Prussia now with what it was at the close of the war, not to arrive at the conclusion, that of all the continental nations, if any of them possess industrial qualities capable of rivalling those of Great Britain, it is the laborious, lightly taxed, cheap-fed, frugal, and moral population of Prussia. If we look at the official returns connected with the trade of this country, the low interest paid for money, and the favourable

state of the exchanges, it is not difficult to see how the people of other nations should at this moment be complaining, while the people of Prussia are perfectly contented; the secret lies in the latter becoming daily more prosperous and wealthy. There is but one drawback to the commercial greatness of this country; the want of capital among the industrial classes, or rather, perhaps, the want of commercial enterprise among those who have got capital. But both will necessarily flow in time from the continuation of the present national prosperity, and from the consequent stimulus given to individual enterprise by successful industry.

Before quitting the subject of Prussian trade, I cannot but allude to the Commercial League which has been lately entered into with the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt—a league which, it is secretly whispered, is to be only a forerunner to one of greater magnitude. The object of this confederation, is to make Germany one country in respect to its commercial relations, to place it under one general tariff of duties on exports and imports, and to

get rid of the various lines of custom-houses, which at present are placed on the frontiers of every petty State. In short, to make Prussia the commercial dictator, and grand custom-house officer of the whole of Germany. As an inducement to enter this compact, Prussia holds out, that each State is to receive, according to a valuation of its present duties, a proportion of the whole taxes. Whether or not this mighty project may be ever carried into effect, is very problematical; but should the secret desire of the Cabinet of Berlin be accomplished, it is plain that Great Britain will be most deeply interested in the consequences of such a commercial confederation. Let the Board of Trade keep a sharp eye upon this matter.*

In the progress of improvement, Prussia has also made prodigious advances by means of her educational system. I need scarcely tell you, that

* Since the author's visit to Berlin, the Prussian Government has succeeded in persuading Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemburgh, Nassau, Baden, Hesse-Cassel, Frankfort on the Maine, and other smaller States, to join the Prussian Commercial League. The population affected by it, it is said, amount to upwards of twenty-five millions.

nowhere is the education of the people better attended to, or better understood. The National Schools of Prussia have long been her chief boast. Even so early as 1750, there was a Normal School established at Berlin; but at the present moment, there are no fewer than eighty. Indeed, during the last ten years, the system of national education may be said to have reached perfection, and its effects are delightful to the philanthropist; so well, too, are these understood and appreciated in Prussia, that they have created a spirit of emulation over all the various districts of the country, to second the paternal endeavours of the King and his Ministry, thus to raise the character and the intelligence of the nation. The poorest parishes of the kingdom have in fact not shrunk from making the greatest pecuniary sacrifices to enlarge their school-houses, and to increase the incomes of the teachers; and as a decisive proof of the universal spread of education which this state of things has produced, I may tell you, that while France can count only one pupil out of every seventeen inhabitants, and Austria and England only one out

every fifteen, Prussia can boast of one in every seven.

This admirable system of education may be thus shortly explained. Its leading principles prescribe—first, that every individual within the confines of the monarchy, shall be bound to undergo a regular course of elementary study; and, secondly, that each district, town, or parish, shall provide funds for defraying the expenses. The law of Prussia requires, that every town and commune should, by a local tax leviable on individuals possessing a certain income, annually raise sufficient funds to provide for the salaries of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and for the building and repairing of school-houses, and that this provision shall be made in accordance with the number of the inhabitants of the town or parish.* The whole schools are under the surveillance of the Minister of Education. But the immediate superintendence of the schools are vested in the magistracy of towns, and in the clergyman and a committee of the principal rate-

* For every 1500 inhabitants residing in towns, there must be at least *one* school.

payers of parishes. Over the local boards there is an inspector, who watches over each circle or county, who reports to the Council of the District in which the particular circle is situated, and this council keeps up a regular correspondence with the head of the whole educational department in the capital. You will thus perceive, that while each parish-school is under the immediate superintendence of the local authorities, the whole are placed under the direct control of the Central Board, producing at once an energetic and a uniform system over the kingdom. While the law demands that every Prussian shall send his child of either sex to the public elementary school, from the age of seven to fourteen years, it also permits of the hours of study being so arranged as to allow the children of the poorer class a certain time for labour. The course of study is admirably adapted to its ends, and far outstrips the much-talked of parochial system of Scotland. In the town schools, for instance, besides teaching the language of the country, writing, arithmetic, geography, geometry, the history of Prussia, music, and gymnastics, the

pupils are taught the rudiments of the Latin tongue, and the elements of the physical sciences. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that every pupil must go through the regular prescribed curriculum of study. Tuition here is strictly national, for no individual is allowed to open a private seminary in any parish or town, without permission of the local authorities. It is likewise *anti-monastic*, for I must not omit to mention, that no unmarried man is permitted to keep a school for girls.*

While the Prussian system of education is certainly based on Christianity, it is fortunately free from the domination of any peculiar creed. The clergy of each particular district, in connection

* The reader who may be desirous to become acquainted with the details of the Prussian system of education, should consult M. Cousin's valuable Report on the state of Public Instruction. I find in the supplement to that work, the following very curious facts, which speak volumes in favour of the working of the national system of tuition in Prussia. In 1831, the population of Prussia was 12,726,823; and of this number, the calculation is, that there were 4,767,092 individuals who had reached sixteen years of age. It is reckoned also, that there are 43 out of 100 children from one day old to sixteen years of age. The number of children, therefore, required by law to attend school, was 2,044,000. Now, the official returns show that the number really attending the elementary schools, was 2,021,421.

with laymen, no doubt have an immediate control over the schools; but no minister of any Christian persuasion is excluded from having his fair share in such management; and it must not be overlooked, that while the creed of the Court is Protestant, there is perfect religious liberty granted to every subject of the kingdom. The population, I find, consisted, in 1828, of 8,732,000 Protestants; 4,816,000 Catholics; 15,600 Mennonites; and 117,000 Jews. You will naturally ask, If such be a faithful picture of the state of religious opinion, and if religion be taught in the schools, how are these creeds to be represented in the management of the national schools? The simple answer to this is, that where there are two schools in the village or parish, the law prescribes that the children of separate faiths shall attend each their own school; but where there is a school common to all sects, it is especially provided, that there shall be no interference with peculiar creeds. The composition of the body chosen to control these elementary schools, is regulated in proportion to the number of the followers of each faith in the parish,

and the teachers, also, are appointed on the same principle. For instance, where the majority of the scholars attending the schools are Protestants, and the minority Catholics, the head master is a Protestant, and the inferior a Catholic. It is, moreover, specially enacted, that no school is to be perverted to the purposes of making proselytes; and that the children of a different faith from either Catholics or Protestants, shall not be bound against their own or their parents' will, to join in any religious instruction or exercise in which the others may be engaged. The rule is, that they shall, as far as possible, have tutors in their own creed, and when these cannot be obtained, the parents are enjoined to give religious instruction at home. To one who thinks of the sectarian and proselytising spirit which prevails in England, there will appear to be many difficulties in the working of this Prussian system; but if it be recollected, that notwithstanding the vast number of sects, there is less of a sectarian spirit in Prussia than in any other country, and no religious animosity whatever, it will easily be seen that many of the difficulties

arising from differences of religious belief, are got rid of. The great obstacle with us, I believe, consists in the recognition of a dominant church; for there can be little doubt, that it is in the principle of one faith being held to be superior to another, that the difficulty lies, of establishing a national system of education in Great Britain.

From a late return, I find that the number of elementary schools, for children of both sexes, amounts to nearly 20,890, while the central schools amount to about 760. The number of persons employed in teaching, consists of about 22,260 males, and 700 females, with 2020 assistants. When upon this subject, I must not omit to mention, that the status of the Prussian schoolmaster is very different from that of the Scottish parochial teacher. He is here regarded with the respect to which his character, his education, and his general acquirements so justly entitle him. This of itself is a most important element in the Prussian system of education.

If the elementary branches of education have been so well attended to by the Government of Prussia,

the higher branches, as taught in the Gymnasia, have not been overlooked. These colleges are similar to those of Hamburgh, which I described to you in a former letter. I have also already referred to the efficient character of the Berlin University—than which, I believe, there is not a more flourishing seminary in the world; and, I am credibly informed, that the other universities are equally prosperous. As an instance of the support which the present King has given to the teaching of the higher branches of education, in comparison to what was bestowed by Frederick the Great, I may merely state, that while the latter scarcely expended 20,000 thalers on his then chief university at Halle, Frederick William paid last year nearly 500,000 thalers to the six principal universities.*

Among the characteristics of the Prussian Government, however, its military feature is the most prominent. If every Prussian must be educated, every Prussian must be trained to bear arms.

* Although the revenue of Prussia does not exceed £7,560,000 sterling, the education of her *whole* population costs about £360,000 a-year.

Thus, according to law, every citizen is a soldier, and every soldier a citizen. The whole male population able to carry arms, may justly be said to constitute the army of Prussia. Each individual, on attaining his twentieth year, enters the army, and must, with very few exceptions, serve, in the first place, for five years. At the end of that period, he may either remain in the army as a regular soldier, or retire. If the latter alternative be his choice, he is then enrolled in what is called the *Landwehr*, or militia of the first order, which is composed of persons from twenty-five to thirty years of age. This military body is only called out once a-year in time of peace, but in war it forms a part of the regular army. His term of service completed, the individual passes into the *Landwehr* of the second order, in which he remains till his thirty-ninth year. This body is never called out except when the former body is insufficient for the public service. The last stage in the military career of every Prussian, is to become a member of the *Landsturm* or Land-storm, which he does from thirty-seven to fifty. This body is only called out

in time of war, and then only to preserve order in the district to which it belongs, or to defend it against the enemy.

There is one peculiar feature connected with the army of Prussia, and it naturally arises out of the universal obligation under which every male inhabitant of the kingdom lies to become a soldier. Here, the service is universally favourable. The soldier, whatever be his rank, is never treated as a slave, but as a free citizen. There is no flogging, nor any degrading punishment allowed in the Prussian army,—nothing that is calculated to deprave rather than improve the character of a culprit. When an individual is convicted of any offence, he is condemned to leave his companions, and is placed in what are called companies of punishment. The courts-martial, too, for the trial of offenders, are founded on the purest and fairest principles. They are composed of persons taken from all ranks. For instance, the composition of the court to try a private, is as follows: three privates, three non-commissioned officers, and a certain number of commissioned officers. But perhaps

the most important rule in the military system of Prussia, is that which utterly excludes favouritism in promotion. Merit and valour are the only pleas for advancement in the army of Prussia. There is no chaffering about buying a *step*, as in our army; and neither wealth nor influence can obtain a commission.*

While education and the use of arms are universally taught the people of Prussia, the Government is not inattentive to the condition of the poor. In every district there is a physician appointed and paid by the State, whose business it is to attend to the distresses of the poor within his bounds. At this moment, when the cholera is upon the frontier, it is not difficult to discover the great advantage which such an officer must be to both the people and the government. Acquainted with the peculiar wants and habits of the people of his district, he will, on the appearance of that fell disease, at once become the nucleus of a District Medical Board, in com-

* The Prussian army consists, without the *Landwehr*, of 165,000 men. The two orders of *Landwehr* amount to 360,000 men. From 1829 to 1831, it required yearly 22,165,000 thalers, or taking the dollar at 3s. £3,324,750 sterling.

munication with the Head Medical Board already established in the capital. The thousand schemes for erecting hospitals for the cure of the afflicted with cholera, and the preparations now making by the Government to avert the ravages of that pestilence, are enough to terrify the weak out of their senses, and have created fears that may produce the most serious results. But enough of this.

I have now to claim your forgiveness for occupying so much space with dry statistical details; yet you must perceive, that, without them, I could not so well convey the very favourable circumstances in which Prussia stands in comparison to other parts of Germany, nor account for the comparatively contented feelings displayed by the Prussian people towards their irresponsible Government. The fact is, Prussia has obtained, during the last fifteen or twenty years, more real and substantial reforms than any other portion of Germany. Under the influence of these salutary changes, her trade, commerce, and agriculture, flourish and advance in an unprecedented degree; and hence, her population has become, perhaps,

the most comfortable and the best educated in the world. The higher classes are lightly taxed; and the working classes, while they are well employed, obtain a just recompense for their labour. There is, consequently, neither popular restlessness nor popular fretfulness, nor any one of the symptoms usually engendered by idleness and want. A mechanic can earn here about half a dollar, or from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* a-day, which, in this land of cheap provisions, and of, comparatively speaking, untaxed luxuries, procures every comfort to himself and his family. Despotic as the Government unquestionably is, it never appears to be so. The King is beloved for his private character, while the frugality of his court can excite no grumbling at the monarchy, on the score of expense. The finances of the State have been well arranged; and, contrary to the custom of absolute governments, the Prussian budget is freely and openly exhibited to the nation. In one word, Prussia, although actually ruled by an absolute monarch, presents few or none of the characteristics of despotism, and may be said to be at present really governed in

conformity with the will of the people. The privileges, however, which the people now possess, have all been conceded by the present Government, and might be resumed under a new reign, and they feel, therefore, that all the recent improvements are, as it were, bound up with the life of their present King; and it is not difficult to discover, as I have already hinted, that an almost universal wish prevails to obtain some guarantee in the shape of a constitutional charter, that they may continue to enjoy in reality that political freedom which is now only possessed by sufferance. The prevalence of this sentiment is well known to the Government, and hence, probably, the timely reforms already referred to, which will doubtless be followed by many others. But at any rate, the Prussian people are a cool, reasoning race. They will never rise as the French did at Paris. Though ready for a change, they stand calmly waiting for such an opportunity as may bring about that change without throwing the whole kingdom into a moral and mercantile convulsion.

Of the different nations of Germany, Prussia is

certainly the best fitted for liberty, and for the benefits to be derived from a representative government. Her people are all educated, and what is more, they have been taught the value of free political institutions through the working of the democratical representative bodies who govern her cities and parishes. The discordant interests, which existed between her Rhenish provinces and those of the north, are fast disappearing, and the freely chosen representative of each circle of the kingdom might now be convened without any danger to the general welfare of the State. In spite of this favourable state of things, however, and notwithstanding the tendency of the Government towards reform, it must not be concealed that the latter is exceedingly jealous of any popular demonstration. Accordingly, no reform is ever permitted to emanate from the people themselves. Every change that takes place, whether civil, ecclesiastical, or political, is the result of Government concoction; and be the object what it may, nothing is tolerated unless previously decreed and regulated at head-quarters. It is only by a vigilant recourse

to such a cautious policy, that the despotic principle is evinced in Prussia. How soon, therefore, this country may be destined to obtain a representative system under the guarantee of a free constitution, it is impossible to say; but one thing is plain, it is now in the power of the Prussian people, sooner than any other nation, to determine when they shall have it. It must never be forgotten, that while all the sons of Prussia are educated, all are likewise trained to arms—let the majority then only *will* a constitution, and their object is obtained. The *will* of Prussia, in such a case, would be less that of brute-force, than of intellectual strength; and a constitution so established, might be emphatically said to be the result of intelligent physical power.

LETTER XV.

Environs of Berlin not so picturesque as those of Hamburg—Charlottenburgh—the Palace—the Park and Gardens crowded with Sunday Promenaders—The Mausoleum of the Queen of Prussia—Patriotic feeling of Queen Louisa—the National Monument—the Cemeteries of Berlin—Cast-iron Monuments unpoetical—Church-yard of Prinzlow—strange Whim of a Lady, whose Remains occupy a handsome Coffin exposed in a Mausoleum—numerous Visitors to the Cemetery—The Cholera the universal Topic of Conversation—its Effects—Smoking on the Streets formerly forbidden, now permitted—Berlin Hôtels—Want of Time a preventive to speaking of the Royal Porcelain Manufactory—the Invaliden-Haus—the Tivoli Gardens and the Foreign Literary Society—Departure from Berlin.

BERLIN, 1831.

PLACED as Berlin is in the centre of what was once a sandy desert, it is easy to conceive, that its environs, when compared with those of Hamburg, are far less attractive. Art certainly has done a great deal for the country around this city, but nature very little; and nowhere is the power of the former more apparent and better illustrated than

at Charlottenburgh, generally the summer residence of the Court. The Park and Gardens which here surround the Palace, have been laid out, and brought into their present luxuriant state, at a prodigious expense; but independent of every adventitious aid derived from the skill of the landscape gardener, they afford, particularly where they approach the banks of the Spree, points of great picturesque beauty. The Gardens are open to all, and form, during summer, the favourite Sunday resort of the Bourgeoisie of Berlin. Last week, we resolved to increase the stream of emigration which takes place weekly through the Brandenburg Gate, and having placed ourselves in one of the handsome *kremers* which are continually plying between the city and the environs, we soon found ourselves in front of the Palace of Charlottenburgh.

The exterior of the Palace is handsome; its interior rather plain. It is, in fact, remarkable for almost nothing save a very fine statue of the reigning Empress of Russia, from the chisel of Professor Wichmann, in whose studio in Berlin I

had previously seen a very striking statue of the Emperor Nicholas. The drapery of both, but particularly that of the Empress, is remarkably well executed, and has gained for that sculptor no little celebrity.

The Park and Gardens, crowded as they were with the well-dressed population of Berlin, presented a gay and animated scene. The day was splendid, and the atmosphere so mild as to permit a great majority of the females to follow the common practice of promenading without caps or bonnets. The broad walk lined with orange trees, was as crowded as the promenade of the Tuilleries; and although among the loungers there were numerous bands of children, not a flower was plucked nor a shrub touched. The chief objects of curiosity and improvement for these youthful strollers, were the fish-ponds, which are swarming with carp of a prodigious size, and so tame as to be attracted to the side of the ponds by the tinkle of a bell, which invariably summons them to an entertainment of bread from the hands of the wondering and delighted youngsters.

Leaving the more crowded part of the Garden to those who were taking part in the Sunday dress show, we proceeded to visit the most interesting object about Charlottenburgh—I mean the Mausoleum of the late Queen of Prussia, which stands at the extremity of a long walk, surrounded by cypress, weeping-willows, and larches. This structure, which is from a design by Schinkel, is of polished granite, and has a portico supported by four columns of the Doric order. A flight of steps leads to a doorway, the only opening in front of the building, on both sides of which stand two handsome vases, also of polished granite, in each of which at present flourishes a many-flowered hydrangia. The interior of the Mausoleum is of marble, supported by four dark Italian marble columns. In the centre of this apartment, surmounting the tomb in which the remains of the Queen repose, is the marble statue of her late Majesty, from the chisel of Rauch, perhaps the finest work ever executed by that celebrated sculptor. The Queen is represented asleep, reclining on a couch. Her fine features, though still and calm, seem to breathe with

dreaming life. The face bespeaks all that is fair and beautiful in woman, and indicates the sensibility as well as the nobleness of soul that once animated the lovely original. Art and affection have here united to gain a victory over the forgetfulness of the grave; and it is not too much to say, that they are entitled to the laurel. There is no inscription on the marble or on the Mausoleum. Queen Louisa required none: the virtues of her life, and the causes of her early death, are not only well known, but deeply engraven on the memory of the Prussian people. The being who perished of a broken heart, for the wrongs inflicted by a foreign foe upon her people, and who dropped into an untimely tomb, the victim of lacerated patriotism, is indeed worthy to be the idol of a nation's memory. The starting tear which bedewed the eyes of several ladies who were viewing this heaven-speaking statue, at once proclaimed in our presence their secret sympathy, with the sentiment and the honest grief which each felt for the fate of her whose ashes lay below. During the Liberation War, the name of Louisa became a watchword in

favour of national independence, while her patriotism proved a tutelar genius to the Prussian army. In every point of view, therefore, it is a most interesting monument. As I gazed on the sculptured countenance of the slumbering Queen, and recollected her melancholy fate, I could not help repeating the lines of Körner:

Du Heilige! hör Deiner Kinder Flehen
Es dringe mächtig auf zu Deinem Licht.
Kannst wieder freundlich auf uns niedersehen
Verklärter Engel! Länger weine nicht!

The King, I am told, frequently visits the tomb of his departed consort; and on the anniversary of her death, he congregates his children around her statue in this mausoleum, to remind them of her virtues, and to encourage them to imitate her example.*

On returning from Charlottenburgh, we made a tour of the city, from the Brandenburg to the Halle Gate, beyond which rises the *National Monument*, a Gothic spire of cast-iron, upwards of sixty feet in height. This monument was erected in

* The character of the Queen may recall the anecdote of Peter the Great, who, on being asked by the King, at Berlin, what had pleased him most in Prussia, replied, "your wife."

1818, to commemorate the patriotism displayed by the Prussian people during the Liberation War; and from the strength and indestructible nature of the material of which it is composed, it certainly bids fair to transmit the striking story of the national enthusiasm at that period, to the latest posterity. It is richly ornamented with allegorical figures, illustrative of the several battles fought during the war, cast from models by Rauch, Tieck, and Wichmann. The lower part of the monument is in the form of a cross. The principal inscription is in these words, "The King to the People, who at his call so heartily offered up their blood and treasure—in commemoration of the fallen—as an acknowledgment to the living—and as a stimulus to emulation in succeeding generations." I may here mention, that a cast-iron monument, although of smaller dimensions, has been erected by his Prussian Majesty, on every field where a battle took place during the war of 1813, in which his subjects were engaged. As you are an amateur of monuments, I must not forget to tell you, that the majority of those which ornament the Berlin

cemeteries are of cast-iron. The perfection to which the Prussians have carried the manufacture of this material, is perhaps the only justification of its use in this way; for, however well calculated such monuments may be for the purposes of perpetuating the virtues or the names of one generation to another, they are certainly not to be compared with those in stone or marble. There is something singularly unpoetical about cast-iron. The mind, besides, connects it with so many vulgar associations that it can never be in harmony with the sentimentality of a church-yard. Old Mortality would have had a sinecure here.

In spite of the unsentimental character of the iron monuments, the cemeteries of Berlin, which are all situated beyond the boundaries of the city, are particularly well kept. They are decked with shrubs and flowers, and form a place of frequent resort to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. It was only the other evening, that I made a pilgrimage to one of the most beautiful of these, known by the name of *Prinzlow*. The ground is laid off with great taste; each grave is, in fact, a

rich flower-garden, blooming with geraniums and hydrangias, while the monuments and inscriptions are equally tasteful and appropriate. This burying-ground far surpasses any of those I saw at Hamburgh. The people living about this quarter of the town, too, seem to have a particular fancy for this home of the dead. It was actually crowded with female visitors, not merely taking a partial look of the monuments, but fairly seated amongst them, sewing and knitting and whiling away the hours. One great attraction, on this occasion, was the superb coffin of a lady, which lay openly exposed in an elegant mausoleum. Having taken, like some others, a strange whim that she might be alive when apparently dead, the deceased had exacted a solemn vow from her husband not to place her in the earth. The husband, who seems to have been a faithful Benedick, remembered the promise he had made, and fulfilled her wishes by affording her every facility of getting out of her coffin. She has as yet given no symptoms of returning to this ungrateful world to thank her help-mate for his affectionate attention!

The numerous visitors with whom, in my various pilgrimages to the tombs of Berlin, I have constantly met, may perhaps be owing to the peculiar circumstances of the country at the present moment. Pestilence, as I formerly mentioned, is at the gates, and the people are, perhaps, on that account, more disposed to become familiar with their last resting-place. Be that as it may, the fact is, that since our arrival here, there has been but one *fashionable* topic of conversation—a topic which is discussed in the streets, in society, and even in the theatre, and that is—*cholera*. The alarm is general, and such is its effect, that although the weather is exceedingly warm, if you happen to be on the street after sunset, you are sure to meet gentlemen in cloaks with a handkerchief held close to their mouths; while nothing else is heard but an everlasting talk about cholera-belts, the bad effects of night air, and what food one should eat or abstain from. There is one lucky circumstance, and it is this: the poor at present are enjoying all the luxuries of the rich—fruit and fish being rejected by the wealthy, from a belief that these have a tendency to produce the dreaded disease.

Of all the changes which the near approach of cholera has produced on Berlin, the most remarkable is, that smoking has become fashionable on the streets; a practice which for a long time past had been justly held to be improper. There is, in fact, a regular standing law against street *puffing* in Berlin. Would that we could get the rule extended to Great Britain, in more ways than that of tobacco!

The principal hotels of Berlin are very elegant, and by no means expensive. There is one rule observed in them, that renders imposition exceedingly rare. In every room of a Berlin hotel, the daily price of the apartment is stuck up in legible letters, accompanied with a bill containing the expense of every thing that may be called for. A stranger, in this way, can never be at a loss to know what he is about, and can comport himself accordingly. Every morning, too, the former day's bill of each lodger in a hotel, is placed on his breakfast table, not to be paid, but in order that he may correct any inaccuracy that may be found in it. It is greatly to be wished that our innkeepers in

England, would take a hint to follow the example of their Prussian brethren, if it were only for the sake of their own characters. They would then no longer merit the stigma offered to them by Smollett, who pronounced them the most sordid race of villains on the face of the earth.

If time had permitted, I meant to have described many other things in detail. I might, for instance, have given you an account of my visit to the Royal Porcelain Manufactory, where I saw some of the most splendid specimens of art that is to be met with in the world. I might have described to you the pleasure I experienced, on beholding the assembly of old veterans who reside in the *Invalidenhaus*, or Chelsea Hospital of Prussia. I might have pictured to you a night at the *Tivoli Gardens*, a sight something akin to our Vauxhall. I might have introduced you to a soirée of the Foreign Literary Society, where all the leading litterateurs of Berlin occasionally assemble. I might have given you an account of the number and influence of the periodicals published in this city;* but the impatience

* For list of Berlin Periodicals published in 1831, see Appendix.

of my companion to settle our bill, and to prepare for our departure, admonishes me, that these, as well as other matters of greater "pith and moment," must for the present be deferred, and therefore I bid you adieu. Before sealing my epistle, however, let me only add, that I shall never leave any place with greater reluctance than this; and that, wherever I hear the soft though contemned dialect of Berlin poured forth, that sound shall always in my mind be associated with the most delightful and intellectual of cities.

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